

Fall
Issue
1950



The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

CAMBRIDGE ACADEMY

CO-EDUCATIONAL



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TELEPHONE KIRKLAND 7-7665

The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 66 — NUMBER 1

FALL, 1950

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FALL EDITION

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FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary

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Art

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Published for times a year: November, January,
March and May.

Terms: \$1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at
Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NECROLOGY

FOR those of us here at Cambridge High and Latin School, the memory of Robert Doherty, our fellow classmate, will always be vivid. He was a credit to his class, a fine friend, and will always be in our hearts.

LEE KIEF

WE ARE saddened by the necessity of recording here the death of another member of the senior class, Lee Kief, who was one of our finest pupils. We are sorry that the community has been deprived of one who gave every indication of becoming a valuable citizen.

The sympathy of the student body goes out to the bereaved parents of our two friends.

MISS BERTHA L. COGSWELL

MISS BERTHA L. COGSWELL, who died on September 9, 1950, was a teacher of mathematics in our school for a great many years, from 1894 until her retirement in 1936. A daughter of Mr. Francis Cogswell, who was long Superintendent of Schools in Cambridge, Miss Cogswell was a graduate of the Cambridge Latin School and of Boston University in the Class of 1892. She was one of the most painstaking of teachers, who performed with meticulous care every duty which was laid upon her. There was nothing perfunctory in her interest in her pupils, many of whom remember with gratitude the prolonged attention which she gave to their problems and their careers. Even after her retirement she gave freely of her time and effort for the benefit of the many young people in whom she was interested. Something of a traveler, Miss Cogswell long ago spent a sabbatical year in Japan. Perhaps the strongest element in her character was loyalty, loyalty to her professional tasks and standards, loyalty to her friends, loyalty to her church, loyalty to her college, loyalty to her dominant sense of duty. This school was fortunate to have her on its faculty for so many years.

Cecil T. Derry

EDITORIAL

WHEN this article meets your eye, the furious name-calling campaign for state offices and the election of the officials in our Commonwealth will be history. Governor Paul Dever will have ceased throwing pointed barbs at Arthur Coolidge and vice versa, Frederick Ayer will have stopped condemning Francis Kelley for mishandling the Brink's affair, and numerous other candidates of both parties will have put an end to hostilities. In addition, fierce political struggles have taken place throughout the nation, especially in the states of Ohio, New York, California, and Oklahoma. As we pause to meditate on the recent elections, we contemplate the words of Thucydides, the ancient Greek historian: "Because in the administration it hath respect not to the few but to the multitude, our form of government is called a democracy."

Exciting and interesting to us who cannot vote as these political races may seem, there reside in our country those who unquestionably abuse our American privilege by failure to cast a ballot at election time. Can a democracy continue if the few prevail over the multitude? A great percentage of United States citizens take the attitude that "only one vote" is unimportant. These stay-at-homes often can mean and have meant the difference between election and defeat of a candidate. How would we feel if the soldier in Korea said, "What good is one gun; there are so many others." When less than 40% of eligible voters travel to the polls on election day, it is requisite that measures be taken. High government officials, becoming increasingly alarmed concerning this low percentage of voting, have suggested many remedial steps, among these being a deduction of twenty-five dollars from each person's income tax if he votes, and the requirement of each voter to pass an intelligence test before he is allowed to go to the polls. The latter plan, is unseemly and, of course, would reduce the electorate, but imagine paying a person to perform his public duty; the very thought of such a measure is abhorrent.

Meanwhile, nothing is being accomplished. It does seem, however, with our modern conveniences for voting and with the polls relatively near to each voter's house, compared to years ago when pioneers walked miles merely to exercise their right to vote, that, allowing for illness and infirmity, at least 90% of the eligible voters ought to turn out. The first free election in Italy induced

THINGS I REMEMBER

THE thrill of feeding monkeys at the zoo, the memory of my first real Christmas tree, the joy of greeting Dad at the door with a rush and a hug — these things I remember. Nothing can ever replace the recalled delight of a beautiful spring, the playfulness of a new puppy, the wonderland of glistening snow or the dim and beloved faces of friends now gone. Silly songs, non-sensical poems and the ditties of Gilbert and Sullivan are, somehow, never again quite the same.

These are happy memories, but mixed in are recollections that are not as happy: thoughts of a loved pal and father, once so big and strong, now weak and ill; of the lovely church in which the last services were held and of his calm face — at sleep and at peace own forever; of "taps" — sounding for the last time for a brave and cheerful man, and the noise of shots over his flag-draped coffin.

These are the things I remember: the sweet and the bitter, the gay and the sad, mixed together into a cement that will form a firm foundation for the life ahead.

Virginia E. Turtle '51

"PLEASANT DREAMS"

HAVE you ever noticed (and how could anyone help it) that about one-half of all the programs on the radio (a few of us peasants still have those things, you know) are horror stories, detective stories, or tales of strange creatures coming from Mars for the purpose of destroying the earth. Some of these stories sound as if they were written by a homicidal maniac, recently escaped from a mental institution. If there aren't at least five corpses strewn about, everyone is sure that the whole hour or half-hour, whichever it may be, has been wasted. If there are any old ladies in the play, be sure that they are either the murdered or the murderess — I wish there were a happy medium somewhere.

When it comes to futuristic dramas, our mad authors really outdo themselves. Their creations are designed to send us out of this world. Sometimes they partly succeed by sending us out of the room, or making us turn the dial when their dramas (?) become too corny. The creatures which these decaying brains invent are the tops. Monsters with "green eyes on pink stalks," creatures made of green jelly (this color seems to be their favorite), and things (the only word which can describe them) made of rope but possessing human intelligence, are only a few samples of the

concoctions which the human brain, when given the freedom, can dream up.

Television is another medium through which the element of horror can be instilled. I'll never forget the first program I ever saw on "Lights Out." I'm afraid that I didn't sleep very well that night. In every corner of the room I saw white shadows where I wouldn't have minded a bit seeing the old-fashioned black ones. This state of fear persisted until I decided that it was much more comfortable with my head under the covers, than above them.

Of course "Lights Out" isn't the only play that stands your hair up on end. No, indeed; there are many others written by our lovable, though demented, geniuses which also make you creep closer to the person sitting next to you. However, since I want to sleep nights, I don't think that I'll overtax my memory with the remembrance of these demons.

What fiendish delight we so-called human beings find in these shows, I really couldn't tell you. But whether you have television or (ugh!) radio, you probably have at least one thriller on every night.

Personally, I . . . Won't you please excuse me now? I've got to run; Inner Sanctum is on, and I wouldn't miss it for the world.

R. Therese Barry '51

A MID-WESTERNER COMES EAST

"Knock! Knock! Knock!"

THIS is not a quotation from the porter scene of Macbeth nor the beginning of one of the old, standard jokes, but an actual summons to open the front door of our apartment. I opened the door and there stood Mimi, who apparently was my neighbor. But let me go back a moment and tell you how we, my parents and I, happened to be in Cambridge.

My father is an Army man and was assigned to M.I.T. After a long search, he secured an apartment in Cambridge and we moved here from Madison, Wisconsin. So two days after moving in, I was sitting alone, my mind one thousand miles away, when I heard those knocks at the door.

I answered the knock and invited Mimi in. She said she heard through the grapevine (the super-intendent) that I was from the middle west. I acknowledged it with an emphatic "Yes!" It turned out that her family had just moved here from Indiana, so we were both midwesterners. My neighbor and I had many common points of interest. Both of us were amazed to discover

that *tonic* here meant a soft drink. At home it applied to a hair tonic or a medicine prescribed by the doctor. That same afternoon my newly acquired neighbor and I went shopping. We started looking for a dry cleaner. Right there my powers of observation, aided by my memory, came in handy. I remembered noticing what looked like a dry cleaning establishment near our apartment. Sure enough, upon investigation it proved to be a dry cleaners — I mean — cleaners! But whether dry *cleaners*, as we used to say back in the middle west, or *cleansers*, as they say here, the same type of work is done. Next we decided to go to the Harvard Co-operative store; so we accordingly asked the policeman the direction to the Co-op. His only answer was a blank stare. In describing the approximate location to the policeman, he laughed and said, "You mean the Coop." It was then our turn to laugh.

Mimi and I are a good pair to go shopping together because neither of us knows our way around Boston, and we can learn together. Shopping here isn't too difficult; the stores are located within walking distance of one another. Policemen are helpful, although it is hard for us to understand their unfamiliar accent. Having Mimi for a friend is also an economy so far as the telephone bill is concerned, for to reach her, when she isn't at the University of Indiana, I have only to open our front door, walk a dozen feet, and I am at her front door. Our friendship is close in more than one way.

Nearly every one has neighbors no matter where he lives, but I think I have one of the best and most interesting, for we even share the same nickname, Mimi!

Mary Fitzpatrick '51

ALUMNI NOTES

WE HAVE through various sources consisting of blackmail, fraud, bribery, etc. elicited news of our beloved Alumni in the outside world. Knowing that the present Latinites and ex-Latinites would like to know about one another, we distribute the following information.

One of our former football stars no longer living in this state is Tommy Vassalla, '50 who recently moved to Florida. If we know Tommy and most of us do, he is probably resting on Miami Beach. It certainly looks like old home week at the Harvard Trust. Among those keeping bankers hours are Elinor DeCarlo, Joan Kelley, Mary Williams, Jean Hurley, Lorraine Conley, Francis Tobin, Jane Aldenberg, all of '50 and Jimmy Prior a 49er. C.H.L.S. can be justly proud

of her graduates' enthusiastic response to Uncle Sam's call for help. We are well represented in the Marines by Billy Brown '50 and the Air Force by Bill Hudson '50, who is now stationed in Texas. Remember last year the remark that not one female graduate would enter the Service. Well, we were saved, Terry Rowe '50 is now in the Marines. We wish her the best of luck. The former REVIEW Business Manager, Ann Coughlin '50 is now Mrs. Earl Ennis. They were married in September.

Richard Foley '50, George McCarron '50, and George Fournier '50 are carrying on studies at B. C. Thomas Mooney '50, who has great hopes of setting a few track records, is attending Tufts. Known to be attending Northeastern are Walter Curcio '50, John Geovanis '50, Bob Kneeland '50, Bill Dwyer '50. Bill incidentally carries a tea bag, a shaker of salt and a tin water container to school. He must be studying too hard.

Margaret Fraser, a 49er, who kidded about being a man hater, recently became engaged to Mike Bowles. Congratulations! Joy McLeod is now working at Harvard Bazaar (and head of her own dept.)

Seen callooping through Harvard Square lately are a few of Latin's former dramatic students. They are none other than Dezzie LaPlace '50, Charlie Dubay '50, John Doohan '50 and Rucy Soeiro '50. In case you haven't heard (and that's what we're here for) they're all Harvard men. Dezzie and Charlie sit in Albani's over a cup of coffee and sing "It Pays To Be Ignorant."

Congratulations to Jake Boudreau '49 on his return to the B. C. Hockey team! I know everyone who reads this will accompany me in wishing him a great season.

From Northeastern University we hear that Bachelor of Science degrees were awarded to Edward Mello, who was vice-president of his class, to Gaetano Fratianni and to Albert Sanderson, the latter graduating "with honor." Wolf Shapiro and Charles Wyman are on the Dean's list at the same university.

Well, that's all from your two roving dirt diggers. Till next issue we'll be shoveling off.

Claire Kenney '50

Jimmy Coleman '50



FOOTBALL 1950

C.H.L.S. 26

St. Sebastian 7

The Cantabs got off to a good start by registering a 27 to 6 decision over St. Sebastian at Tech Field. Latin scored early in the first period with Ray Nicolletta bulling his way over from the three. A St. Sebastian fumble set up the second T. D. Jimmy Daley took a lateral from Dick Hennessey and raced 26 yards to pay dirt. Another recovered fumble put the Cantabs on the St. Sebastian 20. Charlie Gaudett tallied from the six. The lone St. Sebastian score came early in the third period with Dave Keelan going over from the eight. Sam Dinunzio blocked a Sebastian punt on the twenty-three in the fourth period. In two plays Daley carried to the twelve and Gaudett scored. Captain George Corr booted two conversions.

Braintree 6

C.H.L.S. 0

Jim Slauson tallied the only score of the game from the three early in the first period, culminating an 84 yard march to send the Cantabs down to their first defeat and continue the Braintree hex. As was the case last year, the Cantabs just couldn't get rolling and when they did move the ball deep into Braintree territory, costly fumbles ended scoring threats.

Rindge Tech 7

C.H.L.S. 0

Larry Plenty tallied the lone score as the Technicians handed the Cantabs their second consecutive whitewashing before 5000 fans at Tech Field. Plenty scored in the third period and Tom Cusick booted the extra point with the final score reading 7 to 0. It was a hard fought contest with both teams showing the strain of the previous contests. Captain Billy Saideh, Jim Daley, and Eddie Asaley shone for the Cantabs in a losing cause.

C.H.L.S. 20

Belmont 6

Paced by Jimmy Daley, the Cantabs pounded out a resounding 20 to 6 victory over Belmont before 2000 at Belmont Field. Daley registered all three Cantab touchdowns. Midway in the second period the Cantabs blocked a Belmont punt and Daley scored from the twelve. Corr converted. In the third period after Dick Hennessey had returned the Belmont kick to the Latin 20, Daley raced 25 and then 35 yards for the score. Zola scored from the five in the third period for Belmont after an

Atwater to True pass had covered 60 yards. Daley scored the last T. D. from the seven after a 65 yard march. Corr again converted. The Latin line played very well in defense and Asaley and Hennessey stood out in defense for the Cantabs.

Cambridge 19

Revere 7

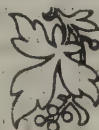
It was Jimmy Daley day at Tech Field as the little scatback led the Cantabs to an upset 19 to 7 victory. The Class B leaders were held in check by the fine defensive play of a strong Latin line. In the first half Ray Nicolletta drove ten yards for the first T. D. In the third period Revere attempted a first down deep in their own territory but failed. A few plays later Daley took a lateral and raced 25 yards to score. Corr converted. A few minutes later Daley took the ball and seemed to be stopped but he managed to wriggle out and tote the ball 25 yards to pay dirt. Revere's great back "Sonny" Interbartolo after being bottled up by the Latin line all afternoon threw a pass which covered 30 yards to Ken Hogan for their lone score. Cain kicked the point. Hats off to the whole team which played its best game of the year.

Stoneham 13

C.H.L.S. 6

A highly underrated Stoneham eleven edged the Cantabs before 1500 at Recreation Park in Stoneham — 13 to 6. Stoneham drew first blood in the opening quarter. Stoneham received a Cantab punt on the Cantab 34. Eight plays later, Dixon carried over from the four. The point after was blocked. Stoneham made it 13 to 0 in the third period when a Scanon to Casey pass was good for 35 yards and a T. D. Dixon passed to Casey for the point. The Cantabs scored in the fourth quarter with Bob Russian plunging over from the one. The Cantabs had many chances but could not capitalize. The line was over eager and was continually offside. Praise beyond words goes to E Asaley, Austin Jordan, and Charley Gaudette who played their usual fine game. Jimmy Daley again was the sole Cantab running threat and with a little better luck, defeat could have been turned into victory.

Harold Goldstein '51



FOR A MINUTE IT LOOKED LIKE
ASALEY DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT
IDEA ABOUT SCORING

HEY EDDIE
THIS WAY!

DALEY RETURNED
THAT RINDGE
KICK, BEFORE THEY
STARTED DOWN FIELD

IM DALEY +
ARRY PLENTY
OPPED THE
EST PLAYER
AWARDS

GLOOM

7-0

"RED" LINSKY MUST
HAVE LOST A FEW
POUNDS IN HIS ONE-MAN
TRACK MEET

RINDGE'S MANY PASSING ATTACKS
WERE DANGEROUS BUT ONLY
ONE SUCCEEDED

DALEY INTRODUCED A
NEW WESTERN TACKLE,
"THE TEXAS SLIPPERY
STIRAP"

HENNESSY SHOULD
BE BILLED AS A
JUGGLER!

FIREMAN,
SAVE THAT EQUIPMENT!



G. A. A. HALLOWE'EN PARTY



POPULAR CORNER AT THE G. A. A. PARTY



BEST MOMENTS OF THE DAY



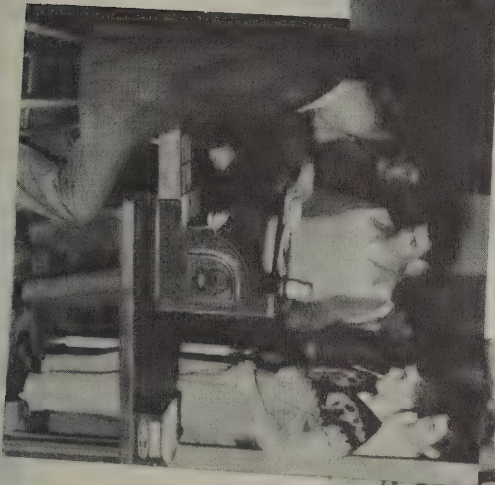
FOOD!!



QUEUING UP



FRESHMEN AT LUNCH



SATISFYING THE INNER MAN

CANDID SHOTS

IN AND ABOUT SCHOOL
TAKEN

BY



1951 FASHION HINTS

BY
MARTHA A. FOLKINS



YOUR FASHION COLUMN

A GAIN this year there is to be a fashion column, the only difference is a new editor. Last week the members of the Filene's fashion board met and the following fashions are to take the lead this coming season.

Let's first take the school fashions. The very smartest in skirts this year are the pleated *plaids* with a slight air of Scotland. These skirts are permanently pleated to relieve all worries of pressing. For those who do not care for plaids, you will like the very attractive wool jersey skirts in many soft shades of grey, beige, green and blue. Then there is the ever popular grey flannel skirt. These skirts come in many styles and are made to flatter you whatever your size. Separates this season are the height of fashion and two of the most popular are the vests and blazer jackets in black velveteen. These separates combined with odd skirts make up many a smart outfit and are very practical as far as the budget goes.

Now to complete this outfit of separates we need to know what is new in blouses and sweaters. White long-sleeve cotton and silk blouses this year are ideal to go with black velveteen. Watch for new checked and dark colored cottons in shades of navy blue, red, green, gold, and dark grey. These blouses are very practical for school as well as being colorful. Jerseys again this year are a leading favorite coming in colors to match every skirt. For a little added style you might choose the new dolman sleeve.

Tops in accessories for these separates this year are the large medallion worn around the neck. Some of these are replicas of antiques, while others are copies of coats of arms. Earrings and bracelets come in matching designs. Wide belts are a popular fad this year, and these belts add a lot to your skirts and slacks.

The biggest news this season in separates is *black velvet* combined with taffeta and net for date dresses and formal evening wear. Be sure to see the date dress with a black velvet sleeveless top buttoning down the front with small gold buttons and worn with a black taffeta peg top skirt with an over-skirt of net with a few scattered rose buds attached to the net to brighten up the dress. A little less dressy are the *faillé* dresses in pastel shades of aqua, powder blue, and pink which are very attractive for an informal dance or party. For formal wear you will love the net skirts worn with net and velvet tops in color combinations of black and white or black and any pastel shade.

For smartness and warmth in school coats, you should have a storm coat of garbardine with a

mouton collar lined with alpaca. There are many beautiful tweeds in several tailored styles along with the ever popular camel hair polo coat in a straight box style with a belted back. If you prefer a dressier coat, why not choose the lovely chinchilla shorty which is reasonably priced and most practical?

I would like to mention to you girls who are planning to go away to school next year the soft quilted Chinese lounging coats which come with matching pajamas in beautiful bright shades of red, green, and blue.

The plain opera pump is a must this year for a dressy shoe, with velvet again taking the lead. Cloches of velvet in dark shades of green, blue and black are the favorites in hats this year along with the little pill box and the jockey hat.

In conclusion, if you wish to be smart remember, plaids and velvets are a must, and don't forget those practical separates. I surely hope you will all look forward to my next fashion hints.

Martha Folkins '51

FRENCH NOTES

BONJOUR mes ami, and welcome, all new members! The first meeting of the French Club was held in early October. Congratulations to the officers elected for this year, who are as follows:

President, Mary MacLachlan.

Vice-President, Peter Downs.

Secretary, Gilda Pereira.

Treasurer, Francis Boudreau.

Chairman, Program Committee, Rueben Halevey.

There was a large attendance at this first meeting; both old and new members participated in the nominations and elections of the candidates.

On October 20, the second meeting of the 1950-1951 season was held in the form of a trip to the Fogg Art Museum under the leadership of Miss McCarthy. There, a guide discussed French paintings; there were many original paintings by such well-known French painters as Renoir, Geroult and Manet.

It is hoped that the attendance at all meetings will continue to be as good as at the first two meetings. A very interesting program is planned for the year.

Henry Kite '52

C.H.L.S. SPOTLITE

HERE we are back again all tanned and raring to go after a short parole from the — school. Welcome to our fellow inmates, the Freshmen, who have yet to learn!!

Our heartiest congratulations go to the "Voice," our new president on his recent success at the polls and the mike. Naturally we feel equally proud of our happy-go-lucky "Veep," Lawrence "Whanger" Gosselin, and the petite, robust, Secretary, Jean McDonald.

Greetings and salutations to "Mimi" Fitzpatrick, a senior from Wisconsin, and also to Beverly Bunnin, who hails from Chicago, Illinois. The word is that Bev was on the super honor roll way out there. Watch out, Juniors! While we are in a congratulatory mood, let's include Jimmie Daley, spark plug of the up and coming football team. It might also be said that Jimmie is as much social-minded as he is athletically inclined. . . . At the recent C.A.A. dance in the Rindge Gym, everyone was enjoying an exhibition of advanced dancing until the long arm of the law intervened. . . . Charming Isabel Santos was unanimously chosen by the football teams as "Miss Football." . . . It's been reported that Pauline Glynn, Shirley Colby, and Jenny Molignano are trying to introduce a new fad. Wear an earring on your left ear, please, if you want to be a follower. . . . What's this we hear about George "The Toe" Corr, turning into a ladies' man? . . . Room 221 has been changed; it is now called "Battleground," and the leader of the opposing forces has developed a new secret weapon, advanced problems in Physics. . . . A new addition has been made to the cheerleading squad, and she's pretty hot stuff. Of course we mean none other than Gail Garside. . . . Incidentally the school is mighty proud of its snappy cheerleaders. The senior members are: Margie and Tiny McCusker, Mary Dewire, Gerry Flett, Pauline Glynn, Shirley Hamilton, Ruth Kilfoyle, Marie Miceli, Isabel Santos, Jimmie Schaub, Marie Salines, and Josie Vitale. The Drill Team due to the fine leadership of Gloria "Cookie" Sakey has also drawn much praise.

In passing we might mention there's a cute little sophomore, who seems to have taken a shine to Bob Egan, another one of the football stars. Mary Jane McCauley has started the party ball rolling for the underclassmen with her recent party attended by Jean Goffredo, Joan Doherty, Billy Griffin, Phil Corcoran, Judy Maloney, Martha Murphy and many other celebrities. . . . Has anybody noticed Jimmy D'Ambrosio's curly eyelashes? . . . Has anyone taken time to count Roberta Kaufman's dimples? . . . Here's hoping for the

quick return of Louise Bowler who is now minus her appendix. . . . We wonder if Al Sullivan is planning a trip. (He's treasurer of his home-room.) . . . Franny McLaughlin is taking woman suffrage to heart (his girl-friend buys him candy.) . . . Lena Lombardi, Betty Caruso, and Mary Ann Gregory should focus their attention on the football games and not the surrounding elements. . . . If anyone wants to know how Peter (not me) is ask Joan Snow. . . . In the future the school had better supply Mr. Fitzgerald with an automatic record changer or someone who can count to five. . . . Annie Eatough has been always C.B.A. but now she has H.A.P. tenderness. . . . Mr. Guest and Miss Hartigan seem to have a harried look after fourth period. I wonder why? . . . There is a new foursome around school — not mentioning any names but their initials are "Jackie Wilson," "Cliff Erwin," "Connie Shanly," "Richard Sullivan." . . . We hope everyone notices how the scholars (?) of this school have lost that emaciated look, thanks to the combined efforts of parents, teachers, and the School Committee. Three cheers for everyone including the hot lunches! . . . I think Paul "The Fisherman" Stella looks cute as a tramp, don't you? . . . Since when do we have to read "Argosy" for English class? Ask Ed Pendleton. . . . What kind of dance was Joan Kramer attempting outside of Room 309 recently — could it have been the Charleston. . . . Lena Lombardi has her eye on a certain B. U. sophomore and I might add that he is a former C.H.L.S. student.

A gala party was held at Shirley Hamilton's home. Among those who attended were Gerry Helberg, Bobby Dwyer, Austin Jordan, Jimmy Daley, Margie McCusker, Pauline Glynn, Shirley Colby, Lorraine Hanafin, Bob Russian, and Al Sullivan. . . . From the number of stickers adorning the boys' lockers it seems as though the membership of the "George All Around" Club (G.A.A.) is increasing daily. . . . It looks as though Cambridge girls monopolize all Boston papers; the latest picture included Jean McDonald, Marilyn Pelrine, Jackie Pelrine, and Phyllis Ciccarella, all of whom reportedly gave the Concord boys a hard time at a corn-husking contest. . . . Fran Mahoney's taxi service from the school to the square runs daily. All donations of old car checks will be kindly accepted. . . . Merle Eddy has been trying to sell his automobile; just make an offer, the bids start no lower than 25c. . . . Talking about cars (Yes, I said cars) Ruey Soeiro's Model "A" is still around the campus, but it has a new owner in Bob "Tickle" Tashjian, who has toned down the old buggy with a coat

of black paint. . . . Eddie Carroll, the elongated version of "wiffle top" has also acquired a vehicle which is supposed to run extremely well — Downhill!!!

What's the reason for Jimmy Crowley's studying in 306 last period. Could her initials be C. C.? . . . At the Drill Team dance of a few weeks ago, few of our football heroes showed up, until later in the evening when the whole squad was confronted by Miss Hyde who actually made them all pay full price. . . . Ernie Root's familiar beach wagon has been replaced by an Oldsmobile with some classy sounding bells. . . . Who is the female ju-jitsu expert in Room 308? . . . A pre-Hallowe'en party was given for Alice Webber and her friends. A few who attended were Doris Deveau, Vivian Larson, Virginia and Barbara Beckman, Virginia Dooling, William Hayes, Bernard Firchow, Frances Duehay, Theodore Vautrinot, and a few other prominent guests. . . . Charlie Scully is a swell kid; now can I have my arm back Charlie?

What do the initials T.T.T. have to do with Sandra Blonder? . . . I wonder what's in those notes Lillian Mikalcheka passes to Mildred Cornell everyday? . . . Always seen cheering at the football games were some of the few loyal Freshmen routers: Virginia Finstein, Jeannette Blank and Sally Kaufman. . . . What's in Irene Kapa-viello's notebook besides her notes???

After the thorough trouncing of Revere at Tech Field, the more exuberant fans marched in a mass to Harvard Square and managed to tie up traffic all the way. . . . If there are any names spelled wrong, blame Jimmie Schaub whose attention was distracted by a member of the opposite sex, as usual. Who's the tall boy that Phyllis Nauffts has been leading around the school? Did someone say his tag was Willie? . . . We hear that Mona Hickey goes horseback riding on Sundays. Is that why you can't sit down on Mondays, Mona? . . . What's the story on Charlie Gaudet, Eddie "Arab" Asaley, and Billy Saideh, who walk a mile not for a Camel but a meatball sandwich. . . . Several of our football players have asked whether Ruth Kilfoyle gives big hugs to all Rindge players or just R. S. . . . Showers should be installed in the girls' gym for the boys who play basketball there during third recess. . . . Why is it that Peggy Mahoney has such a hard time buttoning her shoes? . . . Helen Francis spends most of her recess time writing — are they letters and to whom? . . . Marth Ann Folkins is Cambridge Latin's contribution to Filene's teen-age fashion board. She's doing a fine job for the school's reputation. . . . Franny Bonarchi is one small

girl who is continually looking for someone who is as short as she is. . . . Through unreliable sources it has been learned that Ann Kirkpatrick has been unanimously chosen queen of the pen-guins. . . . It seems that there is a newcomer to the senior class whose welcome was unintentionally overlooked — she is Jane Allen from the Green-mountain state of Vermont. . . . Who is J. V. that Carol Thompson has been seen with quite often — any additional information would be kindly accepted by the editors of the lovelorn column, Mal Pelrine and Jean McDonald who know all the dirt that's not worth knowing. . . . We hear that Helen Connell's hair has been looking rather stylish lately since she has been going to Pierre, the hairdresser. . . . Who does Lorraine Hanafin know so that she rates a standing invitation to visit the boys down at West Point? . . . Who is the flaming redhead who was wandering aimlessly around Kendall Square on Hallowe'en night with her pockets loaded with money? . . . Why is our class secretary afraid of banging doors — What's the secret? . . . They say Gerry Lavoie's new haircut is very becoming — we think so too. . . . The Juniors seem to be doing well for themselves with the steady twosomes of Betti Rose and Bob Katy, Nancy Gorman and Buddy Shea, Lorraine Abitaile and Lenny Curcio. . . . Rumors have it that Bob Tashjian has been seen walking around after lunch with lipstick smeared on his shirt sleeve — what's going on, Bob. . . . At this point we would like to salute Bob Russian and wish him good luck in his Algebra class. . . . Jack Murphy and Ralph Kilfoyle have been chosen to type up the next issue of the REVIEW because they are doing so well in typing — they'll even save us ribbon because they don't use any. . . . What senior girls are in a gym class third recess wearing very becoming outfits. . . . Ray Nicolletta was seen putting out a fire in the supply room with the extinguisher — Bye, Ray — it was nice knowing you. . . . Here's hoping we see you all at the G.A.A. informal on December 1st at the Riverside Boat Club. . . . A million thanks to Gloria Sakey who burnt the candles to the dish to type out this fabulous issue of the Spotlite.

Peter Watson '51

Elsbeth Edge '51



CATS AND KITTENS

WHENEVER I hear a tremulous female cry, "Take that cat out of here; you know I hate cats," I feel like asking her if she would rather have mice around than cats. Everyone seems to think that dogs are wonderful, but the animal that causes less trouble and is less dependent on humans is not well liked. A cat will wash herself, eliminating the task of giving her a bath, will not require a license, and will need little medical attention. Although a cat wants to make the overtures, when she feels affectionate, there is no more satisfied, happy sound in the world than a cat's purr.

A mother cat will seek a dark, secluded place, away from the prying eyes of the world, in which to bring up her children. Daring to trespass on her privacy may result in a display of her displeasure; however, the consequences will be worse if anyone has the audacity to pick up one of her newly-born babies. This is not an extraordinary reaction because people wouldn't pick up a human baby a couple of days old and proceed to bounce it up and down. In regard to animals the same principle exists.

When a kitten is about a day old, he looks like a pig. His tiny face is wrinkled, his eyes are shut, and his ears are so small that they are flat against his head. At the end of ten days his eyes are open and he begins to resemble a kitten. It is amazing to watch the metamorphosis and the tremendous growth which takes place in a kitten after about three weeks. He can walk, eat food, and is starting to learn to be independent of his mother. The kitten begins to run around, playing with his family, and generally wreaking havoc on the furniture. It is no uncommon thing to walk into a room and have a furry paw slyly pat your ankle from a safe spot behind a chair.

Contrary to popular opinion, cats do not kill mice for food; to them it is a sport. A cat can be the most severe, cold creature, or she can radiate contentment and happiness by the simple process of turning on her engine, her purr.

Eileen McNamara '51

 DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE new year of 1951 has arrived with a new Dramatic Club. We are getting under way and have a full program slated for the coming months. This year's officers are: President, Mary Machlachlan; Vice-President, David Noonan; Secretary, Elspeth Edge; Treasurer, Dorrit Joseph.

Elspeth Edge

THE JOY OF LIVING

THE joys of living are innumerable. We may think that at times in our lives sorrows predominate, but, if we consider, the balance lies on the side of joy. A great joy, perhaps the greatest, is the satisfaction of a job well done or a best effort exerted. When one knows he has done a job well or exerted his best effort, the feeling is, indeed, close to joy.

Reading a book is one of my greatest joys. A good book affords its reader benefits of the author's own experiences and thoughts and changes a period of time, otherwise, perhaps, given over to mere boredom, into a time of sheer enjoyment. Take for example the thought-provoking novels of Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Scarlet Letter" in particular. I experienced considerable gratification in Hawthorne's superb characterization of Hester Prynne. As for books on subjects of personal experience, I enjoyed Richard Halliburton's travel books immensely. He possesses almost unsurpassed powers of description and elaboration. And, of course, when all else seems dull, that thick volume of Shakespeare can give many hours of supreme satisfaction; perhaps in the somber soliloquies of the melancholy Dane, perhaps in the jests of Gobbo, or in the passion of Romeo. Seeing a good movie is another medium by which it is possible to avoid monotony. The incomparable Lawrence Olivier's portrayal of *Hamlet*, the studied casual, acting of Charles Laughton in *Henry VIII* are examples of exceptional acting in which I took great pleasure.

The ability to save oneself from boredom under dull circumstances by inventing mental games or visual puzzles while riding on a train, for instance, is definitely an asset that adds to the joys of living.

The enjoyment of good music offers the music-lover a never-ending refuge from tedium. It is possible for some people, myself for one, to forget everything in listening to music. Beethoven's masterful ninth symphony and Tchaichovsky's *Patetique* are examples of truly great enjoyable music. More recently, all of Jerome Kern's music is very good.

Another source of joy is the mental and physical exhilaration experienced in participation in active sports. Somehow, when competing in a sport, one's whole being seems vibrantly alive. These examples are only a part of the pleasures which make up the joys of living.

Jeremy Ranschausen '51



May We Present—

ROBERT DWYER, president of the senior class, is an amicable young man of seventeen with flashing green eyes, wavy black hair, and a resonant speaking voice which has won him sundry honors in the past and which he hopes will obtain for him a position as a radio announcer in the future. He modestly admitted winning a medal for last year's prize speaking contest, being sixth out of ten Hearst Finalists in a speaking contest, and latest, but not last, winning a scholarship to Staley College in the Red Feather Speaking Contest. When asked what his plans as senior class president were, Bob replied, "I'll do my best to make it a good year."

J. L.

JEAN McDONALD, senior, is a stunning girl of sixteen endowed with sparkling grey eyes and dark brown hair. After becoming chairman of the junior prom committee last year, she decided to become secretary-treasurer of the senior class of '51 and did just that. The attractive ex-cheerleader's plans for the future include marrying "someone who has blue eyes, blond hair, and is at least five feet ten inches tall." She went on to say that he need not be rich or handsome, a keen sense of humor and a good personality being his only requirements.

J. L.

JUDITH GIFFEN is a pretty, blue-eyed sophomore with blonde hair and a fascinating personality. She was born in Cambridge fifteen years ago last August 18, and has liked it so much that she has remained here all her life. She graduated from the Ellis Grammar School, ranking well in her class. As a freshman, Judith managed to climb high up the honor roll and she intends to maintain this status through her education.

English seems to have a definite lead over all her other subjects and last year she received honorable mention in the Caroline Close Prize Essay contest. When she graduates, she intends to enter business school from which she would like to become a secretary. Say! Any of you future business men looking for a pretty and competent secretary?

Her favorite sport is swimming and she thinks

that C.H.L.S. would be perfect if it only had a swimming team. She also would like to get on the basketball and drill team. She is also chairman of her home room and a member of the French Club.

P. L.

LAURENCE GOSSELIN, the vice-president of the senior class, last year's manager of the track team and this year of the football team, intends to go to B. U. after graduation. Larry, who is 5', 7" himself, prefers a girl about 5', 5" with black hair.

J. R.

PATRICK HIGONNET, a freshman who is only twelve years old, came to America from France, his native country, two years ago, after having lived under Nazi occupation during the war years 1939-1945. He has done extensive travelling, the countries he has seen including Czechoslovakia, Germany, Luxembourg, Belgium, Algeria, Canada, Mexico, and the States. Patrick's plans for the future are very definite; he wants to enter either Harvard or M.I.T. and become an engineer.

J. R.

K. B. NOTES

ON OCTOBER 26 the first K. B. meeting was held in school. One of our advisors, Miss Schuler was present to give suggestions. Our President, Carole Thompson presided. Quite a few members were present, and many suggestions were given as to what the K. B. will do during the coming year.

New members will not be admitted until after the marks close.

For the present members, the next meeting will be a home meeting at Ann Farrell's home on Friday, November 10, at 7:45. Future plans will be discussed at this meeting.

Ann Farrell '51

THE PLAYBILL

THE entire theatrical world concedes American genius in the field of musical comedy. Time and time again, American composers have proved their mastery of this, one of the most charming mediums of expression known to the theatre. Who of our parents can forget the 'Golden Twenties' and such shows as "Sally," "Show Boat" and "Rio Rita?" The American tradition of exceptional musical comedy has continued through the years until our own time. For since the day that the first play of this type was introduced, we have always demanded their presence on our theatrical scene. The musical comedy with its wonderfully hummable songs, beautiful dances, elaborate scenery and costumes, and silly, pointless plot has long captivated the American imagination, and our composers have consistently satisfied our desire for the finest in this type of entertainment. Who of us cannot hum the sprightly tunes from *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Kiss Me, Kate*, *Carousel*, *South Pacific*, or *Call Me Madam*? These great shows are smash hits not only in our own country, but in Europe where they have been wistfully admired by delighted audiences. So it is, that America will go down in theatrical history as the leader in that wonderful field called musical comedy.

On September twenty-fifth, Boston was extremely fortunate to welcome back to the Colonial Theatre, one of its musical favorites, *Oklahoma*. This masterpiece by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein contains all the wonderful ingredients that make a musical comedy great. First and foremost are its songs. These rank among the best popular music ever written. Their magical melodies, charming lilt, and unforgettable lyrics combine to create a musical experience. Richard Rodgers composed all these memorable songs such as *People Will Say We're In Love*, *Oh What A Beautiful Morning*, *The Surrey With The Fringe On Top*, *Pore Jud Is Dead*, and, of course, *Oklahoma*. You know them, I know them, and we all love them. The dances in *Oklahoma* are by the incomparable Agnes DeMille. Miss DeMille, who is credited with revolutionizing the ballet of the modern musical theatre, left her work with the Ballet Russe to do the choreography for *Oklahoma*. Her dances in *Oklahoma*, for the first time served to move the plot of the story. They are most refreshing and beautiful.

The play tells the story of a box-social at the turn of the century in the frontier country which we now know as Oklahoma. It seemed that two local men, the highly eligible Curly and the town outcast, Jud Fry, compete for the affections of the

village belle, Laury. The plot solution takes form at a box social at which Curly finally wins his beloved. There are numerous comical minor plots, concerning Ado Annie, the girl who "can't say no," and others of the village folk.

It was a fine production. The company had no "star" but every one in it worked together to create a fine evening's pleasure. All of the acting was adequate, with especially fine performances being turned in by Henry Clarke as Jud Fry, and Jacqueline Daniels as Ado Annie. The rendering of the songs lived up to all expectations. The solos were fine and the choruses were especially pleasing. A notable vocal performance was given by Jack Kilty as Curly, who has a rich, pleasant baritone. The scenery and the costumes were at all times in keeping with the story. Mary Marlo's costumes for the leading role of Laury were particularly lovely. Altogether, one could not help but enjoy *Oklahoma*. It has a certain indefinable charm which, combined with a good production insures a memorable evening.

One of the highlights of the autumn season of the Brattle Theatre was a production of *The Magistrate* by Arthur Wing Pinero, an English playwright of the late nineteenth century. Arthur Treacher was the guest actor. The farce deals with a police magistrate who agrees to marry an ambitious widow thinking that she is five years younger than she actually is. In order to live out her deceit she finds it necessary to subtract five years from the age of her sophisticated nineteen year old son. The Magistrate, played remarkably well by Mr. Treacher, proceeds to involve himself in the sly dealings of his step-son whom he believes to be fourteen, and after numerous riotous plot complications, unwittingly sentences his wife to seven days in jail. Before the difficulties are finally ironed out, Treacher blunders into countless amusing situations. We all know Mr. Treacher as the "world's most popular butler," because he has appeared in so many films in this capacity. However, no matter what part he takes, this clever actor remains one of the funniest actors in the comedy world. He was a treat to listen to and watch. His odd English accent, his mannerisms, and his remarkable expressions were a fascination. He was ably supported in this production by Sylvia Stone in the difficult role of his deceiving wife, and especially by Wilson Hall who played to the hilt the part of the precocious son. The production lived up to the high standards of the Brattle Theatre. This little theatre group consistently produces interesting plays, generally very well done. Lately, they have attracted some of the finest actors of our day. It may be noted that the next attraction

at this little theatre in Harvard Square is Chekov's *Three Sisters* with Margaret Webster and Eva Le Gallienne.

Go to the theatre this winter. The theatres of Cambridge and Boston promise to present fine productions of plays which you will enjoy regardless of whether your preference is comedy, drama, or mystery. So attend a few plays this season. You will be well rewarded.

Martha Murphy '53

G. A. A. NOTES

THE officers of the G.A.A. who are as follows: Marilyn Schaub, President; Barbara Cummysky, Vice-President; Marjorie McCusker, Secretary-Treasurer and Executives Barbara McDonald, Ann Barrell, Claire Farrell, and Pauline Glynn, under the leadership of Miss Brown have planned an eventful year for all members. Here's hoping that everything this year is a huge success.

Freshmen were welcomed this year by entertainment rather than by initiation. A Candle-light Ceremony was held in the Girls' Gymnasium; at this meeting the Freshmen were sworn in as true and faithful members of the G.A.A. On November 6, a Costume Party was sponsored by the G.A.A. It was also held in the girl's gym; all members were invited to attend. Prizes were awarded to the three girls with the best outfits: Pat McCarron, Marcela Alexander, Mildred Peterson. Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors supplied the entertainment. We were honored by the presence of Miss George, Miss Hyde and Miss Peggy Keef who was a former president of the G.A.A. Lots of fun, laughs, and games made this an enjoyable time for all.

But hold on! This year for the first time in its history, the G.A.A. will hold its informal before Christmas. Yes, indeed, it will be held on December 1, at the Riverside Boat Club. Tickets will be \$1.80 per couple, tax included. So get going, girls, invite that special boy. Let's make this the best informal the G.A.A. has ever had. Miss Brown and her officers are looking forward to seeing you all there. Miss Brown wants a chance to become acquainted with all of you, for she wants to be friendly with all her G.A.A. members as she is with her cheerleaders, who by the way, are doing a marvelous job. But don't worry, she won't greet you with paper and pencil in her hands, as she does her cheerleaders. So long for now; I'll be talking to you in the next issue.

Ruth Kilfoyle '51

LATIN OMNIA VINCIT

THE Latin Club held its first meeting of the year on Thursday, October 26, in the Latin School Hall. The club was greeted by its president, John Laucus, who introduced Francis Birch and Stella Christopher '54 and Richard Goldberg '52, as newly elected members to the executive committee. We started by singing "Te cano patria" which was translated by Mr. Derry. Martha Murphy read the club's ghost story by Pliny. This was followed by a skit, *Horace and the Bore* which was narrated by the president and acted with a great deal of spirit by Paul Lorris, as poor Horace, Joachim Pfeuffer, as the bore, Philip Corcoran as Horace's friend, and Richard Sanderson as the plaintiff who finally rescues long-suffering Horace from the bore. We ended the meeting with a pretty song, written by Horace, which Mr. Derry also translated.

The executive committee intends to hold the next meeting of our club on Thursday, November 30, in Room 226, where Mr. Derry will show slides and give one of his fascinating talks.

New members, old members, prospective members, and interested onlookers please come armed with eagerness and suggestions!

Joy Colby, Secretary

AT THE graduation exercises last June, representatives of the graduating classes of fifty years ago were guest speakers. Judge Edward A. Counihan of the Superior Court, spoke for the Latin School Class of 1900 and Dr. Charlotte Hawkings Brown spoke for the English High School group. Both addresses were warmly received. Dr. Brown, a noted Negro educator and President of the Palmer Memorial Institute of Sedalia, North Carolina, was so pleased with her visit that she wrote Headmaster Downey as follows:

"Your selection of me for that occasion was one of the finest tributes ever paid to me, and I would want it to go down to all coming generations of Negroes as an example of fair play and interracial understanding exhibited by the Principal of our Cambridge High and Latin School. Someday, I want you to honor us with your presence as a speaker at the graduation exercises of the Palmer Memorial Institute. I may be asking you to do it at the close of my fiftieth year here which will be next June."

WELCOME, Freshman Class, Class of 1954, to our school! May your stay here be as happy as you anticipated.

Cooperation is the keynote of your success at our school; it matters if you fail without trying; It is not a fault if you fail after your best has been given.

Your Home Room Teachers, your Subject Teacher, the Deans, the Masters, and Mr. Downey, our Head Master, are ready to help.

Always come prepared with your work; if for some important reason your work is incomplete, report this to Miss Russell or to me before school begins. Do not take a chance that you won't be called upon!

Miss Russell, whose office is near the nurse's office, is ready at all times to help; my office is across from Home Room 127.

Come in and talk over your problems.
You're welcome!

John J. Sheehan,
Master's Assistant

FRESHMEN NOTES

HOW do you do, Freshmen! May I introduce you to the REVIEW? Review, the Freshman; Freshman, the REVIEW.

If you need a detective, see Madeline Carroll in 103. She does everybody's detecting. Donald Martin is a real whiz when it comes to answering questions about the Christmas Carol; do you take it to bed, Don? Boy! Does Charles Cook know his history . . . you'd think he was there when it all happened. Marion Scalese, Lorraine Chamberland, Jacqueline Smith, Marion Bodion, and Charles Rowe all attended the Hallowe'en Party given at the First Congregational Church by the Busy Bees. A nice time was had by all. Carolin Souza and Dorothy Soper were dismissed from school on account of a little accident. Joanne Wood, Pota Stathopoulos, and Jane Stepanik were at the party given by the Recreation Committee at the Roberts School. Have fun, kids? Richard Williams of Room 128 decided to take up sewing in order to use a fully equipped sewing kit which he had found. The Freshmen have some talent this year. Barbara Darlington, Lorraine Dellano, and Margaret Dillon play the piano and sing. Have you heard James Demos play the violin; he is real good. The Drill Team should get Barbara Cabrall; she twirls the baton. Did you know that Room 123 was the first class to receive the Red Cross sticker on its door? What does John Walsh of Room 128 do with all the pencils he sharpens and returns two inches long? Do

you eat them, John? A tap dancer, David Herlihy from 108 has been seen on TV. Janice Polawski of Room 123 is a great football fan . . . she attends all the games. John Serino hurt his foot while playing basketball at the Rindge Gym. Rindge is always hurting our boys. Did you know that Patsy Grimes won first prize in the Boston Silver Skating Derby?

Carol Donnelly, Helen Dolevar, Doris Doucet, Ellen Fienty, Virginia Finstein, Clair Flynn, Ivey Edwards all play basketball for the Freshmen. Among our talented members, we must include Joan Forest, who has been studying singing.

Well, Freshmen, having cast our lines out, like fishermen, we must reel them in now. So, until next issue,

Loads of love, luck, and laughter.

Clara Theodoulou '51
Phyllis Penny '53

CHESS CLUB

THE C.H.L.S. Chess Club has opened a new session with one of the largest memberships in its history. A new set of club officers has been elected with, as President, Francis Duehay, who is also the President of the G.B.I. Chess League of which our club is a member; Vice-President, John Laucus; Secretary, Paul Lorris and Treasurer, Richard Sanderson. With this fine set of officers and under the supervision of our new faculty advisor, Miss Mahar, the Chess Club intends to make a good showing in the G.B.I. Chess League.

Already we have played in two tournaments, one with Roxbury Memorial, the other with Boston Latin and although our team displayed some excellent playing, we were defeated in both matches.

On Tuesday, November 7, Mr. Franklin J. Sanborn, noted New England chess expert, gave the club a very interesting lecture followed by a simultaneous exhibition in which he played all the club members at once.

The Chess Club is open every Friday afternoon and new members, players or non-players, are invited.

Paul Lorris, '53

SOME OLD GRADUATES

REVEREND JEANIE K. SHERMAN is minister of two churches in South Dakota. She is also mothering a group of orphan children.

Helen Skilton is teaching in a private school for girls in Peterboro, New Hampshire.

Ruth Marshall, having graduated from Radcliffe, is working in the Boston Public Library. Her sister is training at the Deaconess Hospital.

IF WISHES WERE TOUCHDOWNS



TH' STONEHAM COLOR GUARD WAS 'SUMTHIN' DIFFERENT!

LATIN'S LONE TALLY CAME LATE IN TH' LAST QUARTER WHEN-



LATIN'S BALL, FIRST AN' TEN, DALEY, LATIN'S GAZELLE BOY, TAKES IT THRU TH' LINE FOR 5 YDS Q



ONE SIDE BOY YA' BOTHER ME!

THIRD DOWN, ABOUT 5 TO GO, NICOLETTA PLUNGES THRU TH' LINE FOR A FIRST DOWN!

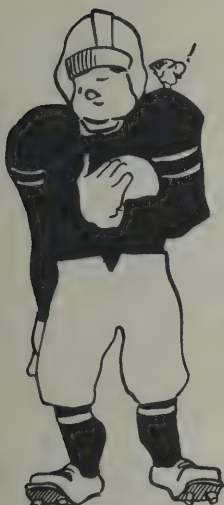
A FIVE YD. PENALTY TWO DOWNS LATER PUTS TH' BALL ON TH' ONE YD LINE



WELL HERE WE ARE AT RECREATION PARK IN STONEHAM FOR A FEW HIGHLIGHTS AN' HAPPENIN'S FROM TH' SIDELINES!



RUSSIAN TAKES TH' BALL, PLOWS THRU TH' LINE AND TH' REF' MAKES TH' LONG AWAITED SIGN, TH' SCORE 13-6 STAYED THAT WAY 'CAUSE WE MISSED TH' EXTRA POINT!



TH' NEW UNIFORMS AND ALUMINUM CLEATS MAKE TH' TEAM LOOK REAL SHARP-



TH' ENGINEER IN TH' TRAIN THAT PULLED IN AT TWO O'CLOCK AND STAYED 'TILL TH' END OF TH' GAME HAD TH' RIGHT IDEA- AT LEAST HE WAS WARM!



COME TO PAPA!



THERE WERE MORE PEOPLE AT TH' COFFEE STAND THAN IN TH' STANDS!

THAT NICOLETTA TO MURPHY TO DALEY AFFAIR SURE LOOKED LIKE ANOTHER TOUCHDOWN PLAY BUT A STONEHAM BACK HIT DALEY A FEW SECONDS AFTER HE CAUGHT IT-

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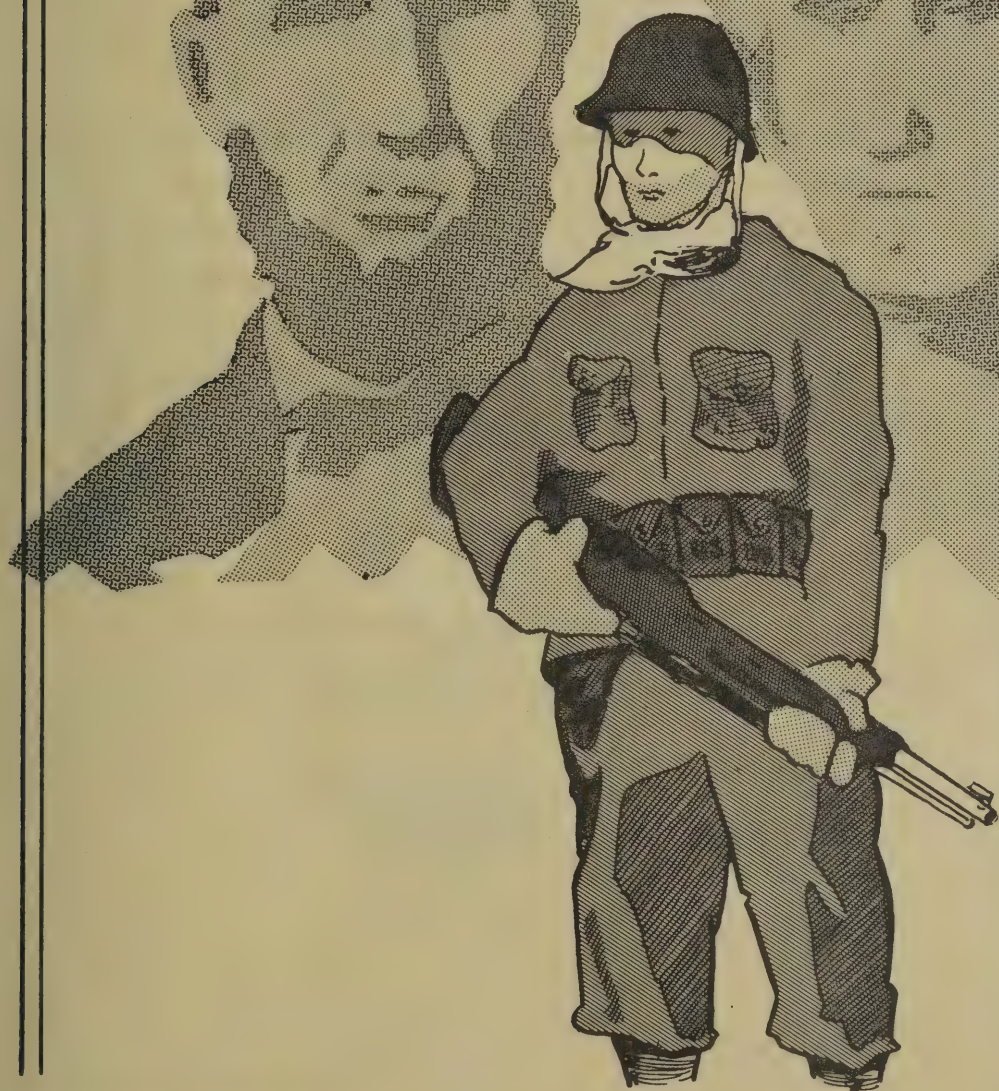
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Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 66 — NUMBER 2

WINTER, 1951

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W I N T E R E D I T I O N

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Published four times a year: November, January,
March and May.

Terms: \$1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at
Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary

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Business

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Art

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EDITORIAL

IN the best of things there is always a little room for improvement. Consider, for instance, our school. I think we of Cambridge High and Latin agree that our city has provided us with an exceptional school and fine teachers, but I think we also agree that we could be even more outstanding if we had a student representation in the form of a student council. Of course, such an undertaking cannot be rushed into, but will take careful planning and execution. However, if it were entered into fully and earnestly on the part of both teacher and student, the undertaking could not fail and would ultimately bring about much good.

Our own national and state governments have grown and prospered because everyone participates, and in the same manner our school could prosper. I think it is now established truth that when members of a system have a responsible part and an active voice in that system, they take more interest in it. Thus from a psychological standpoint, a student council would be a great morale builder.

Also, if the student council, together with the requests of the faculty, were to pass its own resolutions, it would unquestionably give them added weight. Besides improving conditions, this would tend to take much of the burden from our teachers.

Moreover, it must be realized that we, the students of today, are the citizens of tomorrow. Our school is training us well for adult life, but it would be well to add some practical training. A student council would be excellent practice, as well as theoretical training for future citizenship.

Surely then from an educational standpoint a student council is indeed desirable and, as our school is here for the furtherance of education, it seems that it is not only desirable but also essential.

If we, the class of '51, can leave the school but two terms of having run, and not only having run, but having managed successfully a student council, we can leave with a feeling of having given a little to that which has given us so much.

Anthea Eatough '51



THE students of C.H.L.S. seem to have a hazy idea of the purposes and functions of a student council. In fact, to some the words *student council* means nothing at all. This should not be, especially not in a school of this size and of such a high scholastic rating. Instead of simply explaining the operations and procedures of a student council, I shall tell you of the growth and outcome of an actual student council of which I was a member.

I entered this school last year as a transfer from Plymouth High School, Plymouth N. H. When I left Plymouth High, it was in many ways a much better school than when I entered as a freshman three years before. Why?—because we had formed a student council. We had 288 students in that school and 288 of them worked together for what they wanted—a better school.

The Principal of the school was new and at a meeting of the Freshman Class he happened to mention the student council of the school from whence he had come. His idea was to instill ideas into the new youth of the school. At first we were skeptical. A student council to us sounded like a judiciary body whose job was to holler at students for running in the corridors.

The students who were interested and the class officers had a meeting and we decided to give it a try. By petitions, candidates were nominated, and elections were held. A boy and a girl from each class was elected. I happened to be the boy elected to represent the freshman class. Our first move was to elect council officers. At each weekly meeting the class officers were present and our principal acted as advisor.

To start the ball rolling we held a dance. We kept that ball rolling to this extent:

We raised funds to purchase an electric scoring board for the gym, to buy a public address system and a wire tape recorder. We put on semi-annual penny sales, staged minstrel shows, held spelling bees, music quizzes and fishing contests. Our biggest accomplishment was the building of the school store. We sold everything from candy bars to dresswear. We installed 300 new lockers in the basement and managed to donate \$200 to the senior class each year. If a student had a problem, he told it to a council representative and at the next meeting we discussed the problem and voted on a plan of action concerning it.

If 288 students with the right attitude could bring about improvements and accomplishments like these, there is almost no extent to what a school of 3000 students could do. United, we could be powerful.

AS you walk through the maze-like halls of our school, you will doubtless hear two questions asked again and again. "Why should we have a student council?" is the first. The second is "Why shouldn't we have a student council?" The second question is easier to answer than the first, because there are more arguments for the student council than against it.

True, there is feeling against the student council, but most of those who entertain it are uninformed of the advantages effected by the council. Unaware that the council is beneficial to all, they believe it to be a semi-monarchy in the hands of students who are interested only in their own welfare. They are wrong.

Wrong, too, are those disinterested students who are aware of the services but nevertheless ignore their duty to the school and to themselves by avoiding the question of a student council.

The student council benefits both pupils and those in authority. It eases the tasks of the latter by giving them the viewpoint of the student in matters which otherwise might prove arduous. It raises funds for the purchase of equipment which otherwise might be too expensive for the school, extensively promotes school activities, and castigates any transgressors in the school.

Although the school as a whole gains much from the works of the student council, it is the individual himself who profits in the development of his mind. For what may further the maturing of a student's character better than the profound sense of responsibility which is obtained by having an active part in the school council?

It is sincerely hoped that those who have not been interested in the student council will become interested in it, and that those who are enthusiastic will earnestly press on with the aim of forming a successful student council and conducting it to the best of their ability.

John Laucus '51

We must be better prepared this time, or perhaps we will not come out in so good a shape.

It would seem to be a fact that we are a great people, yet do we ever hear it mentioned by a citizen of this great land? No, but maybe that is because we indulge too deeply in our national habit of self-criticism. We daily pass critical remarks about our national and state governments, yet who among us could do as good a job as the men now holding office? We condemn our newspapers, but if the freedom of the press were ever threatened, we who complain would be the first to rebel.

Is it like this in Russia? Probably not. In the Moscow newspapers a subscriber would note a startling difference — Moscow is tops — Stalin is tops, and the world's troubles are brought on by the warmongering citizens of the United States.

Wake up, America, or be destroyed while sleeping! Get behind your government and work with it, not against it. It takes a big thing to make an American angry, and today's world situation should be enough to make one's blood boil. Are we going to stand by while all we hold sacred is destroyed? Are we going to watch while our youth is murdered, or are we going to fight, blow for blow, bullet for bullet? Which will it be, America? It's up to you. Which will it be?

Patricia Supple '51

IF WINTER COMES

IF WINTER comes, can spring be far behind?" This is my query and my eternal solace when winter does come; never yet has spring failed to follow in the passing of time. I am looking forward, through winter, to the time when birds will journey eagerly back to defrosted New England. In the interim I will suffer, with a resignation quite foreign to my nature, but born of a lifetime's experience, the gnawing, biting cold that attacks as soon as I step outside into the strange, whitened world; and I will suffer, too, the annoying stinging particles that fly rampant most of the time. If our snow were only like the snow that so amazed the little girl in "The Doll-house"! There it was powder shoveled onto the streets by the Wizard's men, while the dolls slept peacefully in Sleepytown. When they were through with the snow, they gathered it up again, ready for use when the Wizard should again desire it. Unfortunately, we cannot do that. The pure gauzy flakes fall, covering the city's grime and refuse; a few hours later they are unrecognizable as brown, sordid slush.

AMERICA is now facing a gruesome prospect. The Third World War looms threatenly in the future, and if it comes, it will be a war of survival. Most of the problems that trouble us now would become trivial and secondary, whereas guarding our lives would be paramount. We can't say we haven't been warned. Complacency, dangerously close to arrogance, cost us young lives and much needed time during the last war, and a similar attitude is forcing us into another crisis.

Naturally, winter cannot be entirely bad; if it were, it would not be real, but an element in a romantic novel. It must have its points. I suppose winter sports are wonderfully exhilarating for the enthusiast. Let him enjoy them so long as he will leave me undisturbed in idyllic comfort with a few interesting books and a quilt to wrap in, should the heat die down. Then too, the fact that it is snowing enhances the comfort of the warm home, the school, and the bed. Nothing is so wonderful as being safely ensconced in bed, covered so that only a nose protrudes for respiration purposes, hearing the staccato beat of the snow on the windowpane, and its duller accompanying beat upon the roof.

Please don't think that I am related to the bear, and that I hibernate during the winter months. Even if it were possible, I wouldn't emulate his example; there is something fascinating about winter, for underneath its frozen expanse spring lies dormant. Without winter there would be no contrast; in nature, as in life, unpleasantness serves to heighten any pleasures that we have. So it is with winter; it makes us appreciate more fully the pleasures of all the other different seasons. Let winter come; spring will soon follow.

Barbara Gillespie '51

"BEWARE OF A MAN"

(Second Installment)

BURKE grinned pleasantly at the clerk and tossed the crumpled ten onto the counter. "Nickels, please."

The two thugs moved closer, the older man pulling the lapel of his coat back to produce a tarnished badge, the delinquent keeping his right hand on a gun. "You aren't going to make a telephone call, Mr. Zweirmann. You're under arrest."

Burke tightened his grip on the revolver in his pocket, edged along the counter toward the door. The delinquent walked slowly in front of him and withdrew his hand far enough to show his pistol. The clerk sought shelter under the counter and the highschoolers looked around for a hiding place.

The thug waved his hand at Burke and the delinquent. "Now, boys, let's have no trouble. Mr. Zweirmann, you're coming to headquarters for questioning concerning the murder of a Mr. Duval. Search his pockets, Sam."

Burke shook his head. "Stay away from me, Sam. I'm going to walk out that door and you're not going to stop me . . . or try to stop me . . .

unless you want a bullet for your trouble."

Sam hesitated, then shrugged and stepped aside. "You won't get away, Zweirmann."

Burke leered at him and left the drugstore. At first he walked leisurely down the sidewalk, then he abruptly broke into a run. When he dared to turn his head and peer over his shoulder, he saw the two thugs following him.

After running for half a block, Burke slowed his pace, hoping that the thugs would do the same. They didn't.

Burke's long-expected clouds had finally drawn themselves over the silvery moon, and, in the uncertain glow of the street lights, Burke did not make a good target. If he could stay in the dark long enough, he was sure that the policeman would pass by again.

He began to run, then cursed as he realized that there were bright lights at the end of the street. Sam and the other thug were closing in on him as he paused uncertainly when he saw the alley, the dim alley. He dashed into it, expecting it to lead into another street, groaned when he saw that it ended with a brick wall. Drawing his gun, he crouched behind an ash-can and waited for one of the two thugs to show himself at the end of the alley.

He waited for five minutes, then ten. His fears rose steadily. After another five minutes, he stood to get a better view of the entrance. It was then that he heard the sound.

It was a soft, smooth sound, a sound that suggested the rubbing of a trouser leg against an ash-can. Burke remembered that another can had been at the end of the alley, wondered how either of the thugs could have reached it without being seen, then began firing at the sound.

Five copper-jacketed bullets sang through the air. Then Burke saw that he had been firing at a scrawny black cat.

Sam was walking down the alley toward him, and it was evident that the delinquent had no idea of taking him alive. Burke backed against the wall and raised his gun.

"I have one more bullet, Sam. Move and I'll shoot you."

Sam darted behind an ash-can, and Burke did the same. Burke laughed. "Somebody must have heard those shots, Sam. The police will be here very soon."

There was a shot as Burke aimed his revolver at Sam, and the weapon flew from the detective's hand. Before he could reach it, Sam was standing directly in front of him, the muzzle of his gun looking enormous.

Burke grinned at the delinquent. "Why don't we discuss this matter fully, Sam? I have nothing against you, and I'm sure . . ."

He fell to the ground as Sam swung the barrel against his cheek with cutting force. "Nothing against you, Mr. Zweirmann, but five thousand dollars for your death."

Burke closed his eyes and waited for the bullets to tear into him. He heard three sharp cracks, opened his eyes after deciding that he had not been shot.

Sam, a startled expression on his face, was swaying to and fro. There were three holes in his side, and blood was beginning to ooze from them.

Burke got to his feet and took the gun from Sam's hand as the delinquent slumped to the ground with all the grace of a falling sandbag. Reaching the end of the alley, Burke found that the street was deserted except for the older thug, who was fleeing at a mad pace.

He ignored the running man while he bewailed his stupidity in telling Zweirmann that Duval was dead . . . if Zweirmann had not killed Duval. Although he had not told Zweirmann that Duval's body was at the bookshop, he concluded that the fat man would probably go there to find out whether or not he was telling the truth. And Burke had telephoned Helen Chambers earlier and asked her to meet him at the shop. She would go there, and if she found Zweirmann with the corpse, would accuse him of murder. Burke did not want a second murder.

The shop was dark when he reached it, and the door was still locked. He breathed a sigh of relief, realizing that the girl left after finding the place in darkness. With the key that he had taken from the body, Burke unlocked the door, opened it, and stepped into the bookshop.

There was a flash as someone fired, missing Burke's head by less than an inch. Burke dropped to the floor, clawed at his gun. "You can't shoot me in the dark, Zweirmann."

The lights went on, and Burke saw Helen Chambers standing near a bookcase. There was a smoking automatic in her hand. Burke feasted his eyes on her brunette beauty for a moment, then said:

"What does this mean?"

She lowered the gun and her eyes at the same time, avoiding Burke's glance: "That I made a mistake. When I got here, I found that the front door was locked so I let myself in through a back window. I thought that something was wrong. I saw the body and became frightened, but I decided to wait for you. I thought you were the

man who killed him. Who is he?"

"His name's Jacques Duval. He had the book I was looking for. I wanted you here because you're the only one who can tell if one of these books is the real thing. I tried to get in touch with you after I found the body, but I couldn't reach you. I think Zweirmann, that's the man who hired me, shot him and stole the book."

Helen Chambers smiled prettily as she placed the automatic in a handbag. "He didn't steal the book, Mr. Burke. It was on the desk. *A Booke of Sonnets*. That is the book you wanted, isn't it?"

Burke whistled softly. "Yes, but it wasn't on the desk when I left. I wonder who put it there."

Robert Burke wheeled as Zweirmann's smooth voice said, "I wonder." The fat man's gun was pointed at his chest. Zweirmann's gun seemed to explode before Burke could draw his own weapon, and the detective went down.

(To be concluded)

John Laucus '51

I SPEAK FOR DEMOCRACY

I SPEAK for democracy, for freedom and equality for all people. Democracy is a beautiful and a noble word, a word whose fullest meaning is realized in America today.

In Webster's dictionary, democracy is defined as "A government by the people; a form of government in which the supreme power is in the hands of the people collectively." This is the dictionary definition, but democracy has another, lovelier meaning: democracy means freedom, freedom to worship in any way we wish, freedom to say what we choose, to read all sides of a problem and believe what we think best, the freedom to go where we will and when we choose.

Democracy means equal rights: equality for all under our flag — all races, colors and creeds — in work and play — in war and peace.

Democracy is the familiar church service, the ball game on a sunny day; it is the Thanksgiving turkey, the Christmas tree and the family car.

In no other country in the world does such true democracy reign. In no other nation is there such a profusion of public services for the common good. Excellent city and state hospitals with free medical care, public schools to educate our young according to the best standards, museums to aid in this education, free libraries filled with books — all of these are open to the young and old, the rich and the poor.

These are things that exist in America and nowhere else. Hundreds of newspapers, each

with a separate view of the news, radio with its various commentators and the recent tele-news — all of these are the outgrowth of our basic democratic principles, practiced here in the Land of Freedom.

Democracy is the great American dream; a dream begun in the early 1600's and continuing and enlarging even until this day. We fought for and won independence in 1775. In 1861 we fought a bitter internal conflict for one of the primary ideas of our dream of democracy — equality. When this war was finally over, one of the most contested points in our idealistic system was settled. We fought still another war, the Spanish American war in 1898. Barely 19 years later, 1917, we fought the First World War. On December 7, 1941 the memorable Pearl Harbor incident occurred, plunging us once more into blistering warfare. This proved to be the most horrible war of all; a war that devastated the already battered Europe and left America's great resources badly drained. In spite of this weakening we helped others to regain their feet by means of a post-war rebuilding program.

Today the actual war has been over only five short years, yet the dim and horrible form of oppression and tyranny is again hovering on America's horizon. The dark shape of MARS, God of War, has already touched Korea and Tibet and enveloped China, Manchuria and other less publicized parts of the world.

War *can* be avoided if all nations cooperate for their collective as well as individual benefit. It seems now a bit too late to avert this oncoming disastrous shadow of the Third World War. Perhaps if we get through this probable warfare safely, we shall be able to obtain at long last our freedom and peace. War is wrong, but so too are slavery and cruelty — war may be hard and bitter, but it is the only means of wiping such scourges off the face of the earth. The persecution of men for the color of their skin, the God in whom they believe, or the language they speak is senseless and must be stopped altogether. It will take a desperate measure to stop such sadistic practices, but eventually they will, please God, be stopped and all men will be recognized as true equals.

Let us then, the citizens of the Land of Opportunity, realize the greatness of our blessings and pray to God for freedom for all and peace to all nations.

"And this be our motto: In God is our trust."
Virginia Turtle '51

Thelma Murray, a graduate of Boston University, is to teach this year in a girls' school in Sarasota, Florida.

THE WORLD SITUATION

THE year of 1950 saw the development of more turmoil in the world than any other year in history. At present we are involved in the struggle which may decide whether we live as free men or as the slaves of a Communist dictator. If we decide to bomb China, men are about to experience a war to which there has been no parallel. It could mean the ultimate destruction of mankind. The whole world is now facing its greatest crisis. American soldiers are trying to ward off hordes of enemy troops who outnumber them at least ten to one. If the other countries decide to join our fight wholeheartedly, our chance for survival is excellent; but if they do not support us fully, we are now all dead men. As Benjamin Franklin said, "United we stand; divided we fall."

The thing that is stopping most countries from joining us is the prospect of an atomic war. Such a war would be more terrible than one could imagine. Millions would be killed and millions more would be injured. The European countries are also worried about the situation in Germany. Allied forces are so far outnumbered that all their resistance could buy is precious time. If Russia should attack through Europe, they would have to face a United Nations front which would not be difficult to defeat.

Perhaps the thought of life under an iron rule is even more terrifying than a war. Never has the world been so uncertain about its future as it is today. No one can predict the future, but the thought of what might happen frightens even the strongest men. Of course we shall eventually fight a total war and we should win. There are six words, sent by the Marines on Wake Island in 1941 to Pearl Harbor, which sum up the world situation: "The issue is still in doubt."

Francis Mahoney '51

LATIN HIT PARADE

Now is the Hour	1:45
Simple Melody	Class Song
Something to Dance About	Graduation
I'll Always Love You	Vacation
The Thing	Report Card
The Best Thing For You	Hot Lunch
My Heart Cries For You	Saturday
The Roving Kind	In the Dean's Office
Dream A Little Dream Of Me	Senior Prom
Can Anyone Explain	A 55?

Beverly Jakeway '50

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

HELLO AGAIN! Here we are back with a long list of Dramatic Club doings since the last issue of the Review. In November we had a wonderful Armistice Barn Celebration (in case anyone is still puzzled about A.B.C.). The dance was held at the Cambridge Boat Club. It was a regular "old-timers" session with many of last years members coming back to "trip the light fantastic."

In December we held the annual Christmas pageant under the direction of Miss Hartigan. It was well worth all the hours spent to be part of such a fine production. The Dramatic Club extends deep-felt gratitude to Robert and Lawrence Egan and Mr. Gomes for the excellent lighting, to Mr. Fitzgerald and the Glee Club for the traditional music, to Mr. Guest for his able assistance, and to Miss Hartigan for a superb job of directing the large and impressive performance.

The Dramatic Club was fortunate in being invited to visit Tufts College to see a performance of a new play, "Three's A Company." We enjoyed the evening very much and look forward to visiting Tufts again.

Next on our agenda is the performance of three one act plays directed by members of the Club. You'll be hearing from us in the coming months and so a Happy New Year to everybody from the Dramatic Club.

Elsbeth Edge '51

ART CLUB

WELCOME! the doors of the C.H.L.S. Art Club are once again open to both old and new members. At our last meeting, approximately two weeks before Christmas, we held our election. The following were voted into office:

President Glendora MacKenzie
Vice-President Richard Grabowsky
Secretary Ernest Root
Treasurer Zulmira Magalhães

We have determined to make this year the most beneficial to all who are really interested in progressing by means of this club. We hope to attract new members by visiting various art schools and printing establishments.

On November sixteenth the Art Department broadcast a program over station W.T.A.O. With the aid of Miss Morton, Virginia Beckman and Charles Atkins were able to convince people that art is used in every phase of life.

Watch for date of our next meeting.

Glendora MacKenzie, *President*

AN INTERVIEW WITH THORNTON WILDER

WE were gathered uncertainly in a little group awaiting Thornton Wilder in Harvard's Widener Library. To us, Thornton Wilder was merely a name. True, we had enjoyed his books, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *The Ides of March*, and *Our Town*, but we did not know Thornton Wilder.

Mr. Wilder saved us the trouble of finding him by finding us. He walked briskly down a flight of stairs, a dapper gentleman, but unimposingly dressed, and greeted us pleasantly. It was then that we lost all doubts.

Thornton Wilder's informality seemed to us to be his most prominent characteristic. He perched on a bookcase, rested his feet on a convenient desk, and said: "Would anyone care to smoke or are you all the athletic type?" No one accepted his offer, but we nevertheless spent the next three minutes in forcing open a desk drawer to obtain matches.

As Mr. Wilder watched smoke drift into the air, we asked our questions and were further impressed with his informality and quiet humor. His remarks were clearly those of an expert in his field. He spoke of the beauties of Picasso and the Chinese theatre, the evils of realism, and the overabundance of the works of George Bernard Shaw.

After finishing his cigarette, Mr. Wilder thoughtfully began to lick stamps and place them on envelopes. He revoked a statement that he was against marriage, delved into the effects of having no scenery during a play, and quipped about the unemployment of stage-hands and electricians.

There followed a period of autographing in which Mr. Wilder miraculously did not suffer from writer's cramp. As he led us out of the library, we felt that we had gained a new friend in Thornton Wilder.

John Laucus '51

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE C.H.L.S. Chess Team is now lodged in fifth place in the G.B.I. Chess League with five matches remaining to play. Thus far we have won only two of our seven tournaments, the scores of which are as follows:

Roxbury Memorial 7½	C.H.L.S. 2½
Boston Latin 7½	C.H.L.S. 2½
Milton 5½	C.H.L.S. 4½
Boston English 2	C.H.L.S. 8
Brookline 8½	C.H.L.S. 1½
Boston Technical 4½	C.H.L.S. 5½
Roxbury Memorial 6	C.H.L.S. 4

Boston Latin heads the league, having won all their matches, and they have piled up an overwhelming lead. After delving into the records, we found that Cambridge Latin actually did win the championship and the awarded plaque back in 1941; since then Brookline and Boston Latin have monopolized the league. As you can observe, the record of our present team is not too impressive, but we are somewhat inexperienced after having lost six of ten players from last year's group. Continual playing has improved the team, however, and we hope to give a good account of ourselves in the remaining matches. This year's team, consisting of nine men (and one woman!), is as follows in the order of their position: Francis Duehay, Paul Lorris, John Laucus, Joan Keefe, Burnhart Firchow, John Allen, Richard Sanderson, Joachim Pfeufer, Arthur Marlin, and Frank Gaudet. Sporting the best individual record is John Allen with 6 wins and 1 loss.

Later in the year we plan to hold a special club championship. Also, the Massachusetts State junior tournament will be held soon, and we intend to have a large delegation there.

Francis Duehay '51

Paul Lorris '53

ALUMNI NOTES

THE class of 1950 is well represented in the nation's leading colleges and business schools including Harvard, M. I. T., Radcliffe, Smith, Sargent, Simmons, B. C., B. U., Tufts, Northeastern Regis, University of Cleveland, Massachusetts State, U. C. L. A., Colby, Emerson, Chicago University, Bentley's, Burdett's, Chandler's and Huntington Prep.

The Alumni are well represented in the armed forces, also, with Robert Hughes '49 a wounded vet, Robert Dwyer in the Marines, Fred LaPlace in the Air Force, both '49 and Bill Brown '50 in the Marines. Ray D'Arcy '50 is in the M. I. T. R. O. T. C.

If you are having trouble getting a phone call through, see Barbara Rodley, Jennie Rana, Fran Tierney, all '50 or Maureen Coleman or Roberta Reardon '48 at the Belmont office of the Telephone Company.

Among the married are Katrinka Jensen, Mary McDonald, Marline Lambert, Shirley Flowers, and Shirley McNeece — all '50.

Adrianne Knight '50 is singing in the choral group at Radcliffe.

Danny Heffernan '49, Bill Hillis, Joe Corcoran, and Paul Sebastian, all class of '50 are attending Boston University, while Al Muscato also '50 is attending night school there.

Ray Kelly '50 and Paul O'Leary '49 are playing hockey at B. U. and Dick Smith '48 is playing at Northeastern

John O'Rourke '49 is with the Marines in Korea. He sent us his address in hopes that some of his school friends will write him.

Cpl. John F. O'Rourke, USMC

Anglico-1st-Sig.-Bn.

1st-Man.-Div. FMF

F.P.O. San Francisco, California

Ed Quinn '50 is stationed at Fort San Houston, Texas with the Air Force.

Paul Foley '45 is teaching Entomology and Parasitology at Fort San Houston, Texas.

The Reverend Thomas McNamara '16 is the head of the Catholic Boys Guidance Center in the Fenway.

James Coleman '50

Steve Dooling '50

T.V. OR NOT T.V.?

AND what a burning question this has come to be! No longer is Lady Vanderpickle the social arbiter as to one's social standing, if any. Now the simple question: "Have you a T. V. in your home?" promptly brings blushes and confusion, for we must answer, "No." Hastily we add that we would prefer our books and family talks to the antics of the screen, but our inquisitor promptly puts us in our place with a very superior air.

Then at home, as we listen to the sweet strains of a waltz, a "Mr. Muntz" blisters our unsuspecting ears with a demand to know why we haven't a T. V. In fact, he will put one in our living room for the small amount of two hundred ninety-nine dollars and ninety-five cents — indeed, a moderate sum, which any prosperous father could have accumulated in thirty or forty years!

Accusingly, we look at Dad who is adjusting his bifocals for a final look at the stock market report, or maybe the racing form. Our drop in the social ladder doesn't seem to have affected him at all. Tranquilly, he turns to "Dick Tracy," totally oblivious of our glares as we think of more days with the same question to be answered.

Oh well, who knows? next month we may have that first down payment.

Mary Feloney '51

May We Present —

NEAL DEMPSEY is a tall, rather quiet junior with red hair and keen brown eyes who has, through his popularity, become the president of his class. Neal, a boy of sixteen, attended St. Peter's Grammar School and came directly to C.H.L.S. after graduation.

He is a studious fellow who spends much of his time studying. When asked about his subjects, Neal said that he gave preference to none but thought that bookkeeping *might* have a slight lead over the others.

Most of his afternoons are taken up by his job. When he finds a spare moment, Neal, an athletic young man, enjoys playing at football, his favorite sport, or relaxes by attending a motion picture.

Neal's plans for the future are uncertain, but he hopes that he will be successful in anything he attempts. He is certain, however, about his choice of an ideal mate. She must be statuesque with an exquisite blonde beauty and must have personality in addition to a *slight* sum of money.

P. S. L.

THE Secretary-Treasurer of the Junior Class is popular Jeanne Brooks. Jeanne is a tall, blond, blue-eyed girl of sixteen who possesses a dynamic personality. Bookkeeping is her favorite subject and she will gladly endow anyone with her knowledge of the subject upon request. Here at school, Jeanne is a member of the G.A.A. and the C.A.A. Her favorite sports include ice-skating, roller-skating, swimming, and bowling, but when the football season rolls around, Jeanne is right there cheering her team to victory. Her answer to the sixty-four dollar question would certainly be the ideal of all girls. Jeanne doesn't mind if he has blond or dark hair, as long as he is tall and handsome. He must have a good personality, be a good dancer, and of course, be athletic. If there should be such a man in existence, Jeanne would like to meet him.

A. I.

MARY McMANUS, vice-president of the junior class, is a charming girl with a sparkling personality, blond hair and flashing blue eyes. She was born in Cambridge sixteen years ago, graduated from the Roberts School and upon entering Latin began the activities which helped her to win the friendship of so many of her classmates. She likes hockey, baseball, tennis, football, and ice skating. She has held executive offices in the C.A.A. and the G.A.A. After graduation Mary plans to become a gym teacher; who knows, maybe some day she will be directing athletic activities here at C.H.L.S.? Her ideal man must be five feet, eight inches tall, with black hair and he has to be a hockey player. But as for marriage, she says, "Not for quite a while yet."

P. P.

GUDRUN VILBIG

HEREWITH, we introduce to you Gudrun Vilbig, a freshman girl from Munich, Germany; she is fairly short (about five feet, one inch or so) has greyish blue eyes, and the lovely posture and grace of a dancer, a fact not to be wondered at, since she is considering dancing as a career. She went to school in Germany for six years, to Cambridge elementary for two, and hopes later to attend the Boston Conservatory of Music for further training in playing the piano, in dancing, or in dramatics. She doesn't have much time for social activities, and admits an almost complete ignorance of American sports.

J. R.

BARBARA ABBOTT, eighteen, is a brown-eyed, brown-haired senior who may truly be called a busy person. In addition to her studies, all of which she enjoys, she is an active member of both the K. B. Club and the Senior Prom Committee and the shrewd business manager of the REVIEW. She is an avid sports enthusiast, attending nearly all the football and baseball games played by C.H.L.S. When asked what her plans for the future were, Barb replied that she intends to go to the nursing school at Children's Hospital and to marry in three years. She graphically described the fellow, a boy named Bob, as being five

feet, ten inches tall and having "the curliest brown hair I ever saw" and sparkling brown eyes.

J. L.

BERNADETTE BOYLE, a vivacious blue eyed blonde, is certainly a wonderful asset to the sophomore class. She came to our school, which incidentally she likes very much, from St. Mary,s Grammar School, having spent all of her fifteen years in Cambridge. Here at Latin, her marks in the Freshman year rated the honor roll — no wonder she enjoys it! As far as preference in subjects is concerned, Biology is tops with Bernadette. In fact, she considers becoming a Biology teacher. In a lighter vein, she is not a keen sports enthusiast. However, she enjoys a good game of basketball very much and likes to ice skate, too, now that winter is here. About that all important subject of the ideal man, Bernadette says that he must be a good dancer to win her favor. A wonderful girl like her should certainly find him.

M. Y. M.

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE third meeting, which took place on November 17. of the 1950-51 season of the C.H.L.S. French Club was called to order by President Mary MacLachlan. Renee Mercier, a talented sophomore, opened the program with a beautiful French song, *Bacarolle*. The main feature of the meeting was announced by Rueben Halevey of the Program Committee who introduced Mr. Louis Melanson of the Malden High School. Mr. Melanson showed the Club some beautiful color slides taken by himself in a trip through France; these included pictures of all sections of France. This meeting was brought to a close by the singing of the French National Anthem.

On Wednesday, December 6 our French Club was invited to a meeting of the Harvard French Club. There we enjoyed a scene from *Cyrano de Bergerac* enacted by a professor and two students. Afterwards we talked in French and sang French songs.

On December 15 all the language clubs had a joint Christmas meeting. The program, announced by Mary MacLachlan, opened with a trumpet solo by Jim Lincoln of the French Club. This was followed by a play in French starring Henry Kite, James Lincoln, Harold Panton, Peter Downs, Rueben Halevey and William Hayes. The Italian Club presented Catherine Lavioli in a lovely tableau after the famous painting, "The Virgin Adoring," with the Latin Club supplying

Adeste Fideles as a musical background. A girl from the Spanish Club did a Spanish dance in an original costume. This was followed by Henry Grunbaum's leading some of the German Club in German songs. Then the entire group played a word game; candy provided by all the clubs was served after the meeting.

Henry Kite '52

G. A. A. NOTES

ON December 1, 1950 the G.A.A. sponsored an informal dance at the Riverside Boat Club. Although the attendance was small, the informal was a financial success. The patrons and patronesses were Mr. Bridey, Mr. Olsen, Mrs. Olsen, Miss George, and Miss Hyde. They had the honor of selecting a King and Queen who were Gerry Lavoie and James Daley. Mr. and Mrs. Olsen lead the Grand March, and I gather from all the comments that a good time was had by all.

The G.A.A. held its annual Christmas party in the girls' gym on December 19. The G.A.A. committee deserves congratulations for the splendid job they did in arranging this program. Pauline Glynn, Barbara Cummisky, and Pat Grimes acted as soldiers in Korea, recalling memories of Christmas while the Freshmen and Sophomores supplied the entertainment. Santa Claus dropped in for a visit and the girls were kept busy trying to identify him. They were quite surprised when they learned that it was none other than William "Red" Linsky.

The G.A.A. has next planned a Formal Dance to be held on February 2, 1951 at the Cambridge Boat Club.

Miss Brown has her cheerleading squad back in tip-top shape after a rugged football season. They are now ready to do their part at the hockey and basketball games.

Ruth Kilfoyle '51

LATIN HIT PARADE

Can Anyone Explain.....Why I didn't pass?
Sometime I'll study
I Love the Guy.....Who lends out his homework
Irene, Goodnight.....After the Junior Prom
Gone Fishin'.....When playing hooky
Wandering.....To Rindge at 1:45
I Didn't Slip, I Wasn't Pushed, I Fell

Down to a 40 average
I Cross My Fingers.....Hoping to pass
Ask Me No Questions.....'Cause I didn't study
Heartbreaker.....The teacher who flunked me
Can't Seem to Laugh Anymore

'Cause I flunked
Geraldine Towski '52

THE PLAYBILL

DURING the holiday season which has just passed, Bostonians had a particularly wide choice of worthwhile theatrical productions to enjoy. It seemed that in the time around Christmas and the beginning of 1951, a very large number of fine plays visited Boston either as new productions trying out here before going on to Broadway or as finished proven plays touring the smaller cities after long successful runs in New York. Perhaps the member of the latter category which Bostonians greeted with the greatest enthusiasm was *Where's Charley?*, the rollicking musical version of Brandon Thomas' famous comedy, *Charley's Aunt*. Although some might conceivably not have heard of this musical, I am sure that everyone can hum its hit tunes, namely, *Once In Love With Amy* and *My Darling, My Darling*. The story concerns the troubles of two young Oxford men in finding a chaperone in order that they might entertain their girl friends in the room which they share. Comical circumstances forces one of the men, Charley, to pose as his Aunt. From this skeleton of the plot, one can easily see a wonderful evening of entertainment the play makes. Although it comes here after two years on Broadway, the production is still delightfully fresh. The cast is headed by the inimitable Ray Bolger, whose every moment before the footlights constitutes further proof of this being the greatest dancer-comedian on the American stage. His expressions, his pantomime, and his excellent 'presence' make him a joy to watch whether he is dancing, singing, or posing as his Aunt. Undoubtedly the high spot of the play is his interpretation of *Once in Love with Amy*. It is said that in the two years that he has been dancing this, he has never repeated the routine exactly. He is ably supported by a very competent cast, particularly by Allyn McLerie who is a dancing star on her own. Altogether *Where's Charley?* brought an evening of comedy entertainment the calibre of which we are not likely to see again for awhile.

Here in Cambridge, the Brattle Theatre kept up its reputation of fine theatre with its presentation of the *Three Sisters*, one of Anton Chekhov's best known dramas of nineteenth century provincial life in Russia. These somber plays show without definite hero or heroine Chekhov's marvelous understanding of human suffering and emotion. This particular story told of the tragic life of three sisters in a small city in Russia. The production which featured Margaret Webster and Eva Le Gallienne was certainly a notable one. Both women, whose names are among the greatest

in American theatre gave wonderful, often overpowering performances as the two older sisters. They were supported notably by Dorthy Hinkley who this time added the role of the hateful sister-in-law to the long line of shrews which she seems to be able to play so artfully. I think that everyone who saw it will not easily forget this thoughtful play, so forcefully acted.

Now in Boston is a fine example of a classic play presented in a fine movie. I, personally, have long felt that the motion picture is a wonderful medium through which to produce some of our great plays. Thus, Stanley Kramer's production of *Cyrano De Bergerac* pleased me very much. Everyone knows the famous story of Cyrano, the great swordsman and poet, who wooed his love for another because of his grotesque nose. The film adaptation is generally good, its notable faults being in the garden love scene. It features Jose Ferrer who has done the role on the stage so successfully. In the movie he is every inch Cyrano. His portrayal of the unfortunate man is most compelling and incidentally, his sword-play is quite impressive. The heroine of this Rostand classic, Roxane, is adequately played by Mala Powers, and Cyrano's tongue-tied rival is William Prince. But the show belongs to Jose Ferrer and thanks to him it is a fine one.

I cannot end this column without saying a word or two concerning the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which is touring the States and Canada, away from its home which is the Covent Garden in London. In this Company, we are greatly privileged to see the first three-acted ballet to come here in years, and also the finest troupe of dancers to reach our shores for a long, long time. The Sadler's Wells Ballet is the authority on Classical Ballet in Europe today. Its production of the *Sleeping Beauty* and *Le Lac des Cygnes* appears to be the perfection of beauty. It also is bringing *Giselle*, and modern ballets such as *Checkmate*, which is danced on a chess board, *Facade* and *Dante Sonata*. In this company every role is danced to perfection from the leading ones to the bit parts, it features Margot Fonteyn, who is generally conceded to be the finest ballerina in Europe and the United States. Anyone who has seen her has enjoyed an unparalleled experience in beauty. She is truly a poet in motion. Other famous dancers coming here with the company are Moira Shearer, star of the *Red Shoes*, Beryl Gray, Robert Helpmann, Alexis Rassine and Michael Somes. Sadler's Wells engagements are sold out wherever they come—a fitting tribute to the superiority of the troupe.

Martha Murphy '53

TH' SPOTLIGHT IN 'DITCHERS' !

QUESTION
OF TH' MONTH...



WHO'S BEEN TURNING
TH' LOCKERS OVER
DOWNSTAIRS ? HMMM !

FIRST IT WAS TH'
GEORGE-ALL-AROUND CLUB,
THEN PLAID HATS ~~~~



IF TH' TREND
CONTINUES,
I QUIT !

CAROLE 'HOPALONG' THOMPSON
ANOTHER VICTIM OF TH'
FRESH POND TOBOGGAN
SLIDE ~~~.



CHLS VERSION OF
RUM-RUNNING ~~~~ TAKING
THREE MILKS AT LUNCH !



MEET TH' EDITOR OF TH' SPOTLIGHT.
IF THIS FIGURE DOESN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE, DON'T WORRY ! NOTHING IN
TH' SPOTLIGHT MAKES SENSE ~~~
OR DOES IT ?

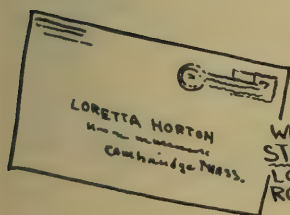
WHAT DOES EDDIE
ASALEY DO WITH ALL
THAT FOOD HE BUYS ?



QUIET
PLEASE !



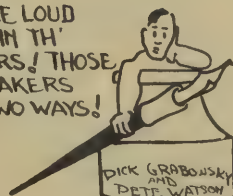
WHAT'S TH' NAME OF TH'
CHARACTER THAT'S BEEN
THREATENING TO BLOW UP
ROOM 311 ?



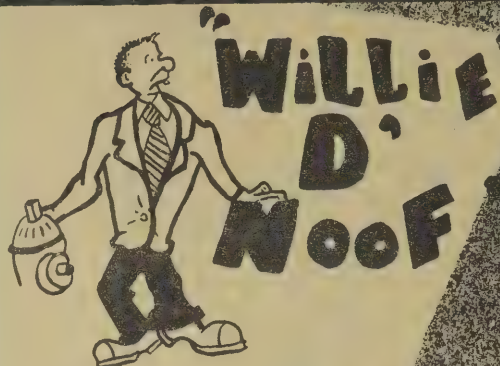
WHOSE BEEN SENDING
STRANGE LETTERS TO
LORETTA HORTON, HUH
RODGER EMBERLY ?



NO MORE LOUD
TALKING IN TH'
CORRIDORS ! THOSE
LOUDSPEAKERS
WORK TWO WAYS !



DICK GRABOWSKY
AND
PETE WATSON
BOTH AT PRESENT IN
HIDING !



Willie D'Noof

INTRODUCTION - WILLIE D' NOOF
IS A FAMILIAR KIND. HE'S GOT NO MUSCLES
AND HE'S GOT NO MIND.
WE FIND HIM LOUNGING AROUND LIKE A FOOL
UNTIL IT'S JUST ABOUT TIME TO GET GOIN'
TO SCHOOL

TICK TOCK



WITH...

1 MINUTE TO GO TO THE 8:30 BELL.



HE FELL TO THE BOTTOM IN A MESSY HEAP
HE COULDN'T RUN SO HE TRIED TO CREEP.



HE TURNED THE BRASS KNOB
THEN COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR.



HE REACHED THE TOP STAIR BUT
FALTERED AND FELL.



HE CRAWLED UP THE STAIRS
TO HIS HOME ROOM DOOR.

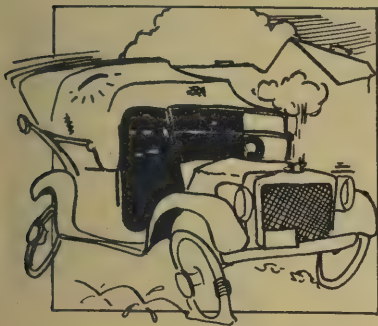


BUT ON THAT DREADFUL DAY HIS LUCK
BOWED TO ILL FATE
CAUSE THEN THE BELL RANG
HE WAS ONE SECOND LATE!

THE END

(BY AL SURMAN)

MY EYES DECEIVE ME!



ANNOUNCING PAUL STELLA'S TAXI SERVICE TO ALL SPORTING EVENTS. NEVER CROWDED! FOURTEEN IN TH' BACK SEAT IS NORMAL SEATING FOR ANY CAR!



JOHN LEAMAN DRIBBLED AS IF HE REALLY MEANT IT ~~~~



PARTS OF TH' GAME LOOKED MORE LIKE FOOTBALL THAN BASKETBALL. K-K CROWLEY WAS TACKLED AT LEAST TWICE!



ARLINGTON IS STILL WONDERIN' WHA' HOPPEN! WE WON 30-27 ~~~~



EDDIE ASALEY'S POWERFUL DRIVE-INS AND LAY-UP SHOTS PROVIDED MUCH OF TH' ACTION ~~~~



DICK IGO BURNED UP TH' COURT AS HE STREAKED UP AND DOWN ~~~~



Dick Carboway AT ARLINGTON

PETE WATSON, TH' BOY WITH TH' REACH!

PINCH ME! I'M DREAMIN'.....



MARTONE'S ANTICS WERE WORTH TH' PRICE OF ADMISSION!



WITH MELROSE LEADIN' 1-0 AT TH' END OF TH' FIRST PERIOD, MURPHY TAKES HIS TURN AND SCORES!



THEN WITH TH' SCORE 1-1 A SHADY CHARACTER FROM MELROSE SNUCK ONE IN~



ELECTED TH' MOST POPULAR GUY IN TH' GARDEN!

**LATIN
vs.
MELROSE**



CRASH



TH' MELROSE ROOF FELL IN WHEN RALF KILFOYLE TALLIED!
AN' THAT WAS TH' GAME WITH TH' FINAL SCORE 2-2.



WAKE ME UP WHEN TH' GAME STARTS

LARRY GOSELIN, TH' VERSITILE VEEP OF TH' SENIOR CLASS, SEEMED TO FEEL THAT FOURTH ICE WAS A LONG TIME TO WAIT.

WE FOOLED TH' EXPERTS AGAIN!
A FIGHTING CANTAB TEAM TIED A POWERFUL MELROSE SIX IN TH' LAST MINUTES OF PLAY!



DON RIGGAZIO DID A GOOD JOB OF DEFENDING TH' GOAL. THAT'S NO HOCKEY STICK HE'S, HOLDIN' BRUTHER!

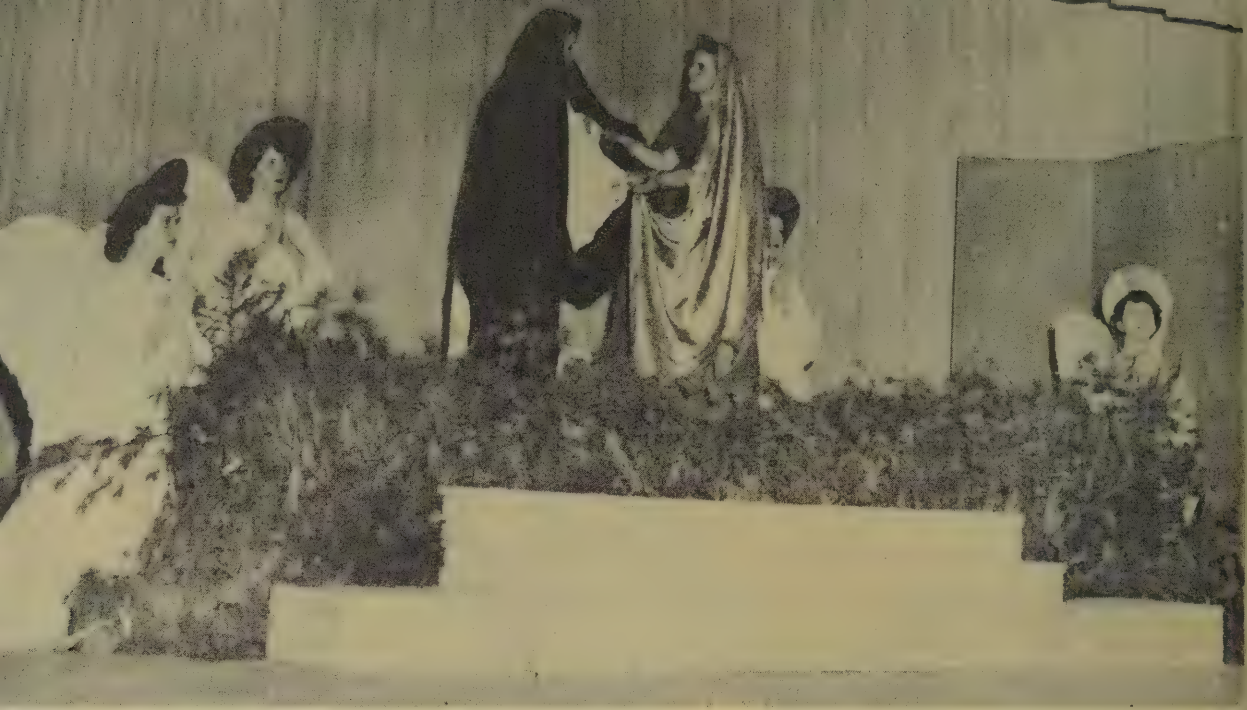


AT TH' GARDEN.....



PHOTOS BY JEANNE BLACK





THE VISITATION

PHOTOS BY GORDON EMBERLEY

THE NATIVITY



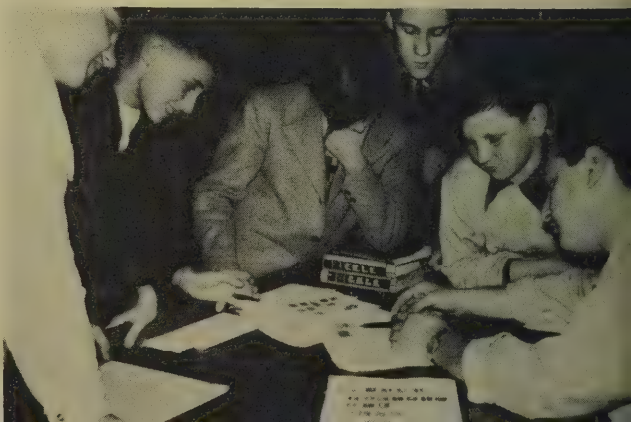


PHOTOS BY GORDON EMBERL





PHOTOS BY JEANNE BLACK



MY NEIGHBORS

IN MY neighborhood there lives a man with such lazy tendencies that he truly amazes me. The offhand manner in which he expresses his indolence I find very hilarious.

In the first place, this gentleman is the husband of a doctor. In other words, his wife practices the profession of medicine; he practices nothing.

Last summer when they first moved in, they decided that grass must be grown in the yard. Doctor (Mrs.) X energetically began the job. After two weeks of digging and planting and sweating, she was fortunate enough to coax some grass out of the churned-up soil. All during this fearsome half-month ordeal, he had supervised approvingly with his elbow resting on the spade handle. With the coming of the green, his part of the job came also. His said share of the task was to water the grass every day. He did this faithfully, sitting in a cushioned chair and looking at the green foliage, blue sky and fluffy clouds. In the meantime, the hose would play on one patch of grass for a half-hour. When he finally emerged from his meditation long enough to water another section of the yard, the previous patch would be left looking like a mudhole.

Just recently the storm windows were put up. They were not attended to by the Mr., though the Mrs. while wearing her husband's dungarees and sweat-shirt, dutifully completed the job.

When he is not smoking and reading under a shady elm in his now vividly green yard, he is inside listening to his records. He is an avid music lover as I can well attest, having viewed his fine collection of recordings. Many times the majestic grandeur of Beethoven or the somber dignity of Brahms have been wafted into my room. I can very easily imagine him, sunken in a billowy easy chair with the cigarette smoke curling languidly toward the ceiling. Occasionally he sips from a delightfully, tall glass of julep daintily garnished with sprigs of mint.

I think his behaviour is accentuated all the more in comparison to his wife's. He is a sleepy, listless person; she, a vibrant lively bundle of energy. However, he is a fine example of a truly, lazy man.

Reuben Halevy '51

FRESHMAN NOTES

HELLO! Well, here it is 1951 and this column is starting the new year with a BANG. In this issue we have been blessed with gossip galore. So on with the news.

Room 101 claims to have found the answer to the question, "What is the 'thing'?" Veronica Mills was thirteen years old on March 13th and has thirteen letters in her name. We hope she

isn't superstitious. Barbara Cooper is being called Penelope after the woman in the Old Greek Folk Stories. We hear that Annette Scotti is quite a poet. How about some contributions to the REVIEW, Annette? New and becoming hairdos in the freshman class are seen on Florence Nicholson and Marion Marten, and 101 says that one of their classmates boasts a boyish bob. Has anyone seen Jackie Martus' new haircut? It's something spectacular! If you are sad and gloomy, my advice is to see Ann Civitolo. She seems to have a recipe for cheering folks up. It seems that Richard Lehan of 120 has a special seat in Mr. Sheehan's office. Poor boy, will he ever learn? Jackie Benson and Mary Thompson had parties during the Christmas vacation and both were reported as having been complete successes. Janis Polowski, Barbara Lingley, and Mary Ponsdinas were the "belles of the ball" at the Riverside dance on December 27th. Did you ever see Tony "Missouri" and Eddie Moriarity play football? Those water buckets must be heavy. (Just kidding, boys.) Joanne Cummings is just full of wisecracks. Frank Ferolia is recuperating from an apendectomy. We hope to see him back in his classes before long. Speaking of operations, room 122 would like to know what happened to Master Millstein's appendix over the holidays? If in doubt about anything from pins to poetry, please ask Charles Cooke for the information. We seem to have quite a talented freshman class this year. Judy Rose is said to be a budding artist. Mary Bush from 102 is an advanced ballerina, having taken lessons for eight years. She has performed at the Copley Plaza. Barbara Lewis, Barbara Cormier, Barbara Wyman, Veronica Mills, Joan Africa and Adrienne Miller are all excellent dancers. Adrienne and Mary Patselinas are good actresses, both being in the church pageant. Mary did a marvelous job as the Madonna. Barbara Lowell is an accomplished accordion player. Room 122 boasts that Annie Murphy can swim as well as Esther Williams. We wonder why Gail Paynter is always forgetting her lunch? What delays the O'Rourke brothers every morning? Pearl Newell studies too much? Well, she made the Honor Roll. Congratulations to her and to the others who worked so hard for their excellent marks. Ralph Caso is said to be one of the best dressed boys in the class of '54. Now we'd like to know who is the best dressed girl.

In closing, we wish to thank the class for its fine cooperation in getting this material for the column. With such teamwork, our part of the REVIEW is sure to grow.

Phyllis Penney '53

Clara Theodoulou '51



HALO everybody, halo. Halo is the . . . Us'ns hope Santa Claus got around to everybody this Christmastide and that all comrades had a swell New Years!!! Speaking of Santa, he must have been especially good to Lorraine Hanafin, she's been walking around in a daze ever since vacation.

Who was the tall blond that escorted Lena Lombardi to the Hi-Steppers Xmas party??? Could it have been Jackie Scanes??? Others at the same party were Frances Gossen and Ray Nicoletta, Maureen Zanfani and Gil Sousa, Eleanor Jantaz and Mike French, Helen Bolster and Al Sullivan. Seen at the Totem Pole were Barbara Karrus, Mary Jane McCauley and Barbara MacDonald with their favorite "bo-shmoos." We're going to miss Stevie Curran; but our loss is the Air Force's gain. We're rootin' for you Steve!!! Where does Mimi Fitzpatrick spend half her time?? Ask her friends; they'll tell you all about John. What's this we hear about a sleigh ride planned by a certain group of inseparables? Let us in on it too kids. Since when have Latinites been addressed as Mister!! Gene O'Neill, are you betraying the male?? element of C.H.L.S. — Flash!! We have just discovered the THING!! Look in David Soeiro's pocket; you'll find it. Edie Ladner, is this true?? Orange, blue and red bed sox!! Holy Cow!! Why doesn't Louise Lavoie slow down? Is she the victim of a speedball? Uh-huh, so now foreigners are horn-ing in! New Hampshirites, no less, are reported visiting Gerry Flett and Shirley Hamilton. Pardon me Joan, who isn't Snow but Rose. It seems somebody thinks Jimmy Daley resembles the Great Balboa. (How did he get in here?) Gael Mahoney had a "swoonderful" time in Gloucester this vacation. Who down dere, Gael??

After serious consideration, we've decided this school should join the A. F. of L. Think, kids! 75 cents an hour, emancipation of women, no more drudging in "sweatshops." 'Ray for the A. F. of L.!!!

Who is this "Rickie" Ruth Seeley drools about all the time??? Our li'l ol' Martha Ann Folkins keeps right in there pitching with the latest fads—the Charleston lately. Why does Nancy Hodgkins

look forward to Latin class so much??? Could it be zeal for ancient studies? (It sez here.) By the way, Mary Feloney and Eileen McNamara are being exported at the Fish Pier next Saturday. No flowers by request. The big news of the week!! John MacDougal was seen in school EVERY DAY for a week!! A rumor is flying about that Paul Pelletier has had an offer to be in a Minstrel Show. Anybody want to buy a television set, cheap?? It seems a certain "Obie" of 122 gets around on his blond hair. (How did a *freshman* get in here?) David Noonan was seen with a snappy little number, by name of Nancy Valentine, at the Xmas dance in the Boat Club.

Did anyone drop into the Smith House after the Pageant?? We were having a swell time, all fifty of us. It appears the Chess Club is harboring fugitives. Johnny Allen is dodging Mr. Bridey by joining "Ye Intellectual Group." Who is that cute little freshman that travels on the Central Square bus with "Bev the Schnez"?? Larry King seems to know all the answers. There is at least one thing that everyone agrees on. Ralph Kilfoyle is "wan quiet keed." People are beginning to wonder what makes Shirley Petersen so "almost" late every morning. It couldn't have anything to do with Rindge, could it?? Take care, girls!! Jimmy Lincoln is rated as one wi-i-ld man in 302!! We got some mighty bad reports on a certain Charles Atkins (not mentioning any names) after the dance at the City Hall Annex, December 26, — Barbara Beckman must be learning a lot of Shakespeare lately, having been seen with that well-known actor Don Edge (that's my brother!) Just who was Annie Eatough with after the Pageant? Sally Higley has just walked off with the title of "Miss Dimples of 1951". Jimmy Yanus has a . . . car???

Does the Totem Pole ever have a good business! Mimi Fitzpatrick and Paul Stella, Jackie Wilson and Cliff Erwin, Eileen McNamara and Buddy Franeoous, Peggy Mahoney and John Morrish, Joan McGuinness and Joe Landrigan were seen dancing there lately. Has anybody noticed that rocket going by?? It's Lolita Perduyn rushing home to read those letters with upside-down

stamps!! "I love you a bushel and a peck . . .:" that's "someone's" themesong in connection with Billy Hayes!! It seems Bobby Egan has jumped from the frying pan into the fire. Line forms on the right!! 5 cents admission to the locker room!! Come one, come all and see Joan McGuinness make holes in the ceiling!! Since when have senior girls taken up shaving?? Huh, Eileen? Boy, oh boy!! Have we got a cartoonist in the group. Step into 123 (if you dare) and see Joe Pfeuffer's masterpiece. The Age of Chivalry hasn't quite gone out yet. Henry Grunbaum actually was seen lending his coat to a shivering female. (Go ahead girls, ask him, ask him,) Teddy Vautrinot can talk his way out of *anything*!! A pair of young ladies(??) found out the meaning of Atheism — the hard way!! LET'S ALL GET ON THE BANDWAGON AND SUPPORT THE MARCH OF DIMES!!

What does Agnes O'Rourke look so happy about?? Renee Mercier not only is a sweet kid, but she also has a sweet voice. Hasn't she, Egg-head (Swyers, that is.) Knit one, purl two. Goodhue, yoo-hoo. Did we hear Phyllis Dimaggio say she was going to join the Marines?? Something is wrong someplace. Seen cutting a Persian rug at the Dramatic Club Square Dance were Virginia Beckman and Ernie Root. Gail Heberd is noted for her vascillating constitution. Ask Henry!! Paul Stella is rated as the "salt of the earth" by a select group; even if he does drive around corners on two wheels. Recently, Bobbie Kaufman was named an honorary member of the American Zipper Association. The school is considering printing a new text, *Practical and Applied Arithmetic*!! Ask Mary Jane McCauley why Stew Moir wears a red shirt. Wal, hang it all, ef'fn a few sophs didn't have a pajama party!! They were Phyllis Jenkins, Edie Ladner, Mary Walsh, Florence Vitale, and Dorothy Urling. (What a hen session.) Has everyone seen Hex Goldstein's new plaid shirt? Ouch!! I guess Stew Moir had quite a New Year's party. Coles had a sell out on aspirin the next day!! We've noticed a quiet!! girl amongst the underclassmen, and is she ever nice, Joy Santoro, natch! Serious thought is being given to a STUDENT COUNCIL!!! COME ON FOLKS! BACK IT UP! IT'S FOR US!! Our Veep is doing pretty well for himself! He's been seen about with Lee Pereira. What to do in case of an Atomic attack! Don't go to pieces; Fall down; you're dead!! Francis Duehay had better take care! *Some* people who made *some* challenges are looking for him!! Anybody want lessons on "How not to Hunt??" See Joan Kief. Ye gads!! What a combination in the lunch room, Billie

Burns and Paul McNott. We're really not very curious but just what was in that note Steve Dooling was writing for Jimmy Crowley?? Billie Saidah sure knows what a strong right arm feels like!! It seems Joe Lombardo is worried about Co-ed Colleges. "Is there a test in History today?" is all we hear around here anymore. Who let those quick change artists, Ann Farrell and Therese Barry into the lunchroom?? Gee whiz!! Did you all know that Barbara Gillespie makes her own clothes?? Mary MacLachlan sews, too!! The Juniors certainly had some snazzy posters during their recent campaign. Congratulations to the winners!!!

Why is it that Jean Doherty and Pauline Nugent have been seen so much on Mount Auburn Street? Planning to move, girls? From the office of doctor Red Linski, the trainer, comes the news that Eddie Asaley is plagued not only by a temperamental Sirian nose, but also tremendous ugly gunboats. Who is the little girl who sits near the window in Mr. Ronan's second period and downs a whole package of gum each day? Kay Dooley reportedly received a very nice Christmas gift, a gold identification bracelet; and several rather inquisitive girls are wondering what's on the back of said bracelet. Beverly Paulis is so considerate of the people in her homeroom that she decided not to participate in the spelling bee of a while back — For a rather interesting story, ask Barbara Abbott how she spent New Year's Eve — Why doesn't the select group of Jimmie Schaub, Pat Monahan and Barbara Rose learn some French so that they can thoroughly enjoy the plays that they are occasionally required to attend?—

Seen paying the consequences at a recent initiation of the "Hi-steppers" club were some very charming underclassmates. The officers presiding over the affair were Ann Rudy, Lena Lombardi, and Helen Bolster. Has anyone started counting the days Billy Saidah has been in school this year? You're making some record, Willy. Is it true that Janie Broughton can never stop talking about her Fanny. Al Sullivan and Paul Frisoli perpetually seem to carry on a loud conversation interrupted with much laughter. How about telling us some jokes or would they be censored? One of the mysteries of the new year is who makes Vivian Larson's heart throb now — By the by, congratulations go to the following football players who made the Cambridge all star football team: Bill Saidah, Fred Centrella, Jim Daley, Sam DeNunzio, and Al Kirkleys.

How do you like Lloyd Sicari's sharp glasses? One of the Juniors with fancy footwear is Raoel Santos who wears blue suede shoes come rain or

shine. What's the scoop on Ruth Volpe; she seems to prefer Arlington boys over the he-men of our fair city. Why do the P. A. A's all call Mel Pelrine Bo Bo? Do Carol Satora, Mary Wilson, Mag Clancy, Bea Mein, and Pat Connors belong to the outing club? At recess they prefer their coats to their lunches. What is the top secret trip Nancy Shea is going to take with a certain group of girls after her sixteenth birthday? How come Joan McLaughlin is so willing to help correct other people's shorthand? Donald P. Wyman wishes to inform all that he graduated from the Thorndike School. Is he bragging or complaining? Teddy Hennessy and Lilian Robero are fast becoming added attractions at the Latin dances with their slightly fatiguing floor show. Frannie Bonarchi is satisfied for a while; she has found someone as small as she in Do Do Sylvester who is a massive 4'9". Eleanor Sugrue is another girl whose eyes and affections have crossed the library grounds —

In the process of the summer months, last year's clubs such as the DDT's and the Ya Ha BeBee's have vanished. Aren't any new ones started yet? Who is the Romeo in Joannie Lovette's lovelife by the initials R. K.? He reportedly resides in 314. When is Dave Johnson (pronounced Joe Hansan) going to stop bowling and start going to basketball practice? In case the sport's fans were unaware, Paul Frisoli and George Sullivan are now out for basketball. After five weeks of continued bickering over contracts, the two have signed and now practice regularly on rainy days. While on the subject of sports, hearty congratulations are deserved by the hockey team who are right in the thick of the league race. Best of Luck, gang — Has Lena Lombardi still got her eye on that B. U. sophomore?

Carol Robertson threw a terrific Christmas party. Seen there were Pauline Nugent, Pat Jordan, Jean Doherty, Claire Kenny, Gene Polaro, Rich Silva, Ed Fratto, Tom Scalese and Ebel Powers. Has anyone seen Eleanor Polcari's new car? The president of room 312 has been seen at most of the Latin dances. Paul gets in quite a few dances in one night too. Why is it Jeanette Battit is slowly becoming tired of going to Maine — Carol Campbell's sprained finger must really be painful; she has a hard time writing in her Algebra class, especially in tests. Why is it that Peggy Mahoney always has her followers in a joyous mood? In 227, Buddy Nauffts and Ray Mello are battling it out for the title of "Sleeping Beauty" of the "slowly slouching in the soggy sinking Slumberland" club. In the same homeroom Harry Azadian has been nicknamed "Smiles" for his pearly cavi-

ties, while John Coleman is called "Moon," undoubtedly for his intelligent expression.

Who is the Ebel that attracts so many of our senior girls at the Latin-Rindge dances? Some of the women (get that) were our own Bibber Cumiskey, Shirley Colby, Helen Connell, Lena Lombardi, Lorraine Hanafin, Ann Kirkpatrick, and Doris Di Peitro. "Babe" Collins is one girl who looks forward to graduation — Pauline Nugent had a New Year's party, but some claim she was on the phone all night. Why is Ellis Whalen so mean to Fran? Richard Carroll is the new Vic Damone according to some observers in first period. Some of the boys of CHLS who seem destined for careers in the kitchen of Albani's are Eddie Asaley, Austin Jordan, Charlie Gaudett, and Jack Murphy; they should make hot lunches for the unfortunates who do not take cooking — Richard McAdoo and Austan Jordan should take "Sleepy time boy" as their theme song. The toboggan slide at Fresh Pond is open as evidenced by casualties of Carole "dragalong" Thompson, and Mal "hotseat" Pelrine.

What is in the little case that Pat Monahan treasures so dearly? Could it have any connection with Littleton, Pat? Why is it Joan Anzalone perpetually has her eye peeled for a green Oldsmobile? If anyone is desirous of hearing a good, long story, ask Barbara Jason how she spent the holidays — Through the grapevine we hear that Barbara Abbott is after Shirley Hamilton's neck. What's the story? Since the first of the year, many of the familiar heaps have disappeared from the roads. It seems Joe Lombardo and Steve Dooling are going to solicit donations to register their cars. Why is it Cathy Saoili is always surrounded by a group of eager boys. Could the lucky miss have an excess of car checks? Why is it Barbara Rose is so anxious to get to work in the afternoon? Is it the money or the atmosphere that has such an appeal?

Several people have suggested that Jimmy Daley use small change or at least one-dollar bills when bringing a girl home on the MTA. In passing we would like to congratulate "Bibber Cumiskey for winning the "Good Citizen Honors." A nicer person couldn't have been found. Does anyone know the name of the blonde that has been seen with Stewart Moir? Who is the girl from North Cambridge that Jack Butler is so interested in? Through the grapevine comes the information that Carol Robinson is engaged. Congratulations, Carol and Kenny! The rumors have it that when the two way loud speakers are installed, ash trays and an abundant supply of tooth picks for "that longer smoke" will be used in the

men's lounge on the third floor.

As the sun shows its head above the horizon, the typewriter stops and the *Spotlight* comes to an end. Here's hoping the new draft law doesn't pass, and everybody is well on the way towards his diploma. And don't forget, when the bed breaks, I'll see you in the spring. With this, we bid you a fond farewell and a merry Christmas.

Elsbeth Edge '51

Peter Watson '51

LOOKING FORWARD TO WINTER

UNLIKE the poet yearning for spring, I have always anticipated the advent of winter with great eagerness. The reasons for my looking forward to the snowy season remain fixed in my mind year after year and season after season. Each winter brings new episodes that endear it to my heart, but the beauty and pleasure it affords have always been my chief reasons for loving winter.

What can be more appealing than the vision of oneself, wrapped in blankets from head to toe, munching an apple and reading poetry by Sandberg or Noyes, with the white snow outside fluttering down towards the frozen earth? Or what of the delightfulness of skating on a frozen pond, with red-cheeked, bright-eyed young people surrounding you, scarves flying in the wind? What better than winter sleigh-rides through the brisk night, sharp, cold and breath taking?

The beauty of winter is there for all, and it is the greatest reason for my looking forward to this season. Once as I sat before my window, during a quiet snowstorm, three large flakes fell on the pane forming what resembled an icy leaflet. I gazed breathless at the sight for a second and then it vanished, with the melting of the flakes, as suddenly as it had come. I have waited by my window many times, through many snowfalls but this never happened again. The beauty of winter is as elusive as thoughts; it cannot be held unless in the mind. And it is with my mind and heart that I ever look forward to winter.

Beverly Bunnin '52



WINTER

WINTER, to some people, is only a time for complaining about fuel bills, a time for putting anti-freeze in cars, and for clomping about in oversized rubbers. But winter is more than that. It is, or can be, a time of sparkling gayety peculiar to no other season of the year.

Have you ever watched a group of skaters glide across a wide expanse of ice on a crisp winter afternoon — skates flashing as they turn this way and that? Cheeks are flushed; eyes are sparkling; smiles are bright; everyone is just bubbling over with good-natured mirth.

Have you ever watched a snowstorm? Really watched it, I mean; not with an air of resignation or defeat, but watched it as it really is — one of Nature's wonders? The snow falls so silently and swiftly, flake after flake piling up in this hushed world so removed from any other. Trees are transformed from naked giants to silver sentinels standing at the gate to some fairy palace through which a diminutive queen has just passed with soft tread. Houses put on their great, white mantels, and solemnly hold court to the fence posts, who stand huddled in a line with little white caps on their round heads.

At night, the snow relentlessly falls in that solitary stillness. Lights shine through the darkness, reflected on a world of white unbroken by any human footsteps. Sounds are muffled; homes look cheery and cozy; and an air of cheerfulness pervades.

So next time, don't look on the dark side of winter — you can't do anything about it anyway. The best thing to do is to forget your dislike of winter and just have a good time.

R. Therese Barry '51

C. H. L. S. HIT PARADE

1. One of the Roving Kind — Senior Class
2. Say It Isn't So — Another Failure
3. The Thing — Report Cards
4. My Heart Cries For You — Graduation
5. Nevertheless — 8:30
6. Thinking of You — Lunch Time
7. Day After Day — English Classes
8. Someday — No School
9. So long, It's been good to know you — CHLS
10. Oh! Babe — Cheerleaders

Shirley Hamilton

Lena Lombardi

REFORMING MY FAMILY

THERE is one main feature which has contributed largely to the reforming of my family. My staid grandfather, my aloof father, and my busy mother, all of them, have succumbed to it; of course it has not upset me in the least. If you haven't guessed what "the thing" is by this time, you must be one of the uninitiated. The evil is television. In former essays I was accustomed to attack this medium and to condemn it viciously as bad for the eyes, a menace to the child's reading habit, and too time consuming. But now that television has forced its way through our protesting doors, I find watching it quite different from what I had imagined.

Moreover, it is exactly opposite from what I expected. Our family now gathers in a joyous group to watch its favorite programs. The set is not blasting away hour after hour in the way I pictured it. The fact that I don't watch television from Monday to Friday relieves the pressure of my not completing my home work. My eyes are very good, and I don't gaze at "the monster" long enough to hurt them, I hope. Because I have always been an avid consumer of literature, and because there are no small children about to remonstrate with, the reading habit remains unimpaired.

The reformation of my family due to the "video" is amazing, however. My grandfather, an upright, honest and delightful individual, a person who, you should suppose, would never give television more than one nod, is entranced with it. Of course when we consider that in the days when our grandparents were children *radio* hadn't been invented, we begin to realize why television seems so marvelous to the older generation. Also, my father who could never suffer the radio except for one or two special programs a year, is becoming quite interested in television; his one or two special radio programs have increased to four or five special television programs. To top it all off, even my perpetually busy mother has found a few spare moments to be entertained by this living stage. Television surely has been a wonderful contribution to the closer union of my family.

Francis Duehay '51

NANTUCKET

AFTER hearing much about Nantucket from various members of my family, I was able to go there for a week last summer. It was but a short time to see the island, I know, but no place

could have intrigued me more.

Only a lover of travel can understand the feeling of comfort, and of exciting strangeness, one receives when the boat rounds the Brant Point lighthouse, and the whistle blows to warn the small boats in the harbor. "The little gray lady" looks bleak and deserted when it first comes into view, and it is not until entering the harbor that you see how heavily populated Nantucket is. Everything about it is delightful, from your first taste of Island ice cream, to a trip through the Whaling Museum.

Nantucket has its appeal for everyone. The crowded beaches, the movies, the planned sight-seeing tours are well suited to some people; but a sparsely populated beach, strewn with shells well worth collecting, a bicycle ride to the highest point, and the sight of Nantucket sunsets, shops, and traditional houses appeal more to me, and to scores of others; Nantucket is not the kind of place you can enjoy from a crowded bus; it must be discovered through these other things, for they are what make the island. The "town crier," even though he is really an actor enrolled in the Straight Wharf Theater, and the blind accordionist, are appealing characters. Also, the old salts, though few, are worth listening to and watching.

Raking quahogs, a "sport" utterly weird to many, is fascinating to me. Quahogs should be uncovered with a rake; but why not go back to nature and dig them with your heels? The disappointment when you find an empty clam shell is forgotten when you reach down and pick up your quahog. Ugly, yes, but well worth the trouble and delicious in a chowder!

The sea naturally fills the minds of both islanders and off-islanders. Nantucketers, from the earliest days, have been connected with the sea. Their whaling schooners have been replaced with small craft, yachts, and occasionally a fishing fleet. One old boat, now called the *Skipper*, has been converted into an eating place right on the harbor. The boat itself, the water, and the gulls, furnish just the right atmosphere for a delicious, although expensive fish dinner.

The Nantucketers are friendly people, and not at all resentful of the summer folk. There is no snobbery on the island, and a cheery hello and wave is always exchanged even between new acquaintances. In that week I made many friends, and am hopefully planning to spend all next summer there with a friend, working, for to me just being on Nantucket would be a vacation.

Nancy Sylvester '51

A STRANGER AT MIDNIGHT

MR. WILLISON was a business man, and was devoted to his insurance office—a little more devoted to his office, we suspect, than to his wife and his nineteen year old daughter. Oh yes, of course Mr. Willison loved his wife and daughter, and provided quite well for them. He didn't take much interest in household affairs except for the fact that he did notice the frequent rearranging and addition of furniture. Mr. Willison would come home in the evening and from time to time he would notice that a chair he had been accustomed to using had been moved to another room, or that his magazine stand was not in its usual place. These things perturbed him for the moment, but having more important matters on his mind, and having long since been accustomed to such changes, he thought little of such minor inconveniences.

Mrs. Willison, heeded her husband's affairs a little more than she should have, perhaps. She was concerned with her clubs and, of course, her furniture. At any rate the family as such was a happy one.

On a typical morning we find Mr. Willison at his desk in his office gathering papers for the business of the oncoming day. He has dictated his letters, answered the important phone calls, had his lunch, conferred with business associates, and we now find him preparing to close up shop.

His concerned and conscientious secretary, Miss Jane Ray, had just reminded him not to forget his appointment with the doctor at six, and asked him if he had taken his pills for his heart trouble. Looking just as unconcerned as Miss Ray had looked concerned, he looked up from his desk and replied,

"Huh? What? Uh, Oh yes . . . yes the doctor. Drat it!! You all make too much of a fuss over a little high blood pressure . . . high blood pressure, that's all it is."

Miss Ray, knowing only too well that the subject of Mr. Willison's health disturbed him, answered in a meek, protesting voice.

"But, Mr. Willison, You must—"

She was cut off by Mr. Willison who had long before convinced himself that his health was but a trivial matter.

"Oh come now, Miss Ray, let's forget all about this and close up the office; the doctor can wait until next week; besides I've got a good book that I want to finish reading tonight."

As dutiful as she was concerned, she said no more and put her pencil and pad away for the day.

It is now late in the evening and Mr. Willison

had just finished reading his book. He looked at his watch. It said 11:55. His wife and daughter were in bed, and it was time for him to be venturing in that direction too, he thought. He put out the living room lamp and crossed through the dining room to the stairs which led to the bedrooms. Just before he reached the top, he realized that he was hungry.

"Oh I don't think it's too late to grab a little snack," he thought. He descended the stairs and started toward the kitchen. To get to the kitchen one had to walk through a long wide hallway at the end of which were two doors. One was a swinging door which opened into the kitchen and the other was the door to a closet.

Having walked about a yard into the entrance of the hallway, Mr. Willison suddenly stopped short. By the very dim light of a street light outside of his house, he could just barely make out the form of a man who stood directly in front of him. He could see nothing but a rough outline of this man, two silvery dots where eyes would be, and the glow of a cigarette that he supposed the man to be holding.

The hoarse but fairly audible whisper of Mr. Willison's voice came out in short, jerky, spasms. "Who's there? Who are you?"

Hearing no answer, he moved a bit closer. The figure merely came nearer to him. Much more terrified than before, he exclaimed still in a horrified whisper so as not to awaken his family,

"For the Lord's sake, why don't you answer me! Why do you just stand there staring at me?"

Mr. Willison's breath was now coming in short gasps, and his face and neck were becoming a deep reddish color. The glow of the cigarette was zig-zagging around in front of him. He was cold and trembling all over, but with an effort he started to run toward the figure. The last sound that Mr. Willison ever heard was the beginning stroke of the clock striking midnight.

Huddled about Mr. Willison's body were police officers, a doctor and the unfortunate's wife and daughter. Mrs. Willison was told that her husband had died of a heart attack. A policeman stated that the cigarette that was lying beside Mr. Willison's body must have been extinguished when the latter fell.

About a month later a daughter who was perhaps a little too unconcerned with her father's death said to Mrs. Willison,

"Mother, I wonder if father ever noticed the new full length mirror that we had put up on the closet door?"

James Lincoln '51

FOOTBALL

C.H.L.S. 13**Melrose 6**

Al Kirklys scored all 13 points as the Cantabs edged Melrose 13-6 at Baker Field. Melrose drew first blood in the opening period when Jim Burgess scored on a five yard plunge. A 45 yard Daley to Kirklys aerial knotted the score in the second quarter. In the fourth period, Jack Murphy passed ten yards to Kirklys in the end zone for the winning t. d. Daley passed to Kirklys for the point after.

C.H.L.S. 31**N. Quincy 13**

Five different players scored as Latin ran up a 31-13 victory over weak North Quincy before 1000 at Tech Field. In the first quarter, Daley intercepted a pass on the North fifteen and ran to the three with Niccolletta scoring the next play. A few minutes later Dick Igo intercepted a North pass and ran twenty yards for a score in the same period. Bob Hadley ran fifteen yards for North's first score. In the second period, Daley and Dick Hennessey ran four and fifteen yards respectively for two Latin Scores. In the fourth quarter Ted Hennessey tallied Latin's last t. d. on a ten yard dash. Mahoney got the second North score with McKinnon adding the point. George Corr also kicked the only extra point for the Cantabs.

C.H.L.S. 13**Taunton 13**

The Cantabs had to rally to tie a stubborn, underdog Taunton team before 4000 at Tech Field. Ray Nicolletta took the opening kick-off on his own thirty and raced to the twenty-five, then lateraled to Jim Daley who scored: Noble kicked the point. In the same period, Dick Kullas ran seventy yards for a Taunton t. d. Kullas also scored the second Taunton touchdown in the second period and Taunton went ahead 13-7. In the fourth quarter, Jack Murphy passed seventeen yards to Charlie Gaudette to tie the score with time running out.

BASKETBALL

C.H.L.S. 30**Arlington 27**

Captain Jim Crowley led Latin to a 30-27 victory over Arlington High at Arlington in the season's opener for the Cantabs. Crowley scored twelve points to lead the Latin offense. Eddie Asaley tallied nine points for Latin while Don Swanson with 11 points was high scorer for Arlington. The Cantabs showed a good, well balanced, and smart first team, but coach Joe Kozlowsky has a major headache on his hands when he starts to look for reserves. Coach Kozlowsky, however, revealed a potent five, and you can be sure that the team will make a creditable showing in the suburban league.

HOCKEY

C.H.L.S. 2**Melrose 2**

Ralph Kilfoyle's goal with fifty-eight seconds remaining in the game gave Latin a 2-2 tie with defending N. E. champions Melrose at the Boston Garden. Jackie Murphy scored the other Cantab goal while Bob Marsolais and Dick Kennefic tallied for the "Red Raiders." The outstanding Cantab however, was goaler Don Rigarzio who was brilliant in the nets.

C.H.L.S. 3**Belmont 0**

Jackie Murphy sparked the Cantab attack by scoring twice and leading them to a 3-0 white-wash over Belmont at the Arena. Jim Daley tallied the other goal while Ralph Kilfoyle assisted on all three scores. Don Rigarzio again shone in the nets as he was ably assisted by the exceptional play of defenseman Dick McAdoo and Gigi Boudreau.

C.H.L.S. 6**Stoneham 1**

Jackie Murphy tallied five times as the Cantabs ran up a 6-1 decision over Stoneham High at the Arena. It was the most goals scored by any schoolboy hockey player in one game this season. Ralph Kilfoyle scored the other Latin goal while Donovan registered the sole Stoneham marker. The whole Latin squad played brilliantly and Jackie Murphy shone particularly.

C.H.L.S. 4**Medford 1**

It was Jackie Murphy day again at the Arena as the Cantab ace tallied three goals and an assist to spark Latin to a 4-1 decision over Medford. Kilfoyle assisted Murphy on the first goal at 4:52 of the first period. Geary equalized at 5:30. In the second period Daley scored from Murphy at 5:45 and Murphy from Daley at 8:54. Murphy scored the last goal unassisted at 7:09 of the third period.

Harold Goldstein '51

SLAVES OF FASHION

FOR many long years there have been arguments as to who are the slaves of fashion, men or women. While reading *Time* magazine the other day, I came across an article which reported that the fashion experts had decreed that the American woman's hair should be at least one or two inches longer than last year. This order is a complete turn-about from last year's idea, that the hair must be cut very, very short. To all those women who have got short hair, the different com-

panies will be glad to sell an artificial chignon (which was last popular in the 1800's) for prices ranging from seven dollars and a half to one hundred and fifty dollars. The designer's orders will promptly be carried out, I presume.

A few years back, the designers across the sea in fair Paris decided that women's skirts should be much longer. The sinister reason behind this was, that while women could make their old skirts shorter, they couldn't make them longer; and hence a whole new wardrobe would be needed. Stores had a boom year, selling clothes to women. A few of the more stout-hearted resisted this drastic change; magazines and papers had articles belittling the "new look," but the majority of women were either too meek, or perhaps too bowlegged or knock-kneed; and as usual the new style became more or less popular with women.

Men have become slaves to that decree of fashion which says that one must have a television set, much more I think than women. And when a man once gets a set, he would be very loathe to give it up; whereas his wife probably wouldn't miss it at all, and would just as soon listen to the radio, or read a magazine. But once a woman realizes that television is in her house to stay, she looks around to see what the "must-have's" are in television. First she looks over the television chairs and divans which have their backs tilted at a certain angle in order to rest the head while giving better viewing. Then she looks over the clothing, and picks out one of those lovely television robes which every female television enthusiast must have; and while she is at it, she thoughtfully brings home a set of glasses for her husband which he may fill and pass out to their guests. After having read my unbiased picture of the facts, the reader himself may decide which are the slaves of fashion, men or women.

William Hayes '51

ALL ABOUT SANTA

AFTER the excitement of the holidays is over, mother sits in her rocker by the window. All of a sudden she is startled out of her deep reverie by eight year old Ronny who says, "Mother, tell me now. Tell me now all about Santa. You promised." How a child can make an adult think, remember, and relate! Christmas Eve is the sublimest night in the year. It is a night of mystery. When the tree is decorated and

the stockings hung; when Santa's snack is prepared and the carols sung, everyone creeps off to bed. Then when everyone is asleep, except the mice, down the chimney descends an old man in a red cloak, bordered with white wool, carrying over his shoulder a prodigious sack, stuffed with toys and candy canes, which he empties into the stockings of children dreaming in their beds.

The mice do not see the housebreaker. The soot of the stove has not dirtied his spotless costume; more astonishing is the fact that the smallest chimney upon the humblest of roofs is large enough for him to descend, sack and all. Santa Claus, Saint Nicholas, Father Christmas, Bon-whatever else children may call the kind old gentleman, the fact is, he is a spirit.

He is the spirit of Nicholas who went about doing generous acts in secret, who slid money, gold and silver, under doors of needy peoples, and made homes happy without letting any one know how it occurred. Nicholas was a benevolent man, and now he is a benevolent spirit. All over the earth at Christmas time, Santa passes down millions of chimneys, fills billions of stockings with trillions of toys and quadrillions of candies. Yes, actually and faithfully, it is the spirit of St. Nicholas who comes across the snowy roofs on Christmas Eve.

And this is the real mystery: Santa very frequently takes a human form. There are so many chimneys in the world, and so many children, that even a spirit has no time to go all around the world in a single night. Thus, the spirit of Saint Nicholas separates itself into little atoms of graciousness, and these atoms like seed thrown from a sower's hand, take root in the hearts of homme Noel, Kuecht Clobes, Aylos Nikolaos, or fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, and guardians and friends, and transforms them all, but for Christmas Eve only, into Santas.

The first St. Nick was not a mighty warrior, but he has done more for the happiness, kindness and good will of the world than Napoleon and Caesar. Is that not a far greater wonder than that Santa Claus should circle the globe with his reindeer? Learn that a beautiful character is mightier than any fairy, and understand that your gifts at Christmas are given to you in secret only that you, when you are mature, may follow the example of giving without telling. Santa, even if he comes in the person of your mother and father, is still the loving spirit of the good St. Nicholas.

Clara Theodoulou '51

THE NOVICE SHAVER

THERE comes a time in the life of every male when he passes his hand over the lower part of his face and decides that today he is a man. His brilliant decision is brought about by the several downy hairs that adorn his countenance. He has a beard! Since he realizes that he must cut short the growth of his fuzz, the male first considers the problem of how he is to go about it. There are problems in the art of shaving. Will he use an electric razor, a safety razor, or a straight razor? The intelligent novice usually discards the latter at once. There is no valor in cutting one's own throat while shaving for the first time. The second or third time, perhaps, is permissible, but never the first. Too, this shaving is a hazardous business. The male with a shaking hand had best grow a beard, and the nervous man had best do the same, for his spurting life fluid will freeze his hand and blood will have blood.

The safest instrument for the beginner is the electric razor, an unlethal appearing weapon with no visible edges. Its bark is worse than its bite, but the very bark (ungodly sound!) will press even a strong man to cultivate a Van Dyke. The electric razor's unseemly hum is accompanied by even more unseemly vibrations which occur when the small clippers at the razor's end cut hair. The hair falls here and there (mostly on the shaver's shirt and trousers), unnerving him. Furthermore, his hand will shake for hours after he has finished his shave. After a half-dozen blown fuses have set the household against him, the novice shaver will do well to hide his electric weapon in some dark corner and forget its whereabouts.

Having lost the battle with the electric razor, the shaver will choose another weapon, the safety razor. The safety razor is ironically named. Safety implies well-being, and yet the safety razor may cut the shaver's fingers, lacerate his nerves, and slash his face to a point recognized by none. The safety razor must be so called because it has a shorter blade than the straight razor and does not vibrate as does the electric razor. The danger lost on the shortness of its blade is regained in its keenness, however, and the frightened shaver's hand will vibrate as much as the electric razor. As shaving soap splatters the floor, the novice will worry and worry. He will worry about cutting his throat. He will worry about dropping the razor and slashing his wrists. He will worry about soiling his shirt with soap. And to his worrying mind will come a real cause for worry. His hand will slip and, although he feels no pain, he will gaze into his mirror and stare amazed at the

trickle of blood as it drips down his cheek in a red path turned yellow by the shaving cream. The "safety" razor will indubitably be hidden before the day is over.

At first the male will consider himself a failure. He has failed to master the electric razor and the safety razor. He will contemplate the straight razor and decide that its only value is as a weapon for suicide. Then he will rub his hand gently across his face and smile. He is going to bring back the days of old! He is going to raise a beard!

John Laucus '51

YOUR FASHION COLUMN

DURING this mid-winter season, talk of spring fashions is in the air. My whirlwind trip to New York gave me a few suggestions to pass on to you.

Twenty-one teen-age members of Filene's High School fashion board flew to New York and back in one day. Together with members of the Boston Fashion press and Filene's personnel, we left Logan Airport at 8:00 a.m. In no time after landing at LaGuardia Airport our party was on its way in a chartered bus bound for Lake Success where a tour of the United Nations buildings had been arranged for us. We were particularly interested in seeing the chamber where the Security Council meets, the details of simultaneous translation, the ear phones at each seat, and other features. After a snack in the large U. N. Cafeteria, the high school board was again on its way by bus to New York City where members of the Pakistan Consulate were waiting to receive us. A film on Pakistan was shown us by the Consul General.

A buffet lunch was served to everyone in the group by a manufacturer of teen-age clothes. Following luncheon we saw merchandise from which selections were made by the board for mid-April sales.

From this sneak preview, we selected the following clothes as strong favorites to lead your parade of spring fashions. The preferred colors this spring will again be the cool, crisp pastels and the ever practical navy. The jacket dresses of linen and chambray with shirred fullness at the waist line are in the news this spring for a smartly tailored outfit.

For a dressy dress you will want to see the pure silk surahs, plaid voiles, and silk organzas. These dresses will come in many styles all designed to make you look extra chic for that evening of dancing. Dresses shown in dark colors or with long sleeves were not favorites with the board. In

fact, sleeveless dresses were preferred.

Do you remember the denim "dusters" of last year? Just wait till you see the new luscious tangerine "duster" coat made of a linen-type weave rayon which is washable. This coat is of full length and has a slightly flared back. Large pockets and three-quarter sleeves with a turn back cuff give this coat its high style. This coat will come in all pastel shades and navy and white.

Goodnews for rainy days are the bright red wet-weather coats. In a lustrous water-repellent fabric, they are light weight and durable as well as cheerful and gay to wear on cloudbound days.

Following this showing, we attended the T. V. show "Jello-Time" starring Bert Parks and Betty Ann Grove, a former C.H.L.S. student. From there we were entertained at a tea by the magazine *Seventeen* where we were given a tour and shown the details of its publication. The day was deliciously finished off by the delicious meal served on the plane coming home. After landing, the board declared this as the "best day of our lives" and truly it was one of the most exciting days of my life.

I'm sure after reading the account of my trip to New York, many of you girls will be interested in being a member of this board next year.

Martha Folkins '51

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Anderson, Susie	Leaman, John
Atwell, Elsie	Linehan, Donald
Barry, R. Therese	MacLachlan, Mary
Cabral, Paul	Manetas, Peter
Cogan, Ann	McNamara, Eileen
Colby, Joy	Meighan, Beatrice
Connors, Carlton	Ormond, Marilyn
Duehay, Francis	Quigley, Barbara
Edge, Elspeth	Ransehousen, Jeremy
Farrell, Ann	Robinson, Joan
Gillespie, Barbara	Salines, Marie
Goldstein, Harold	Sicari, Lloyd
Halevy, Reuben	Supple, Patriciaa
Hayes, William	Thompson, Carole
Head, Doris	Wheelock, Margaret
Howard, Shirley	Whitehouse, Joan

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Abitabile, Lorraine	Boudrear, Francis
Ambrose, Marjorie	Boyajian, Barbara
Apsokardos, Anna	Brennan, Evon
Baptiste, Evelyn	Cabral, Dolores
Birch, Anne	Chopelas, Nanette

Citino, Orlando
Coleridge, Doris
Collins, John J., Jr.
Delaney, Mary
Downs, Peter
Evangelista, Grace
Ferreira, Mary
Fowler, John
Goldberg, Richard
Grant, Margaret
Guida, Tina
Higgins, Peter
Hill, Shirley
Hudson, Barbara
Hurley, Patricia
Hutching, Muriel
Idelson, Beldon
Jackson, Dorothy
Jennings, Barbara
Joseph, Dorrit
Kaufman, Roberta
Keumorian, Hampar
Kirklys, Albert
Kite, Henry
Leccesse, Irene

MacPhee, Dorothy
McBrine, John
McIver, Norman
Marathas, Georgia
Martin, Carol
Merritt, Iris
Michalchik, Lillian
Miano, Mary
Nicewicz, Jean
Nichols, Barbaara
Nissen, Muriel
Pereira, Gilda
Petrulis, John
Ryan, Beverly
Saia, Lucille
Santos, Robert
Sheehan, Mary
Smart, Robert
Spagnuolo, Daniel
Steinfeld, Ida
Tanenholtz, Alvin
Totty, Gordon
Townson, Joan
Valeriow, Nancy
Vartanian, Walter

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL

For the Period Ending November 10, 1950

Ackerman, Marcy	Laxth, Beverly
Altshuler, Harry	Lee, Jean
Barrell, Anne	Lord, Shirley
Belleza, June	Lorris, Paul
Boyle, Bernadette	Luca, Vincent
Bulcamino, Rosemarie	MacDonald, Barbara
Corcoran, Phillip	Maloney, Judith
Crowley, Joyce	Mansir, Mary
Dobrovolsky, Frances	Martin, Charles
Douglas, Thomas	Mattos, Lorraine
Farrell, Claire	McCabe, Richard
Firchow, Christina	McCarron, Patricia
Flaherty, William	McCarthy, Jean
Forrest, Norine	McCusker, Mary
Giffen, Judith	Mercier, Elizabeth
Gil, Dorothy	Murphy, Lois
Hagerty, John	Murphy, Martha
Heard, Barbara	Nelson, Joan
Hodgkins, Nancy	O'Neil, Robert
Jenkins, Phyllis	Penny, Phyllis
Kassabian, Louise	Pfeuffer, Joachim
Keating, Geraldine	Power, Jane
Keith, Barbara	Raineri, Mary
Klein, Carol	Rodrique, Pauline
Landry, Jean	Rourke, Anna

Sanderson, Richard
Santoro, Josephine
Schoner, Fay
Scully, Dorothy
Sheehan, Patricia
Shrago, Robert
Soper, Alice

Speros, Antonia
Szulewski, Joan
Tahmush, Frank
Ware, Josephine
Whalen, John
Wolfe, Lorraine
Zukas, Dorothy

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL First Marking Period 1950-1951

Arnold, Emma E.
Badoian, Marian
Beal, Linda E.
Bergantino, Thomas
Bernardini, Marion
Birch, Francis
Blanchet, Lorraine
Bonina, Charles
Brine, Patricia
Burgess, Virginia
Bush, Mary Jane
Cabral, Beverly
Callahan, James
Ch'en, Sylvia
Christopher, Stella
Cooke, Charles
Correia, Mary
Culhane, James
Daum, Sandra
DiMitro, Marilyn
Dolliver, Helen
Dow, Leonard F.
Dzedovetz, Jane
Forrest, Joan
Gallimore, Anna
Giunta, John
Grossman, Marvin
Hanzis, Mary
Hebert, Geraldine
Hennessy, John
Higonnet, Patrick
John, Ina

Kyett, Gail
MacKinnon, Donald
MacLeod, Dorothy
Maglioni, Thomas
Mahoney, Marie
Martins, Belmira
McGrath, Frank
Menzies, Elizabeth Ann
Moore, Sheila
Newell, Pearl
Piciocchi, John
Rainho, Mary
Riminscenza, Rose
Rogert, Jean
Serino, John
Simpson, Beverly
Smith, Ada
Snyder, Frances
Soper, Dorothy
Souza, Caroline
Spagnuolo, Robert
Sullivan, Nancy
Teresano, Michael
Terzian, Annette
Tramontozzi, Mary
Vasil, Frances
Vilbig, Gudrun
Wadman, Wesley
Walsh, Lorraine A.
Watkins, Janice
Williams, Adrienne

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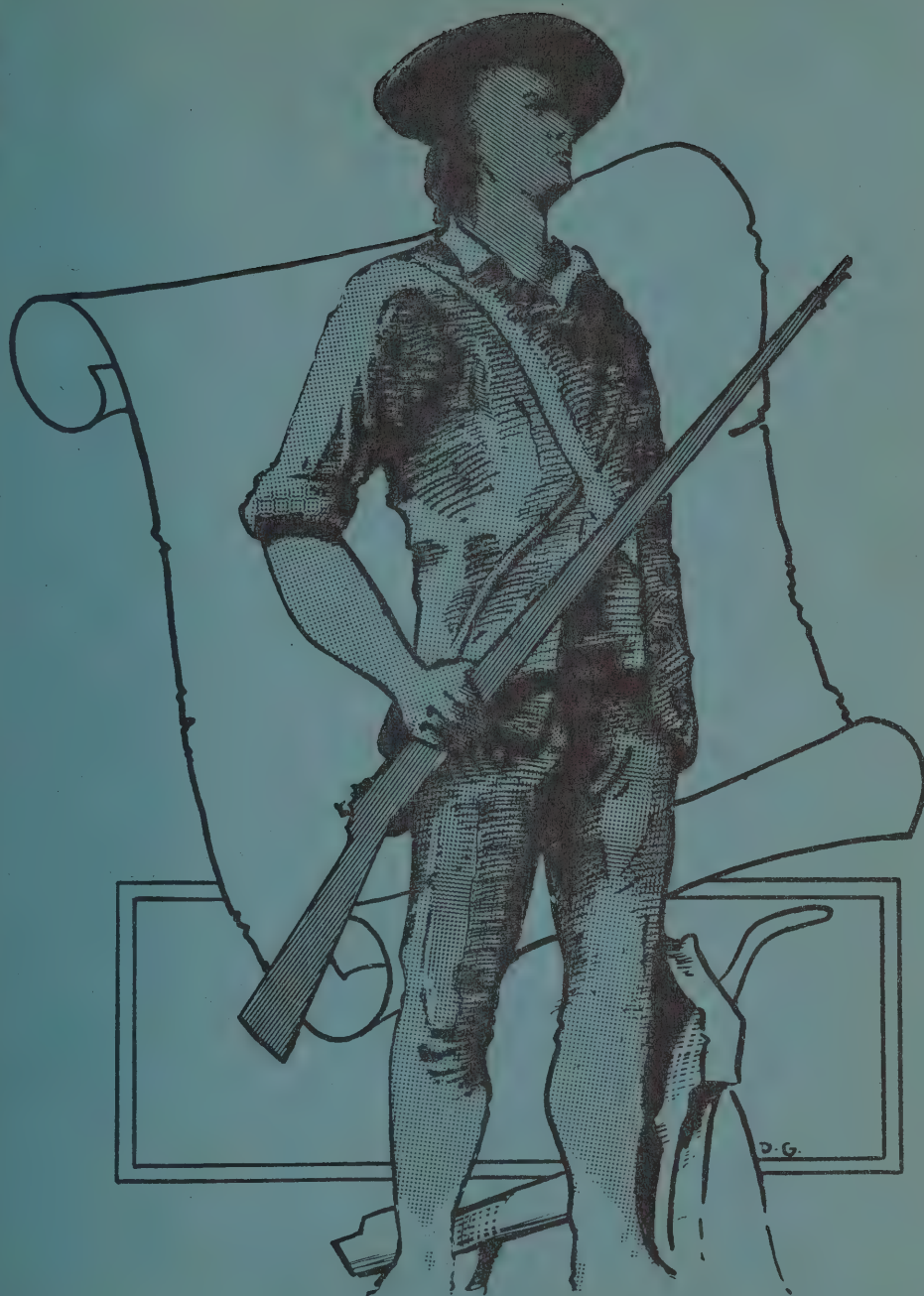
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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 66 — NUMBER 3

SPRING, 1951

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Published four times a year: November, January,

March and May.

Terms: \$1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at
Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

MISS ALICE WILLOUGHBY, whose death came suddenly in March, entered the Cambridge school system in 1913. She was a graduate of Massachusetts School of Art and had also attended Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Before coming to Cambridge she had taught in Lawrence Academy at Groton, Massachusetts and also in the public schools of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Miss Willoughby's field was art in its broadest application. She was equally at home in the rigid atmosphere of Mechanical Drawing or in appreciation of the beauty of a vase or the texture and design of a rug. She had definite views on professional ideals and did not hesitate to express them; she had the rugged independence of the old New Englander.

The contagion of her spirit has not been without its effect upon pupils and teachers alike. We shall miss her.

T. F. D.

TODAY, more than at any other time in history, peace is the watchword of the world. Although many have argued to the contrary, it has now been conceded that to secure peace the United States must prepare for war. A very important aspect of this preparation is aid to the Atlantic Pact nations. On the much discussed subject of aid to Europe there are two schools of thought: the first, supported by President Truman, Dean Acheson, and General Eisenhower, would have the United States sending arms and men to Europe with practically no limitation; however, the second, advocated by Robert Taft, Kenneth Wherry, and Herbert Hoover, would permit the United States to finish delivering its commitments to the Atlantic Pact army, but then pause, before sending any more troops, in order to ascertain whether or not the countries of Europe are willing to help themselves. The latter reason at first sounds more reasonable, but some thought must be given the former, also. It would indeed be serious if a President were handcuffed in regard to sending troops where they are needed; Conversely, we would perhaps insure peace if we did not meddle in the affairs of other nations.

Meanwhile, the need to re-arm is vividly illustrated by the recent events in the "hot spot" of the East where a terrible blow to peace hopes was delivered when Ali Razmara, Premier of Iran, was assassinated. Russia must have the vast oil reserves of Iran to wage a lengthy war; moreover,

according to the latest reports, Iran is swarming with Communists. Also, this nation is a roadblock in the path of Soviet expansion southward. Because one of the strongest links between the United States and Iran has been severed by a supposed fanatic, there will undoubtedly be much turmoil in this little country in the months to come that will have a definite bearing on world peace. While focusing our eyes on this Near Eastern problem, we should not neglect to utilize for the defense of Europe all the forces offered to us. The Atlantic Pact nations are committing a grave error in not admitting to their membership both Spain and Yugoslavia. Each is powerful and each is opposed to Stalin. Need any more be said?

The open road to peace for the United States is rearmament, and rearmament most definitely includes universal military training. Although many boys have no desire whatsoever to join the armed service, they must certainly realize that compulsory training at the age of eighteen is necessary to keep the peace. There have been many objections to the lowering of the draft age, but the fact that we require the men in order to maintain as large an army as possible overcomes all opposition. If we are to believe the experts, the best fighters are in the eighteen to twenty year-old group. The fact still remains that young men must be drafted to complete our standing army. Of course, we all realize that the United States can never hope to produce so enormous an army as the Soviet Army already has; then, to compensate for this discrepancy in land power, we must build a prodigious number of long range bombers and ships. A multitude of bombers is needed to bombard the industries of internal Russia; the newest type battleship and submarine is needed to patrol our coast. Up to this time our control of the atom bomb has kept us safe, but we cannot pin our hopes on the bomb forever. Surely Russian scientists are not operating at a standstill. As soon as the Kremlin feels that it has overtaken us in atomic research, we can expect to hear the rumbling of enemy tanks, unless we have built up our armed forces in the meantime.

Moreover, our peace may be endangered in spite of total mobilization. We must keep in mind the vast man-power potential of Russia and her satellites, for her enormous armies might crush opposition just as Hitler rolled over Poland. America needs the assistance of the United Nations to combat aggression. If there is not a coalition of our allies, the Communists will first infiltrate into Western Europe, then undermine its internal structure, and finally take over officially. This simple sequence of events has been repeated

time and time again. England would be next on the Soviet agenda if France and Italy should submit. For this reason, Europe must be defended with all the men, planes and equipment the United Nations can muster.

Our country has witnessed the Korean disaster (it can hardly be described otherwise). Because we desire peace, we must deal delicately, yet firmly, with our opponents. Let us pray that our leaders do not err, for one slip may be fatal.

F. D.

WE ARE BEING SWEEPED INTO A PANIC

TODAY, the issue that separates us from our more important allies, is not, as most seem to think, the condemning of Red China as an aggressor, but, actually, what the outcome of this condemnation will be. They, our allies, firmly believe that any such move would inevitably develop into a war in the Far East and, finally, into another world war, so horrible as to be inconceivable. This belief will be augmented by the second of the two resolutions, passed by the Senate in January, which states that "the sense of the Senate is that the Communist China Government should not be admitted to membership in the United Nations as the representative of China" — this will be interpreted throughout Asia and certainly most of Western Europe as the deciding move towards the destruction of Red China and the re-establishment of Chiang's government.

It is difficult for us, a people reared in the way of democracy, to realize the reason why our allies are so pessimistic in their outlook; however, if we wish to assuage our differences, we *must* understand them! These nations, which have lived for centuries in an intriguing, scheming, martial atmosphere, have based their policy on the belief that Mao has no choice but to depend on the Soviet Union as long as America threatened the very existence of his government by supporting Chiang Kai-shek that his subsequent action of attempting to break into the United Nations at the "point of a gun" rests basically on the fact that that is the *only* way he *can* win an absolute victory. Therefore, we must take into consideration when we are judging our friends in the U. N. that they never approved of our actions in China and have, so to speak, let us go "our own merry way." Now, if it is our duty to accomplish our appointed task with dignity and without the hysteria that is becoming more and more evident. In addition to reorganizing ourselves in Korea, it is also the duty of the U. S. to remedy the deplorable situation existing between us and our allies.

In the meantime, here in our country, public resentment has been roused at the needless slaughter of American troops in a war that cannot possibly be won, which, no longer, can achieve the principles for which it was begun. Naturally, we think that there is something that can be done, and, naturally, we look to our government to guide us. But the government tells us nothing. — Congress is very silent as the casualties increase. Given no intelligible aid, we have fixed our hopes on the A-bomb, or some pact amongst the Christian nations that will magically force Red China to lay down her guns.

It is this lack of decisive action and the appalling silence of intelligence in Congress that is sweeping our country into a panic.

Elsbeth Edge '51

Four-year Honor Roll

Atwell, Elsie Marie
 Barry, Rose Therese (*First Honors*)
 Beckman, Virginia
 Benson, Donald
 Centrella, Angelina
 Clark, Catherine
 Cogan, Ann
 Colby, Joy
 Conners, Carleton
 Delorey, Elaine Alma
 Duehay, Francis
 Edge, Elsbeth
 Farrell, Ann
 Feloney, Mary
 Head, Doris
 Hickey, Mona
 Kirkpatrick, Anne
 Laucus, John
 Linnehan, Elizabeth
 Lombardo, Joseph
 Maclachlan, Mary
 Manetas, Peter
 McNamara, Eileen
 Miceli, Marie
 Obelsky, Shirley
 Ormond, Marilyn
 Polcari, Helen
 Robinson, Joan
 Rudy, Ann
 Salines, Mary
 Sawicz, Adela
 Shanley, Constance
 Souza, Ermelinda
 Spinney, June
 Theodoulou, Clara
 Thompson, Carole
 Wheelock, Margaret
 Wilson, Jacqueline

FRESHMEN NOTES

IN THE SPRING, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love; but our thoughts turn to the Freshman Notes. Gossip, gossip, gossip came pouring in for this issue.

Room 119 voted Sally Kaufman as the cutest girl in C.H.L.S. (Lower classmen, that is.) Marie Mahoney certainly is bright; she got 100% in algebra. Adriss Osterberg is an accomplished roller skater. Anne Krikorian is doing a wonderful job as classroom comedian. Did you see Frances Birch shed tears when she dropped from a 99 to a 97 in Latin No! Strange!! Joan Ofirin of 106 is losing weight. Why? Tommy Cahill is always carrying an information book about. Budding actresses are Janis Polowski, Janet Lindstrand, and Mary Penselinas, who were in a play at the Y.W.C.A. Marilyn White certainly keeps the Bal-a-roue busy. Swimming champ Annie Murphy is doing great. John Walsh will soon be an expert first aider. Janice Watkins, a former Floridian, comments on N.E. weather. "Never two days alike." Ruth Watson just makes the last bell every day. Robert Kenny has discovered a form of literature all his own. He loves funny books. Betty Kenny, girl detective, sees all, knows all, and tells all. Watch out, folks! She may be watching you. Mary Janjanian has a secret crush. Secret? Welcome back, Mary was your hospital vacation nice? Richard Verinon is as changeable as the weather; he opens the window when it is cold and shuts it when it is warm. Barbara Bower times that 8:30 bell just right. Dolores Lambert of 119 writes, edits, and prints the Junior Red Cross paper "Crossroads." Did you know that Pat Brins is quite the seamstress? Have you started taking orders yet? Elaine Gordin is quite the ballet dancer. John Guinta has already chosen his career. He is to be an artist. Does Lorraine Blanchet read all the books she carries around? Well, this being MY last column in the REVIEW, I thank all my helpers. I also hope you all have as good a time in your school years as I have had. Loads of love, luck, and laughter. Good Luck, class of '54.

Clara Theodoulou '51

FADS AND FANCIES

IT IS seldom that one stops to think what an important part "fads and fancies" play on the road through life. A fad started in one part of the world can spread across mountains and oceans until it becomes a natural part of everyday life in many countries. On the other hand, the difference in notions and ideas between nations and peoples is what adds the spice and variety to life.

Some of the most intriguing and varying fads are the ones which concern clothing and styles. Looking through old picture albums, one can find many examples of the clothes worn during the "flapper days." Short skirts, flat hats which fitted close to the head, and odd-looking shoes were the mode of the day. Back in the early days of World War II the skirts were still short but the hats had become larger and not quite so fitted. To prove the fickleness of styles, all one has to do is to observe the change in clothing in merely five years. From extremely long skirts and short, short hair, we have returned to short skirts and long hair.

Speaking of hair has led to an opening for the next "fad." Back in Grandma's day, hair was a woman's "crowning glory;" the very idea of a woman having short hair was shocking. Yet, twenty years ago, short hair styles came in and they have been in, on and off, ever since. The short hair of the last five years has been much more feminine than the boyish-cropped locks of two decades ago. Certainly, hair and clothing styles play a major part in a woman's life. The first half of the twentieth century has seen many changes in our way of life. The theory that women should sit at home while men slaved alone has "gone with the wind." Today many big business firms have, as their officials, capable and intelligent women. Not too many years ago women were not allowed to vote or to enjoy too much education. Today women are as much a part of politics as hydrogen is a part of water. Of course, these are not all the notions concerned with women and their duties in life; these few exemplify the spice these notions add to living.

Yes, it is all too seldom we pause to contemplate what an interesting world we inhabit, with ever-changing fads and notions, giving sparkle and diversion to this labyrinth we call life.

Sally Carter '52

LATIN'S HIT PARADE

1. Is my Pop in There? Mr. Downey's Office
2. If I studied
3. I'm Blue Another 50
4. I'll Never Be Free 7th Period
5. Oh! Well, Well, Well,
Parent Teachers' night
6. Teardrops From My Eyes Graduation
7. I Miss You So Honor Roll
8. Pink Champagne Drinking Fountain
9. Beware Loud speakers
10. If They Made Me a King
There would be no school
Joyce Grigsby '51

DOODLING

SINCE I have always had a passion for moving a pencil across a piece of paper and because I succeeded poorly in my attempt to draw actual objects, I was converted early in my youth to the art of doodling. As one who has followed this hobby through many school days, I feel myself qualified to list rules and regulations concerning this very distinguished Art.

A beginner should first take pencil and paper, walk to the radio and turn the dial to a soap opera or a murder mystery. Both of these programs are strongly recommended because they provide many boring moments in which to doodle and do not interrupt a beginner's practice by interesting him in the plot. If you have a younger brother who glues himself to the radio to hear the Lone Ranger, or have sold your radio and bought a television set, the next best place for you is during the intermission of a play or concert. Personally I have drawn many doodles that were masterpieces in their own way, during ten minute intermissions. Of course it would be well for you to remember that the keenest enjoyment a doodler can have is by doodling when he knows he should be doing some thing else. A sense of guilt always enhances a doodle.

The second step is to get into the proper frame of mind. A calm mental condition is your best bet. In this way the pencil is free to follow a line of thought, whereas a perturbed mind results in broken unfinished dots. Anger should be particularly guarded against as this results in dull, heavy lines. If your emotion at the time is one of sadness, do not hesitate to doodle! You will in this way be able to picture yourself in a cage.

There are three major types of doodles. The best known of these is the Picturesque which ranges from hearts and roses to hangman's nooses and bloody knives. The latter are usually drawn while listening to Inner Sanctum. The second type is the Design, which employs the use of potted plants, exotic flowers, and balanced sides. The most interesting type of doodling is the Abstract. Under this heading, many doodlers are listed, for a doodle can start out as a dagger and finish Abstract. Lines, circles and squares can be combined to suggest a vague figure. In fact, the nice thing about an Abstract doodle is that it can represent anything and look like nothing.

After you have mastered these essential types and have practiced for at least two hours a day in front of the radio, you should strive for good technique. This has been put last in spite of its great importance because a doodler who empha-

sizes technique will turn out stilted doodles that fail to exhibit emotion. Technique consists of knowing just what a pencil can do. The flat and point can be alternated with wonderful results. The flat side produces a good effect and gives a doodle solidity. Dark and light lines should often be used for striking contrast. Plain lines, scrolls, and feathers are often used to heighten the artist's touch.

Those who have successfully doodled for some time are likely to ask at this point what the use of doodling could be. This is a hard question to answer. I believe, however, that it often gives a person the feeling he is accomplishing something while he wastes time. But you must be careful not to lose sight of the fact that doodling is an Art. In fact Modern Art is, to my mind, no more nor less than doodling in paints. Regardless of anything else, a true blooded doodler believes completely in "Doodling for Doodling's Sake."

Joy Colby

C. E. E. B.

DURING the last few weeks, haggard seniors in varying degrees of exhaustion have been seen listlessly trudging to seventh (pardon me!) sixth periods. Has their conduct been so atrocious that discipline must be applied? Certainly make up work can not be the purpose of this large number of pupils. Some seniors have not come out from behind their books for such a long time that their faces have acquired the paleness of jail birds. Many pupils are beginning to think of C.H.L.S. as a second home because of the tremendous amount of time spent here.

To illustrate the frenzied state of affairs, frequent arguments have taken place over the priority of one subject over another for sixth period. A few students of small stature have narrowly escaped being swept up by the janitors after school. The pupils are beginning to resemble their teachers due to the longevity of their association with each other. Parents rarely see their children except for brief moments in which a few words are exchanged and then their offspring disappear behind a pile of books.

Surely, someone must be able to enlighten the masses about this odd conduct. The logical person to question would be one of the victims of this strange malady.

Let's ask this boy with the enormous pile of books why sixth period has become popular all of a sudden. What's that? He says the reason is C.E.E.B. Is that a new club? Ah! The light dawns. The seniors are preparing for their College Entrance Examination Boards!

Eileen McNamara '51

BOSTON GLOBE EDITOR'S PARTY

AT NOON on Tuesday, March 13th, the representatives of forty-four Greater Boston high schools met at the Union Bus Terminal, Park Square, Boston. A chartered bus whisked us to Providence for a special *Boston Globe* editors' party where we were to take part in the mammoth fourteenth annual Rhode Island World Affairs Week. At two o'clock the whole party trooped into the auditorium of the *Providence Journal*. The capacity of this auditorium is about two hundred, and it was filled not only with Massachusetts delegates but also with representatives from all over Rhode Island; moving picture cameras were clicking, lights were blazing, and the whole frantic scene reminded me of a television program in preparation.

Five eminent speakers from the United States Department of State were introduced by the student chairman. One of our party was chosen as representative for the group, and he sat on the stage with the rest of the dignitaries. The first speaker, Mr. Armand Meyer, discussed African and Near Eastern affairs; it was intensely interesting as he pointed out the steps that this country is employing to straighten out both the internal and the external affairs in these small nations. The second speaker, Mr. Samuel B. Hayes, was, what he termed, a State Department specialist. Briefly he mentioned his part in delving into the economic conditions of other countries. Mr. John K. Emerson spoke on Far Eastern affairs including Communist China, Korea, Indo-China, and Japan. As Mr. Charles Bolton was one of the State Department's representatives at the United Nations, he told us in no uncertain terms that the United Nations was the only sure means of achieving a world peace. The final speaker, Mrs. Margaret Carter, is a sort of an ambassador-at-large throughout the United States; one of her main tasks is to try to tell people what the average citizen can do to aid the peace cause. All five of the speakers could only touch on their immense subjects, but we were much impressed by the delivery of each and by their apparent sense of responsibility. When the introductory speeches had been completed, the experts were bombarded with questions at which they were not at all flustered but which they answered with no evasive statements whatsoever.

After the general questioning, each member of the audience signified his desire as to which topic he would like to have elucidated. Each speaker then addressed a separate group. I chose to listen to Mr. Meyer because his subject matter was that with which I was least acquainted; he delivered another speech, and then we asked questions. Tirelessly and enthusiastically he answered ques-

tions which were popped from every side. In fact, he spoke with such a friendly, straight-forward manner that several times he asked that his statements not be published. He mentioned nearly everything from grain for India to the unfortunate assassination of Ali Razmara, premier of Iran. I never realized how much I did not know about Near Eastern nations such as Iran, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Iraq.

At the conclusion of the question period, the entire assembly was treated to refreshments. Finally, a bit weary, we climbed back onto the bus to head for home after having been informed with first-hand information about the world situation today.

Francis Duehay '51

ESCAPE AT SEA

FOR miles and miles there was nothing, save the vast expanse of the North Atlantic, the ominous, grey skies, and a small, crudely constructed ship which was daring to challenge the mighty waters. To the sixty-odd persons crowded on the vessel there had been nothing but the sea, the heavens, and the ship since weeks ago when they had fled from their fatherland, Lithuania. There were the men, courageous, bold, strong in spirit; the women anxious, faithful, brave; and the children, frightened, excited, all devoted to the procurement of that closest to their hearts, Freedom. As another cool summer night began to envelope them, all the passengers went to sleep, but the sea, which had slept for several weeks, now awoke in a rage of fury!

While the gale winds shrieked and lashed the sides, and the waters drenched the uncontrollable vessel, which was at the mercy of the storm, the men, aroused from their slumber, began to struggle to keep the voyage alive, and the women hugged their babies tightly and prayed to God to deliver them to safety. Masts toppled over, enormous waves beat against the sides and often drowned the entire craft momentarily, and the thunder, the lightning, and the rains seemed everlasting to those trapped in their violence. Perhaps the ship, however, possessed the same grit as its passengers, for at dawn, as suddenly as it had begun, the storm passed, defeated.

After the welcome sun had arisen from the east, there was a sudden, unexpected cry of joy, the Lithuanian equivalent of "land"! Tears of happiness filled the eyes of the weary but supremely successful immigrants who at last had found freedom. Indeed, not even so wild a tempest could destroy the noble cause of liberty.

Harry Altshuler '53

Freshman Champions

FRESHMAN homeroom 107 has two speed skaters, Herbert Rothfarb and Patricia Grimes, who compete for the Bay State Skating Club.

Patsy and Herby's first race was the Silver Skates Derby at The Boston Garden, with Patsy winning the Girl's Junior title and Herby placing fifth in the Boy's Junior Division. From here Patsy went on to win first place in two finals at Worcester, first in the Eastern Outdoor championship at Fitchburg, Massachusetts; Troy, New York; Lake Placid, N. Y.; and Norwalk, Connecticut where she received the "Hi-Point" trophy. Herby placed second and third in his two finals at Worcester, won two thirds at Troy, N. Y. and fourth in the finals at Norwalk, Connecticut and third at Lake Placid, N. Y. Herby then went to New Brunswick, Canada, where, receiving two firsts and two seconds, he won the meet.

Both Patricia and Herby are going this month to Detroit to compete in the Juvenile Division of The National Championship contest. Then they go to a meet at Princeton, N. J. run by the Mid Atlantic Association.

Congratulations and the best of luck to both our Freshman Champions.

SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

IN MY MIND, from the great variety of life jobs one may choose to venture upon, social service stands above all others. There are those individuals who choose their future occupation either according to its annual income or according to the benefits they may reap for themselves alone. On the contrary, a social service worker devotes his entire being to the care and interest of his fellow men.

In this profession the worker serves those from the very wealthy class to the "poor." This fact is overlooked by a good many people who seem to think that aid is rendered only to the underprivileged. Of course the mere desire of entering this field is not sufficient. One must be willing to make sacrifices to do his work well. He must be willing to endure the necessary college education, plus one or two years of graduate school for a Master's Degree, which is highly desired for those who honestly wish to make a success of their career. In the college training, government, medicine, psychology, methods of solving cases and many other subjects pertaining to an individual are studied.

Learning from books is only half the battle towards a skilled worker, however, since his personality and interest in people are important and add a great deal to success. Sometimes a college

graduate with the highest honors may be rejected from a federal, state, or private agency because of his lack of ability to handle or understand people, and very often a person of C grades will be preferred for the job. There are ten jobs to be filled to one eligible worker; and therefore the need of candidates in this field is vital.

Many parents object to their children's entering the social service profession, since they believe it to be a "discouraging and depressing job." Little these parents realize the satisfaction which comes from successfully "straightening out the life of a juvenile delinquent, or helping a mother clothe and feed her five vigorous children after her husband has suddenly died." Social service work is the job of helping others in trouble, and certainly this occupation satisfies the soul, enriches the character, and reaps a harvest of gratification to the "helper of the needy."

Virginia M. Beckman '51

ON LEAVING LATIN

Spring is come, and I can't wait
For the day I walk out Latin's gate.
For the day all drudgery is past,
And I am free to loaf at last.
I really like C.H.L.S.
But I like study less and less.
For math I've no infatuation,
I can not wait for graduation.
But if we get good marks, — perchance
We'll march to "Pomp and Circumstance."
Then to "Latin" we must bid adieu,
To classmates and to teachers too.
Although this sounds as if I'm glad,
It's just a ruse, because I'm sad.
I really have enjoyed my stay
And to our school I'd like to say,
Thank you,
and
goodbye.

Anthea Eatough '51

K.B. NOTES

AFTER an embarrassing day of wearing berets and different colored socks to school, the new members were initiated in the evening at Joan Robinson's home with all the formality of K. B. tradition.

At the meeting held at Patricia Supple's home, final plans were made for the Informal.

On March 3, the K. B. jointly with the Dramatic Club held an informal dance at the Cambridge Boat Club. It was socially and to a small extent financially successful.

We are now looking forward to more such good times.

Ann Farrell, *Secretary-Treasurer*

ALUMNI NOTES

ONE of the best Alumni Notes reporters the REVIEW ever had has left us. Jim "Red" Coleman '50 who was a P. G. (Permanent Guest) is now working for Sears Roebuck's selling garden tools. Contrary to popular opinion, Jim did not come back to C.H.L.S. to see his girlfriends; he came back to study for the College Boards.

Former C.H.L.S. students seem to be well acquainted with banking procedure. Pat Buchanan '50, Joan Kelly '50, and Barbara Schaub, Barbara Sugrue, Doris Vaughn, and Betty Gorman, all '49 graduates are working at the Harvard Trust. Bill Cullinane '49, reports that the girls have been taking home samples from the bank. — Joanne Nauffts and Joan Kidston both '50 are employed at the Shawmut Bank in Kenmore Square.

June Diodati '50, Ray Kelly '50, Paul Sebastian '50, and Ty Cleary '49, are all doing well at Boston University. Al Croft '45, who is majoring in math is now a senior at B. U. — Margie Swallow '50 is attending classes at Mt. Ida in hopes of becoming an airline hostess. Ann Murphy '50 is taking a secretarial course at Chandlers.

Barb Howard is working at the State House, Nancy Morrison is with the Registry of Motor Vehicles, and Marie Hanlon is employed at Tech Motors. All are '50 graduates. Jack Rose '49, is currently a man of leisure.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50, is receiving honors at Smith College just as she did at C.H.L.S. — She is not only on the Dean's list, but also Vice-President of her class. Jim Kelly '50, is in the freshman class at Boston College along with George McCarren and Dick Foley. Fran (the Senator) Rowley '50, is attending a well known accounting school in Boston on a scholarship that he received last year. Betty Watson '50, has been seen about the Lasell Junior College campus where she is majoring in marketing. — Joan Worman '50, is training to be a dental hygienist at Tufts. Betty Boudreau and Chickie Mailhiot both '50 grads, are taking courses in Physical Education at Sargent University. We also have some potential nurses among our graduates because Catherine Cullinane '49, is in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Marie Silva '50, and Ellen Higbee '50, are at the Cambridge City Hospital. — Lorna Riley '47, who is attending Massachusetts Normal Art, has returned to C.H.L.S. to practice teaching as part of her course. Perhaps I should have called her Miss Riley. — Collette Mailhiot '50, is employed by the Home Loan Corporation.

Many graduates have entered the service since the last issue of the REVIEW went to press. Gene Polaro, Dennis McCarthy, Bob Dawson, Jim Lamantea, all '50 have entered the Marines along with Rolly Dansereau '49, Dan Heffernan '49, and

Joe Cabral a member of the class of '45. — Bill Brown '50 is in the Marine Air Force, not just in the Marines as we stated in the last issue. — Charlie Andrews '49, is in the Navy, training at Newport. Frank Mahoney '49, is also a member of Uncle Sam's fleet, while Bob Neal '50, and Bill Dwyer '50, have passed their physicals and are waiting eagerly to be called into service. — Jack Tomasello '49, and Larry Donnelly '47 are among those who were drafted into the Army. — Steve Donaghey '50, was wounded by shrapnel from an exploding grenade while on maneuvers with the Paratroopers, but is recovering rapidly.

Phyllis Gosselin '48, older sister of our Senior Class President Larry, is engaged to be married in August. Another marriage seems to be in the making between Gloria Bulkowski '50, and her Coast Guardsman "Ollie" Swenson. There is one more engagement but that will have to wait until the next issue of the REVIEW because I promised to keep it a secret.

Bob Stewart '49, will be home for a three week vacation in June, after completing his plebe (first) year at West Point. — Steve Feld '50, is now working as an accountant in Boston while attending night school at Northeastern. — Jack Rice '49, is expecting to receive "greetings" from his local draft board at any time now.

That's all for now, but I'll be back in the next issue with more news about the Alumni.

Stephen Dooling '50

"BEWARE OF A MAN"

(Conclusion)

ZWEIRMANN smiled down at Burke, who was trying to staunch the flow of blood from the bullet-hole in his chest. "I didn't want to shoot you, Burke. I am not wont to shoot my employees, but you *were* reaching for a gun, you know."

Burke groaned inaudibly. "Never mind the dramatics, Zweirmann. You aren't the actor that Sidney Greenstreet is." He wondered why Helen Chambers did not produce her automatic and shoot the fat man. "Forget the preliminary speeches and shoot me."

Zweirmann's stomach moved spasmodically, and Burke decided that he was laughing. "Now you are being dramatic, Burke. My ambition in life is not to shoot private detectives. I merely have the desire to accumulate wealth sufficient to support me in my old age. I shall take the book and depart."

The detective glared at Zweirmann as he tried to raise himself on one elbow and stop his bleeding at the same time. "Oh, sure, you're a friendly

fellow, you are. True, you did send a juvenile delinquent named Sam and a thug who seemed to enjoy showing a badge to kill me. You offered them five thousand dollars to kill me, but you're still a nice fellow."

Zweirmann smiled benignly at Burke. "Your conversation interests me, Mr. Burke, but I shall have to take the book and leave you and your lady friend. Perhaps some day you will be able to write to me and tell me about your two quaint friends."

He stepped over Burke's form and picked up the book. Burke grimaced painfully as his elbow slipped and he hit the floor again. "I hope you enjoy reading that, Zweirmann. By the way, why did your friends call me by your name? They seemed to think that they were after you."

Zweirmann dropped the book in front of Burke's face. "Very amusing, Burke, this attempted deception. Where is the real book?"

Burke cringed as the fat man's gun came closer to his head. "That's the only book I've seen, Zweirmann. Perhaps you're in the wrong bookshop."

Zweirmann mouthed an oath and began ripping books from shelves. Burke laughed feebly, decided not to try the ascent to his elbow again. "You seem to be in a rut, Zweirmann. St. Thomas Aquinas once said to beware of a man of one book. You're the man, but where's the book?"

Zweirmann was hysterical. He was nearly in tears when he dragged Burke to his feet and leaned him against a table. Although his hands were choking the detective, he was begging, not demanding, that Burke tell the whereabouts of the book. "For 30 years I've been searching for *A Booke of Sonnets*. I've never been this close to it. Tell me where it is and we'll split the profits evenly."

Burke cried out in pain as Zweirmann released him and dropped him to the floor, which was now familiar to the detective. A good deal of it was stained with his blood. "I don't know where the book is."

Zweirmann became calm and sat on a convenient chair. "You don't know where the book is but you killed its last owner, Jacques Duval, and even fashioned a story about my sending two base criminals after you. Come now, Burke, do you actually think I'll believe that?"

The detective shrugged weakly, then smiled as he saw that Helen Chambers was at last reaching into her purse. "It doesn't matter what you believe, Zweirmann."

Burke lifted one hand to grasp his own gun,

swore at his stupidity as Zweirmann's bullet smashed his elbow. "You're finished, Burke. The next one is in the head."

Burke pushed himself under the table in an attempt to escape the fat man, an attempt which he knew could not succeed. "You'll never get the book without my help."

Zweirmann shook his head, pulled back the hammer of his weapon. "I will, Burke, I will. The person who told me where it was is going to meet me in front of the bookshop . . . a librarian by the name of Helen Chambers."

There was a shot, and Zweirmann grasped his shattered right hand. "I am Helen Chambers."

The fat man looked in surprise at the brunette. "But you were with him. Where is the book?"

She shrugged well-molded shoulders and smiled at his heart. "Who knows? Don't you remember me?"

Zweirmann shuddered as she pointed the gun at his heart. "You are not familiar. Have we met before? I do not know the name."

She laughed mirthlessly. "The last time you saw me I was in the cradle. Don't you remember your daughter? Have you forgotten your wife? Where did you go after you deserted us? Did you perhaps continue your search for the book?"

From the floor came Burke's voice. "This is one big happy family, eh? I hate to be present at a reunion, so if one of you will call an ambulance, I'll leave."

They both ignored him. "I've been following you for five years, father. Your wife died after you left her . . . she died because she was poor. I decided that I'd find you and make you pay for what you did to her. In London, I learned from your friend Jameson that you were going to New York to confirm a rumor that the book was here. I arrived first, bribed Duval to pretend that the book was in his possession, and hired two thugs to help me. When you arrived, I contacted you and then followed you to see what you would do after you had discovered that the book could be obtained by meeting me at Duval's shop. I had no way of knowing that you would hire a private detective, but when you did, I realized that I could know more of your activities if I was in contact with one of your men. I arranged an accidental meeting with Burke near the shop and gained his confidence by assuring him that I was an expert on old books . . . a trick which would have deceived no one with any sense."

Burke groaned. "Thank you, dear. Now if someone will please call a doctor before I bleed . . ."

The girl silenced him with a wave of the gun. "Duval was greedy. He said that he would tell you of my deception if I did not pay him more heavily. I had to dispose of him. After his death, I realized that I could delay no longer. I told Sam and Bell to watch the shop and capture you when you returned. They doubtless followed Burke instead. But the fools must have tried to kill him. I wanted to reserve the pleasure of finishing you for myself."

Burke crawled forward as she shot Zweirmann three times. The fat man had tremendous strength, Burke had to admit. He staggered forward, catching the girl's arms. She was shoving him away, preparing to shoot him again when she slipped in Burke's blood. As she fell to her knees, Zweirmann, swaying violently, came toward her.

A shot came from the entrance as the fat man kicked the girl's wrist before she could reach the gun she had dropped. Another shot dropped Zweirmann to a spot beside Burke.

The private detective sighed as the older thug stepped into the shop. "Are you going to shoot at me again?"

He shook his head. "Sam shot at you before. I shot Sam. I would not have minded killing Zweirmann, but I knew that you were not Zweirmann. I met Zweirmann in London when I was working for Scotland Yard. There's a reward for him, so when I learned through one of my connections that this girl was on his trail, I, too, hurried to New York. I'm sorry we inconvenienced you earlier this evening."

"Inconvenienced." Burke grinned wanly. "Nothing, old fellow, nothing. Telephone the hospital, will you?"

And he collapsed over the blood-stained *Booke of Sonnets*.

John Laucus '51

YOUR FASHION COLUMN

FASHIONS are coming forth in new color brightness to match the flower freshness of spring's rebirth.

First and foremost this Easter season are suits, curved at the waist and arched at the hipline with dainty details adding a more feminine look, such as unusual shapes in collars and matching cuffs on sleeves and pockets. Two basic colors this season are grey and navy. Starched white linen is used for the face-framing collar that is making headline news this season. Wear a little white hat and white gloves with your suit for 1951 chic.

This year's spring coat can be worn long or short or every inch mark in between. Pyramid

silhouettes are this spring's smartest full length versions; cut with sloping shoulders and slimmer folds of fullness, they will slip over your suits and bright print dresses. Smart with suits is a wide curving fleece cutaway that reaches barely to your elbows with wide cuffs. These coats come in soft shades of blue, melon, pale gold, gray, navy, violet, purple, and beige. As the weather gets warmer, you will just love the "duster" coat. This coat is the very tops in smartness for afternoon as well as evening wear and is fashioned in many styles with swishy fullness.

A winning team in spring and summer separates is the lustrous silk shantung and crisp linen. In softly tailored suits and youthfully contrived dresses you and these two long-wearing fabrics will become inseparable as the season progresses. Take your pick of soft leaf greens, tomato red, jewel-toned turquoise, coral orange, and creamy browns.

Be sure to include a print dress in your wardrobe this spring. These dresses in rayon crepe and silk come in every imaginable color and style. These are just the dresses to wear under a "duster" to give it added brightness.

For your spring footwear patent leather and white stitching on dark kid add a gleaming, eye-catching touch.

Your gloves depend upon clever detailing for their individuality. They are either short or very long, but the cuff remains the attention getter.

Hats with a minimum of straw and as many gay blossoms as can be held lead the way to spring. There's an unusually wide range of colors in spring millinery, with new emphasis in spicy pastels, yellows, navy and white. Cloches, sailors and scull caps are all favorites.

Don't forget, skirts are shorter — 15 or 16 inches from the floor.

Wishing you all a happy Easter and successful shopping tours.

Martha Folkins '51



FANTASY

A COOL wind was blowing in from the Atlantic as I strolled along the shore of a hidden beach. The waves lapped gently against the clean white sand in a soothing manner; the air had a sweet odor. The cliffs surrounding the little cove didn't seem as forbidding and morose; and the shrill cry of the sea gull was at this time of the morning unusually still.

Here and there I stooped to pick up a pebble or a shell washed in from the depths, and it was while straightening up from picking up an especially pretty shell that I first noticed him. He was watching me with a slightly amused expression as if he thought me an object of curiosity. He was a small, rotund person of an indeterminable age dressed like all those who follow the sea. There was no especially interesting feature about him, except the fact that at his side hung an ancient scabbard, containing an equally ancient sword. His expression so irritated me that I turned to leave. It was then that he spoke, in a timid voice for such a bold-looking man.

"Don't go," he said.

"But they are expecting me for breakfast," I answered irritably, thinking that he had interrupted my morning stroll.

"Did I disturb you? I'm sorry if I did, but I was so lonely."

"If you were lonely, why did you come here? How on earth did you ever expect to meet anyone here?"

"How on earth . . ." he seemed to savor the phrase, saying it over and over again. A queer duck!

"Please don't go," he said again, with an urgency in his voice that had not been there before, an urgency that held me there, that made me, quite unexpectedly pity him.

"All right, I won't go. But will you tell me how you ever thought you would meet anyone here?"

"I didn't. You're the first one who's come here in quite a long time. I've been watching, and nobody came."

"Do you live near here?" I inquired, for I was beginning to be curious about the habitat of this sea-faring man.

"You might say I live on this beach," he answered.

"But," I said, looking around, "there's no place in sight. Have you a cabin around the bend of the cliff somewhere?"

"Oh, no. I have no cabin; in fact, I have no place to live but this beach. You see, this is where I was murdered."

"Murdered!" The words cut me like a knife. Murdered! What escaped lunatic had I now on my hands? He was looking at me again with that same amused expression, and I became conscious of the fact that most of the blood had drained from my face.

"You think I'm crazy, don't you," he remarked sadly. "Oh, don't deny it; I can see it in your eyes. Everyone I've spoken to has thought I was crazy, too. I couldn't get anyone to help me."

"Help you," I murmured cautiously, "help you do what?"

"Why, get my boat out to sea," he explained. "You see, every fifty years I become visible on this same beach where I was shot by Captain Kidd when he was burying his treasure. If, at that time, I find somebody who will believe me, and help me put my boat out to sea, I may rest in peace forever. This is my last chance. If I don't find anyone to help me, lass, I am doomed to walk this beach invisibly until the end of time. Won't you help me? Won't you help a poor sea-faring man to get back to port? Look! I'll even show you where the Captain's treasure is hidden. I've never done this much for anyone else."

And without my saying a word, he walked a few steps up the beach and marked a spot in the sand with a stick. He then returned to me, with such a longing in his eyes that I couldn't help believing him. In the matter of a few minutes we had his boat out of its hiding place. He couldn't help me much with it, for his hands went right through the boat instead of holding it, and I had to climb up to a cave in the cliff for his oars — his knees wouldn't bend. I wondered why the Captain had left a boat in the first place, and why the boat hadn't rotted after all these years.

"There was such a great deal of treasure that the Captain and I came in different boats, lass," he explained. "When the Captain went back, he was alone; there was no need for the second boat. As for its not rotting, I don't know that myself. Perhaps it remained sea-worthy because it had a purpose — it had to be here when you came."

And so we prepared to send the seaman "back to port." The last I saw of him was a speck on the horizon falling and rising with the waves.

Of course, those to whom I have told this story have never believed me. I shall not expect you to either. But whenever you read a story of pirates on a stormy night, or hear the raucous cry of a sea gull on a wind swept shore, remember my story, and perhaps it won't seem so odd.

Oh yes, before I forget — anytime you would like to see a doubloon, don't hesitate to ask. The treasure was large.

R. Therese Barry '51

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

“TEMPUS FUGIT” is a very old, famous saying and it certainly has proved true this year. It seems that just a few days ago the Dramatic Club was beginning a new year, and now we are on the verge of closing an old one.

Since you last heard from “The Club” we have had many and exciting meetings. At our January meeting a one act play was presented. It was called “Courtin’” and was ably directed by our president Mary Maclachlan and featured many new members.

Also during the month of January the Club was honored with an invitation to present a performance for the blind of Cambridge. We were very much pleased to present the play “Elmer” for the blind of Cambridge at the First Parish Church Unitarian. The cast included: Gale Hebbard, Dorrit Joseph, Roberta Kaufman, Mary Lou Galvin, Clara Theodoulou, Gael Mahoney, Stewart Moir, David Noonan and Joseph Carroll in the title role.

In February we held a Valentine Party at the home of Roberta Kaufman. The party, held on a Saturday evening, set a new record for fun and started our February vacation in just the right way.

This month of March (as everyone must know) a combination of the K.B. and Dramatic Club put on a gala informal at the Cambridge Boat Club. No one has finished talking about it yet.

The Dramatic Club is now looking forward to the Massachusetts Drama Festival to be held at Newton High School under the auspices of the principals of the New England High Schools. The two winners of this drama competition then compete in the New England Drama Festival. Our Drama Festival play this year is two scenes from “Victoria Regina” — “Suitable Suitors,” and “A Woman Proposes.” The all star cast is as follows:

Victoria	Mary Maclachlan
Lord Melbourne	James Lincoln
Albert	Stewart Moir
Ernest	Gerald Helberg

The play is now in rehearsal under the careful and excellent direction of Miss Hartigan. The whole dramatic Club wishes the cast and the crew of the Drama Festival Play the very best of luck.

Elsbeth Edge, *Secretary*

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK

THAT day of days, graduating day, seems near, yet so far away. We seem to be reaching out for something not quite tangible — a diploma, of course. After four, long, hard years of work, we are anxious to be marching solemnly down the aisle to “Pomp and Circumstance.”

Looking back it seems like only yesterday that for the fourth time we entered the portals of C.H.L.S., ready to begin another year. Yes, it does seem like only yesterday, but seven months have already “gone with the wind.”

Anticipation always adds hours on to time. Three months seem like an eternity, but with the usual preliminaries such as exchanging class pictures, signing yearbooks, practising for graduation, and preparing for the senior reception, the time will not be long in going. Before you know it that Commemorable day will be here for all of us. To keep up your morale just remember. “Tempus fugit.”

Mary Feloney '51

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE conclusion of the 1950-1951 chess season finds the C.H.L.S. team in sixth place in the G.B.I. Chess League, just one point behind Boston Technical.

Boston Latin 8½	C.H.L.S. 1½
Milton 5½	C.H.L.S. 4½
Boston English 5	C.H.L.S. 5
Brookline 7½	C.H.L.S. 2½
Boston Technical 4	C.H.L.S. 6

Walter Vartanian holds the best individual record in tournament play with four wins and one loss; nevertheless, the best record for engaging in all the tournaments goes to Francis Duehay who has a seven win-five loss score and to Paul S. Lorris who has a six and a half win-five and a half loss score.

Although most of our scores in the tournaments have been pitifully low, we still have done rather well, considering that our team is somewhat inexperienced and that for the past few matches we have been continually short of team members and had to impress substitutes into vital positions.

Since the end of the season we have been holding our meetings regularly on Friday for the purpose of training for next year. This is necessitated by the inevitable loss of such fine players as Francis Duehay, our President, John Laucus, our Vice-President, Bernard Firchow, Joan Keefe and others.

The last few weeks at the club have been spent in a special championship tournament which has been giving the members some good experience.

In a few weeks the long awaited Massachusetts State Junior Championship Tourney will be held at the Boylston Chess Club. This year's turnout is expected to be greater than any previous attendance and it is possible that a few of our delegates may make a good showing.

We here wish to extend an invitation to you, players and non-players to join us sometime.

P. S. Lorris, *Secretary*

May We Present—

GEORGE BOUDREAU

ONE of the better known students at Latin is George "Gigie" Boudreau, whose main claim to fame is his efficient handling of a hockey stick. Gigie is seventeen years old, a native Cantabrigian, and a graduate of the Peabody School. Here at C.H.L.S., history takes the lead in the academic vein just as hockey does in the sports line. He likes football and baseball too, but there's nothing like playing a real man's game. Listening to popular music or going to a good movie are both enjoyable pastimes for Gigie.

After high school Mr. Boudreau intends to enter B. C. Teaching is his final aim in life, and we couldn't wish good luck to a nicer fellow.

P. S.

CHARLES MARTIN

IN PRESENTING Charles Martin to you, we introduce one of our school's outstanding boys. Anyone who knows him will attest to the fact that Charles is one of C.H.L.S.'s greatest assets. Although he was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Charles arrived in our fair city at the age of five and enrolled in the Wellington School. When he graduated, he was not only first in his class but also walked away with the Cambridge Teachers Club award. Here in C.H.L.S. he remains a top ranking sophomore with an average well over ninety. He rates math tops among his subjects. However, Charles is also a sports enthusiast. He is an ardent baseball fan, his favorite team being the Braves. Football and cycling interest Charles too.

His hobbies center around aeronautics. He is a member of the Tech Air Explorers, an organization which is a division of the Boy Scouts. Since he is so air-minded, Charles naturally is quite interested in model planes.

Looking into the future, Charles intends to attend M. I. T. and afterwards become an engineer or an architect.

We all wish the best of luck to a boy who really deserves it!

M. Y. M.

SYLVIA CH'EN

SYLVIA CH'EN is a girl of medium height and rather slender build; she has a pleasing smile and a pleasant manner that makes an instant hit with everyone that talks with her. She was born in Honolulu not much more than fourteen years ago. Her earlier education was received in China at the Peking American School and the Lingnan Western School. In the United States, she has attended the Robert Louis Stevenson School, Shady Hill School, and is now a Freshman here at C.H.L.S.. Sylvia has been on the Honor Roll all year; she says she likes it there and intends to stay. Her favorite subject is World History, as it well might be, for she has seen quite a bit of the world; she lists travel as well as stamp collecting as ranking high in her list of interests. Much of her spare time is taken up in baby-sitting. Sylvia has her eye on Radcliffe, but she has no other plans for later on. No, not even for her ideal man! She is not going to think about him until he comes along. Meanwhile, she's going to get herself into Radcliffe.

H. K.

JOSE REIS

ONE of our latest arrivals at C.H.L.S. is dark-haired, dark-eyed Jose Reis. This nice-looking senior is from Portugal, where he was born and educated until his arrival in Cambridge. Jose enjoys everyone here at school and describes it as "being wonderful." His favorite subjects are chemistry and biology. Tennis, soccer, football, and horseback riding are his favorite sports. For a hobby he likes to read, go to the theatre and visit museums. Jose would like his ideal girl not shorter than five feet, two inches with long black hair and black eyes. She must have a good personality as this is the most important thing to him. However he added that when the right girl comes along, she will be his ideal no matter what her description is. Jose plans to become a doctor. With his personality and ambition we are sure he will succeed.

A. I.

SICK SQUAD STAGGERS STARS... AN' THEY WIN TH' HOCKEY CROWN TOO!



BOOP
HOORAY FOR JIMMY.....
WHO SAYS WE AIN'T GOT SCHOOL SPIRIT?
MELROSE TOOK A BACK SEAT WHEN IT CAME TO CHEERS!



IT SEEMED AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE, BUT TH' PENNICIAN PACKED CANTABS CAME TO LIFE AS SOON AS THEY REACHED TH' EDGE OF TH' ICE!

RALF KILFOYLE WASN'T KIDDIN' WHEN HE SCORED IN TH' THIRD AND LAST PERIOD OF TH' GAME!



ORCHIDS TO DON RIGAZIO FOR TERRIFIC NET TENDING AN' TO JIMMY DALEY AND CAPTAIN JACKIE MURPHY!



LATIN - 3
MELROSE - 2



EVEN TH' REF'S HAD A TOUGH TIME. THOSE SHOTS WEREN'T INTENTIONAL WERE THEY?

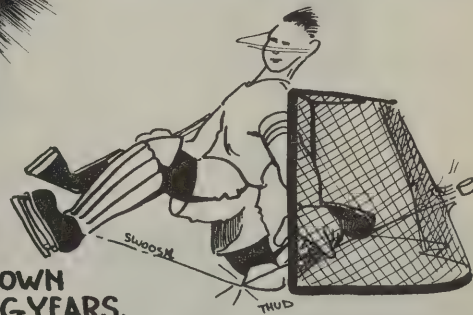


SPURRED ON BY TH' ROAR OF A CAPACITY CROWD, TH' BOYS GRABBED TH' GBI HOCKEY CROWN FOR TH' FIRST TIME IN 19 LONG YEARS.

ALBIANI'S CAFETERIA WAS A WELCOME HAVEN TO THOSE WHO MARCHED HOME FROM TH' ARENA. HOW'RE YA' FEET HOLDIN' OUT?

'CHARLIE' GAUDET, MADE A BIG SHOWIN' ON TH' ICE!

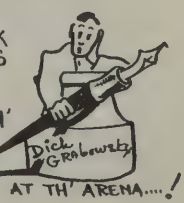
'JEANNIE' McDONALD IS A SWELL KID AND DID A LOT OF CHEERIN' AT TH' HOCKEY GAMES.... NOW LET GO OF MY ARM!



'GIGI' BOUDREAU'S SECOND GOAL WAS A LITTLE TOO EMPHATIC!



- IN TH' HYDE PARK GAME OUR CANTABS WON AGAIN, BUT AGAINST MALDEN CATHOLIC SOMETHIN' HOPPENED.... BEST WISHES NEXT YEAR.



AT TH' ARENA....!

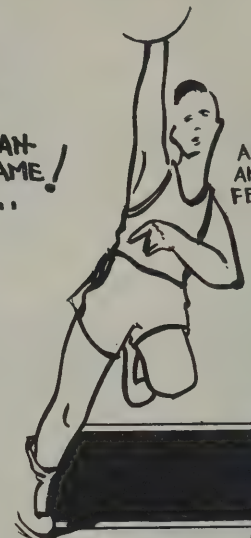
SOMEWHERE TH' SUN IS SHININ'...

BUT NOT IN CAMBRIDGE LATIN!

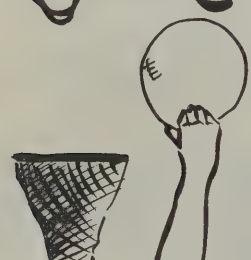


ALTHOUGH TH' BOYS DIDN'T HAVE A SUCCESSFUL SEASON CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER FOR THEIR SPORTSMANSHIP AN' FIGHT IN EVERY GAME! BETTER LUCK NEXT YEAR....

FROM TH' BEGINNING ONE COULD SEE THAT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A SPORTSMANLIKE GAME!



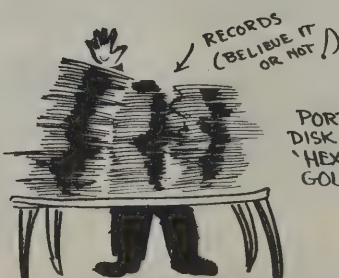
ASALEY GOT 'HOOPY' AN' SUNK QUITE A FEW!



LEAMAN AN' IGO CLICKED ON A COUPLE OF GOOD ONES!



FLUSHED WITH VICTORY (TWO I THINK) TH' CANTABS LOST IN OUR SECOND BOUT WITH TECH BY A TWO POINT KNOCKOUT!



RECORDS (BELIEVE IT OR NOT!)

PORTRAIT OF DISK JOCKEY 'HEXY' GOLDSTIEN..



'PETE' WATSON LOOKED AS IF HE WAS 'PRACTICIN' FOR TH' FROLICS A LITTLE EARLY - DICK GRABOWSKY - AT TH' GYM!

CAPTAIN K-K CROWLEY CONTRIBUTED TO TH' SCORE WITH SHOTS LIKE THIS.... SOME EVEN WENT IN!



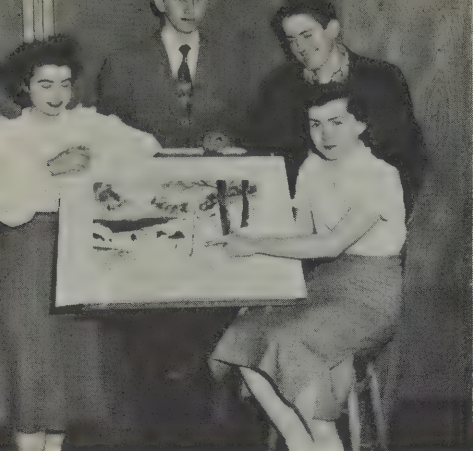
OTOGRAPHS BY GORDON EMBERLY & JEAN BLACK



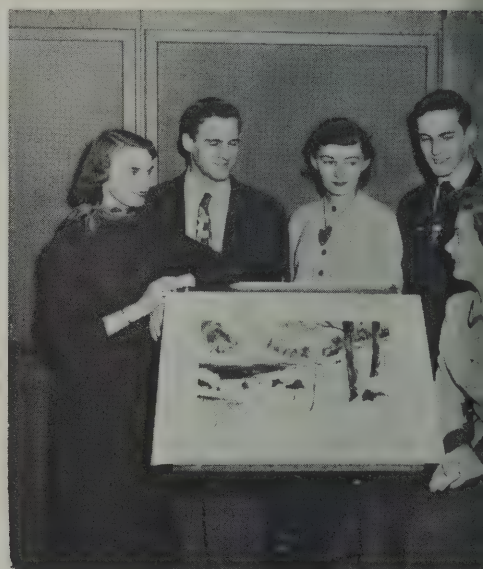


PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON EMBERLY

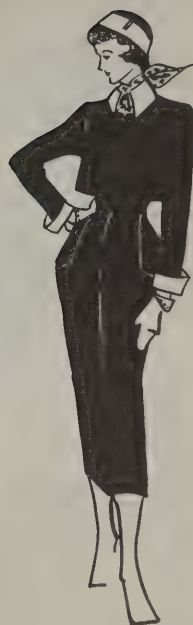




PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON EMBERL



FASHION HINTS



HERE IT IS AGAIN, TH' SPOTLITE

IN PICTURES!



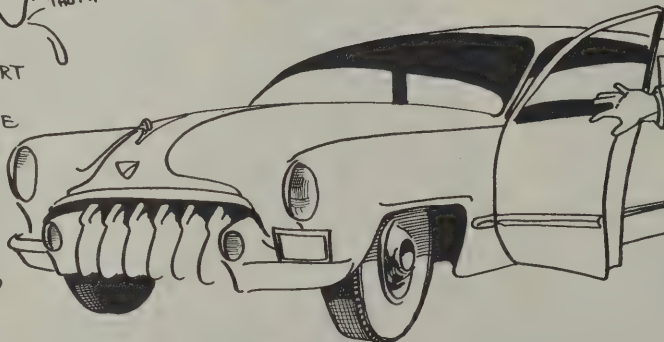
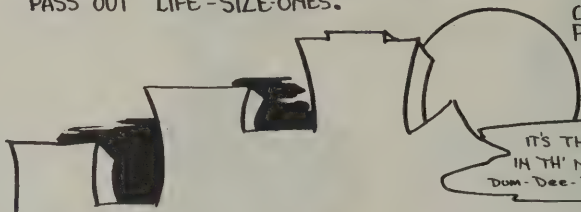
IT IS WITH GREAT PRIDE THAT WE REPORT BOB MORRISSEY AS A MEMBER OF 'LA PETITE BALLET' IN TH' FROLICS



SOME PICTURES ARE BEING PASSED ALONG ALREADY/ 'MAL' PELRINE WRITES A SHORT NOTE (500 WORDS) ON EVERY ONE OF TH' THOUSAND OR MORE. SHE IS HANDING OUT/ A RUMOR HAS IT, EDDIE ASALEY IS GOING TO PASS OUT LIFE-SIZE-ONES.



HOW MANY PEOPLE CAN IDENTIFY A FRAMASTAT TH' SQUOBBEN?



WHAT CERTAIN SPOTLIGHT EDITOR USES, TH' BALLAD 'THREE O'CLOCK IN TH' MORNIN' FOR HIS THEME SONG? HINT: HE PLAYS BASKETBALL, IS CAPTAIN OF TH' TENNIS TEAM AN' HIS INITIALS ARE P.W.

(IF WATSON FOUND OUT THAT I HAD SLIPPED THIS IN MY NAME, WOULD NOW ADORN A HOSPITAL PROGRESS CHART. ITS ALL IN FUN PETE, PLEASE!)

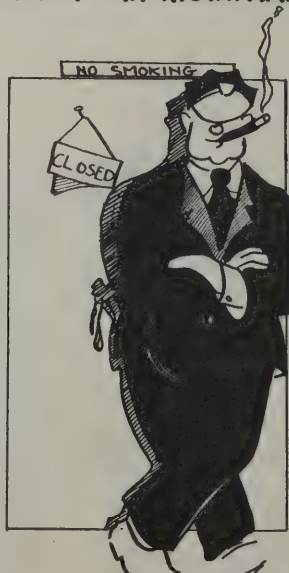


PRISCILLA DAVIS IS A PROUD MEMBER OF TH' BEAN-BAG CLUB!

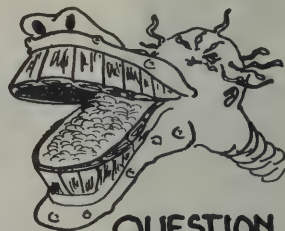
IT SEEMS THAT MARILYN (JIMMIE) SHAUB DOESN'T APPRECIATE TH' CHEER SOME OF TH' KIDS GAVE HER AT TH' HOCKEY GAMES.

P.S. IF YOU SEE A HORSE IN TH' FROLICS JIMMY IS TH' END FACING SOUTH WHEN TH' HORSE LOOKS NORTH.

MY THANKS TO 'BOBBY' KAUFMAN FOR TH' IDEE THAT LED TO THIS MONTH'S COVER



ROOMS WOULD BE CLOSED ON CAREER DAY!



QUESTION OF TH' MONTH....

CAN ANYONE IDENTIFY THIS BEAUTIFUL GIRL WHO ALMOST MARRIED A FAMOUS COMIC HERO?

IT HAS COME TO OUR ATTENTION THAT SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE DISMAYED AT TH' REPORT THAT TH' SMOKIN' ROOMS WOULD BE CLOSED ON CAREER DAY!



SPOT



LIGHT

E. RENARD

“SPRING is here — the grass is riz! — ‘tis time for sody pop to fiz!!” — Everyone seems to have spring fever — especially all those people in the corridor at recess, who are on errands??? — As you probably have noticed, a certain group of young men can’t leave their respective home rooms without a note anymore — Not to mention any names, but take Steve Dooling, Peter Watson, Billy Hayes, Donald Linnehan, and Larry Gosselin for example.

Per usual there was a group of parties during the last vacation. Ruthie Johnson had a very nice one; a few present were — Janice and Myra Robinson, Gloria Layne, Jeanne Cooke, Peggy Greene, Muriel Smith, and Joyce Grigsby. The Dramatic Club also held a party at Bobbie Kaufman’s house. I hear Bobbie and Dave Noonan put on quite a skit!!! — For some odd reason, Joanie Rossignol sings, “Oh Mickie” instead of “Oh Johnnie” — For the life of me, I can’t see why she wants to spoil a nice song like that. — Why can’t Jeanne Cooke keep a straight face when you mention the name Collier?? Anything to do with the magazine of the same name? — We wish to extend a hearty “Welcome Back” to Johnnie Whalen, who just recovered from a broken leg. — On reliable reports, we’ve just confirmed a known fact. — Angie Centrella is one swell kid!! — Latinites still have that broken hearted look about them; that hockey game sure was a tough break. But the whole school is still backing a swell bunch of kids and a swell hockey team!! — Say! we hear that the K. B. Dramatic Club Informal was a “whiz-bang” success. — Listen to this one!! Where did Charlotte Flu get the nickname of Bobo Jr.?? Ain’t we gettin’ classy now, huh?? — As a group of ladies were walking to a K.B. meeting one evening . . . deep, dark, secrets . . . — Pretty soon we’ll have to be giving out glasses free if any more girls, not mentioning a certain five, stay to see the stage show at the R.K.O. *three* times in a row!! — Hey, kids! Wasn’t Career Day fun? (Especially Biology!!) — There’s a real romantic duel being fought between two strong men, right here in our very school — involving Beverly Cabrale and a few

others!! — Things are getting mighty exciting in our REVIEW serial; I can hardly wait for the next issue!! If only we could get a clue of the outcome on John Laucus’ smiling face! But no such luck! — Let’s give another welcome — to Stevie Curran, who returned from Texas. Welcome home, pal!! — Say! How about giving a glad hand to ‘Bibber’ Cummiskey for winning the D.A.R. good citizen award!! — If Joe Lombardo can’t say “b” and “d” distinctly, how does he expect anyone else to pass those Physics exams?? — A new artist has been added to our growing list, namely Gerry Knudsen!! Boy! that map of Germany was a masterpiece!! — A civic-minded group of Latinites wants to know how old Henry Grunbaum actually is! — Tut! Tut! Who are these three girls who come to school late every morning?? — Careful! We’re seriously considering going into the blackmailing business!! — Honestly! if we don’t have a bone to pick with somebody!! They’ve taken the Car Check business away from us! How will we ever pay our Income Tax?? — We have an explorer in our midst — Grace Evangelista — but somehow or other, she never gets beyond Mission High in Roxbury!! — What happened to Jimmy Yanus’ (otherwise known as the Maharaja of Pakistan) car up in Watertown and what was it doing there?? — Congratulations are due Ruthie Duncan, the Junior who copped the title at the Informal. Well done, honey!! — Dickie Igo must have fallen asleep in the chair. Take a gander at his haircut, or should I say, fuzz-cut!! — Lost: one appendix. Return to the owner: Shirley Smith — Francis Duehay was seen practicing the Lend Lease Plan in the Gym the other day. We sincerely believe every other boy had on his jacket!! — Jennie Moligano seems to be having a social whirl — I suppose most of you people have heard of “Hahvaad.” Well a few of our Seniors actually work there!! — Mary Feloney, Dolores Murphy, Pat Supple, Joan McGinness, Laura Larensen, and Jimmy Armstrong. We’re going to start a Lonely Hearts Club, and the first applicant is a certain Sophomore who wants Jackie Murphy’s picture. — Does anyone know how Billy Saidah gets his homework done?? — The

news has reached us that Beverly Barber has a soft spot for the U. S. Navy!! A Johnny-on-the-spot is our own Therese Barry. Whenever there's work to be done, we see Therese. — A cowbell was seen with Eddie Ladner at the G.B.I. hockey game. — Who is the 'Mystery Man' of C.H.L.S.? Hint: His name is "Tickles!!" — HI, SOPER-FACE!! — Dr. Yeo, from B. U., certainly gave us some good material to think about!! Let's not forget it, kids!! — I want to put Jimmy Lincoln in now. But, from what I hear, he is getting along well enough without our help! Lee Peraria is collecting "sterling", characters that is!! — Best wishes to the kids competing in the Drama Festival. — David Hayes is turning literary!! — Elsie Atwell's locker is always so nice and clean. — A select group of young ladies think that Peter Watson is quite the guy! (He'll kill me when he sees this.) — Have you seen Barbara McDonalds new hairdo?? We think it's George! — Everyone wants to know how Jackie Conroy got the Old Dutch Cleanser out of his hair?? — Anthea!! — John is certainly busy these days, huh Mimi?? — Why does everyone look at Ernie Root when they talk of cars falling to pieces?? — When will Shirley Colby ever decide on her men? Hurry, Shirley, you're keeping us all in suspense. — They always say "Beware the Ides of March" but, believe me, this year it was "Beware March 10" — Gee whiz, I'm tired — Growl, growl!! Where are all those notes for the 'Spotlight'?? Growl, growl. — Ginny Turtle is one person who is a staunch supporter of St. Pat. — Renee had a swell party; didn't she Eddie? Swyers, that is. Rosa, better known as Gael Mahoney, was there, too!! — Who can translate French?? I want to know what Louie Gnerre, Dick Douglas, and Walter Lucy write on the blackboards . . . Oh, Connie!! I hope Richie likes his cowboy watch! — Barbara Beckman and Don Edge are getting to be quite a twosome!! — We hear Loretta Franciscorie went to her sister's to baby sit and walked into a surprise 'Sweet Sixteen' party!! Sweet sixteen and never been missed, eh Loretta?? — Someone, just for the heck of it, ask Mary Frankudokes where she learned to speak Greek so fluently!! — Congratulations to the boys who won on the N.R.O.T.C.: Joe Lombardo, Donald Linehan, and Teddy Voitrinot. — Don Benson set a new record — so far this term, he hasn't been in school one complete week!! — Have you kids heard of the Cambridge Co-Ed Youth Council?? It's well worth looking into!! Just drop over to the Cambridge Public Library, or ask Bobbie Kaufman, or Dorrit Joseph about it. — Arthur Taylor got a haircut too!! Or else the Indians got him! — That two-way radio is quite the thing, hey kiddies?? But be careful "Big Brother Is

Watching You." — Who was 'making' that music in the Gym when the pictures were being taken?? — Has everyone seen the picture of "HIM" that Pat Supple drags out when you go to see her?? — Can't Stevie Koplan do his own laundry?? Or why is he always asking a certain girl about his shirts?? Newest twosome: Gerry Flett and 'Red' Coleman!! — I don't believe there's any club in the whole school that has more fun than the Glee Club!! — Let's all join! — It is rumored that Pat Walsh, Ruth Thorn, and Ann Vrettas hold up their socks with glue!!

Gerry Lavoie is a really pious sophomore who has all good intentions of becoming a nun. Is that right Gerry . . . Hearty congratulations to Eddie Asaley, who was named captain of the All-Suburban basketball team and to Jim "K.K." Crowley who made the second team due to his inspired play. Eddie, by the way, was high scorer of the league. — Some of our braver teachers were seen recently displaying fine sportsmanship at the hockey rallies by leading the students in some resounding cheers. Has anyone noticed the ever present smile of Larry Gosselin? What's the reason? Is it because he is now our class president (and a fine one) or is it because of a certain cheerleader with the initials S. H.?

What's the new word on everyone's lips? — Will you get a load of Donald "Dimples" Linehan's middle name. It starts with a "B" and is the name of an apple. Is that right "Lover?"

Seen regularly sleeping at the 7:30 at St. Peter's during Lent were Bob Tashjian, "Red" Coleman, Jack Monteith, John Scanal, and Dick Gerhard. Have you noticed the classy new eye glasses that Gerry Flett is sporting. Oh man!! — Now that the class pictures are coming back, we hear that Pat Monahan's portraits make her look like a movie star.

It's going to cost "Bibber" Cummysky a fortune for all the pictures she'll have to hand out. Jackie Leaman must be making some records at the "Y" the way he's be tossing the basketball through the hoop for the J.V. — Gerry Helberg is another of the 307 gang who plays for the Cambridge "Y" team. — All hopes of resuming Steve Dooling's taxi service were abandoned after his "Old Gentleman" offered the splendid vehicle for sale when sufficient funds failed to arrive. We might add that the car was immediately sold upon being presented to the public at auction.

Some swell parties were given since the last issue, one being at "Mal" Hackett's house where there was plenty of food and good times. Another gala party was held by great big "Ruthie" Kilfoyle over in Reading. It is reported that Don Rigazzio led a group of unsuspecting carloads into the hands of an officer who none too ceremoni-

ously informed the group that they were going in the wrong direction down a one way street. Some few seen attending these celebrations were "Tiny" and Margie McCusker, Mary Dwyer, Pauline Nugent, Nancy Gorman, Jean Brooks, "Sandy" and Carol Lertora, Pauline Glynn, Elenor Sugrue, Shirley Colby, Jimmie Schaub, Betty Rose, Rita Langley, Carol Farmer, Almer Mudarri, Gloria Sakey, "Sooty" Moore and I will soon know if I forgot anyone.

Heartfelt congratulations are in order for the whole hockey squad which did such a fine job in winning the G.B.I. hockey league and going as far as the semi-finals in the New England Tourney. You did a swell piece of hockey playing and we are all proud of the fine showing you made.

It seems that Buddy Shea is allergic to his fourth period class. He is forever leaving us. — Why has Franny McLaughlin suddenly taken a great interest in law? — What's this? Lena Lombardi is going into the Marines when she gets out of school. — Has anybody found Peggy Mahoney's shoe? She seems to have lost it in someone's closet!! — Who is the lucky girl that receives letters from a certain lad in the British Air Force?? It couldn't possibly be Stella Demaieraies could it?? — Is it true that Pat Connors keeps the candy and gum factories in business? — A few of the Rindge boys reportedly are giving C.H.L.S. lads some pretty tough competition — Who is the handsome blonde from Belmont that Mary Dwyer was seen talking to after school? Let us in on the news, Mary. — We should bow our heads in commemoration of the passing from our ranks of one of our favorite P.G.'s. Good luck to Red Coleman in his new job. — What senior artist has been elected president of the "Snook of the Month Club?"

The Totem pole seems to be a favorite spot for the elite of our honorable school as evidenced by the hearty attendance on Sammy Kay night. Some of the celebrities being Marie Fitzgerald and Jack Butler, Marilyn Hackett and Don Rigazzio, "Mimi" Fitzpatrick and Billy Hayes, Mary Feloney and Bert Blevens, Eileen McNamara and Buddy Francoeur, Jackie Wilson and Cliff Irwin, Jimmie Schaub and Peter Arthur Francis Watson, Esq. (huh), Sally Kaufman and Richie Grabowsky, Virginia Beckman and Ernie Root, Annie Eatough and Stew Moir, Lorraine Hanifin and Arthur Williams, Gail Hebbard and Henry Grunbaum, Leonor Pereira and her Harvard escort, Marilyn Pelrine and "Mac" McParland, Nancy Shea and Paul Brennan, Joan Kramer and Rickie Lubin, Beverly Pelrine and Ronald Swanson, Janice Balf and Neil Dempsey, and last but not least Nancy Butler and Chickie Holt. — What history class was confined to quarters be-

cause of a peculiar odor that permeated the room? — It has come to our attention that a certain senior does not FRAMASTAT the SQUOBEN. Is that true, Lorraine ?? — Why doesn't Teddy Hennessy ever sing at the *Frolics* rehearsals? Are you bashful Mist' Ted, or do you just want to be coaxed?? — Ask Edmund Carroll what the name Mary means to him. — Bob Eagan seems to have a peculiar feeling in his stomach when he dances with a certain Junior.

"Do Do" Murphy is the girl with a Marine friend. Could he be Jackie Cameron? It is reported that the cheerleaders all had a gala time at Josephine Vitales pizza party given for the entire squad. — Some of our Seniors seen showing off their talents in a recent minstrel show were Ann Rudy, Francis Gosson, Lena Lombardi, Theresa Koehane, and Helen Bolster. — Now that Al Sullivan again graces our hallowed corridors, the girls are once more swooning as he flashes his Ipana smile and sings them to sickness. It is really good to have him back though. (?) (?) (?)

Best wishes to Barbara "Babe" Collins who is convalescing after her recent illness. We all miss you, "Babe."

Until the next time, try to be good and if you can't be good, be careful.

Elspeth Edge '51

Peter Watson '51

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

ON FRIDAY, February 16th, the French Club had a most enjoyable meeting; the program included several musical selections. Renee Mercier, our charming little chanteuse, sang the ever popular *La Vie en Rose*. Another solo, *Dites Moi Pourquoi* from South Pacific was sung by Joan Forrest, of the Freshman class. Another Freshman David Fillian played a violin selection, *Cygne* by Saint-Saens. *The Toreador Song* from Carmen, also a violin solo, was Walter Vartanian's selection. Harold Kanavos played two French folk songs on his banjo.

For the dramatic part of our program, Mary MacLachlan and Peter Downs read scenes from *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Mary chose the last scene in the play, in which Cyrano dies and Peter did the scene in which Cyrano describes his famous nose.

We played a few games of French Bingo with prizes for the winners, and the program closed, as usual with the singing of *La Marseillaise*.

Henry Kite '52



BASKETBALL 1951**C.H.L.S. 30****Arlington 27**

Captain Jim Crowley paced Latin to a 30-27 victory over Arlington High at Arlington as the Cantabs gained their first victory of the year. Ed Asaley had 9 points for Latin and Don Swanson topped the Arlington with 11 points. The team looked good in its initial outing.

Waltham 50**C.H.L.S. 42**

Eddie Asaley scored 19 points to top the scorers but it wasn't enough and Latin bowed to Waltham High School in a very close contest played at Waltham. Jim Crowley had 8 points for the Cantabs while Red Russo with 17 and Bob Dennehy with 12 were high for the Watch City quintet.

Brookline 46**C.H.L.S. 39**

Brookline High handed Latin their second consecutive defeat in their new gym at Brookline with a 46-39 victory. Don Brady paced the Brookline scorers with 16 points while Eddie Asaley stood out for the Cantabs and was the game's high scorer with 22 points.

Newton 48**C.H.L.S. 47**

In a double overtime at Cambridge, Newton High edged the Cantabs in a real thriller and heartbreaker 48 to 47. Ed Asaley topped all the scorers with 15 points. Jim Crowley and Jack Leaman each had 12 points for Cambridge while Ed Price and Jack Dauten had 12 points apiece for the visitors.

Watertown 58**C.H.L.S. 39**

The Suburban League leaders had no mercy as they poured a 58-39 victory over Latin at Cambridge. Tim O'Hara paced the victors with 19 points. Ed Asaley once again topped all the scorers with 21 points and Captain Jim Crowley had 13 points for Latin.

Waltham 51**C.H.L.S. 44**

The season series between Waltham and Latin ended in another victory for Waltham as the boys from the Watch City won a close 51-44 decision over the Cantabs at Cambridge. Asaley again led the scoring parade with 17 points. Pete Watson had 12 points for Latin. Red Russo and Al Kirsch led the Waltham hoopsters with 15 points apiece.

C.H.L.S. 51**St. Sebastian 48**

Ed Asaley playing far and away his best game of the year led the Cantabs to a 51-48 overtime victory over St. Sebastian at Cambridge. Asaley poured 25 points through the hoop to lead the scoring parade. Jim Murphy was high scorer for the Friars with 19.

Rindge 51**C.H.L.S. 46**

Captain Jim Guiliano paced Rindge to a 51-46 victory in the first meeting of the year between the inter-city rivals. Ed Asaley continued to score as he got 21 points which wasn't enough. Guiliano had 21. Rindge built up a big lead in the early part of the contest and Latin tried valiantly but vainly to overcome that lead but just couldn't do it.

Arlington 56**C.H.L.S. 38**

Arlington high avenged that earlier defeat by overwhelming the Cantabs at Cambridge. Bob Bowler led the victors with 20 points. Jim Crowley led the Latin scorers with 15 and Asaley had 12.

Watertown 45**C.H.L.S. 43**

Latin lost a tough 45-43 decision to Watertown High at Watertown. Don Long was high for the winners with 19 while Ed Asaley with 15 and Jim Crowley with 12 were high for the losers.

Newton 43**C.H.L.S. 36**

Ed Price scored 15 points to lead Newton High to a 43-36 decision over Latin at Newton. Jim Crowley scored 13 points to pace Cambridge and Ed Asaley had 12.

Brookline 63**C.H.L.S. 45**

Brookline High swamped Latin 63-45 before a good crowd at Cambridge. Don Brady, as in the previous meeting with the wealthy towners, paced the victors with 20 points. Asaley once again was the high man for Cambridge with 13 points while Raoul Santos jumped into the limelight for the first time, tallying 10 points.

Rindge 51**C.H.L.S. 49**

The Cantabs lost a real heartbreaker to inter-city rival Rindge before a capacity crowd at the Rindge gym. The Cantabs led all the way but lost the lead in the early part of the 4th period and never recovered.

HOCKEY**C.H.L.S. 5****Rindge Tech 3**

Jack Murphy's two quick goals in the last period gave Latin a 5-3 triumph over city rival Rindge at the Arena. It was a wild and wooly contest with the Technicians battling valiantly but in vain. Jim Daley, Ralph Kilfoyle and Joe Spadaro had the other Cantab scores. Jim Duffy, Larry Loughlin, and Thomas Cusick scored for Rindge.

Arlington 1**C.H.L.S. 0**

Don O'Brien's third period goal gave Arlington High an upset 1-0 victory over Latin at the Arena. Playing with a badly sprained wrist Captain Murphy was handicapped but still played a good game. The Arlington boys were really up for this contest but with a few breaks the decision could easily have gone the other way.

C.H.L.S. 3**Newton 0**

Jackie Murphy scored twice as the Cantabs ended regular season play by white washing Newton 3 to 0 in an exciting contest at the Arena. Ralph Kilfoyle scored the other goal as Don Rigazio registered his second shutout of the year.

C.H.L.S. 4**Belmont 0**

George Boudreau turned the hat trick to lead Latin to a 4-0 shutout over Belmont High. Jim Daley had the other goal as the Cantabs continued to challenge for the GBI lead in winning their 6th victory of the year.

C.H.L.S. 4**Arlington 0**

Jim Daley scored twice as the Cantabs avenged their only league loss by whitewashing Arlington High 4-0 at the Boston Arena. Ralph Kilfoyle and Jack Murphy had the other two Latin goals. Don Rigazio was terrific in the nets as he racked up his fourth league shutout.

C.H.L.S. 3**Melrose 2**

It was all star day at the Arena as the Cantabs upset a favored Melrose sextet to win the GBI championship. No one Cantab stood out although a few were really terrific. George Boudreau scored twice and also got the winning marker. Ralph Kilfoyle got the third Latin score, Don Rigazio made two terrific saves with time running out and a Latin player in the penalty box.

It was the first championship for Latin since 1934. Jack Murphy, suffering from a severe cold, played a whale of a game and contributed greatly to the victory as did the whole squad. Hats off to the team for winning the crown.

C.H.L.S. 5**Hyde Park 1**

Five different players scored as the Cantabs hung up a 5-1 victory over Hyde Park in the opening round of the Met Tournament. George Boudreau, Dick McAdoo, Ralph Kilfoyle, Jack Murphy, and Dick Priebe all tallied for Latin in a thrilling contest. Al McEachern got the only score for the intown sextet.

Malden Catholic 3**C.H.L.S. 2**

Jack McKinnon's goal in the overtime period gave the yellow jackets a 3-2 upset victory over the Cantabs at the Arena. It was a close, hard fought contest with neither team holding a decided edge in play. George Boudreau and Dick McAdoo were the Latin scorers. Hats off to Don Rigazio, who did a good job in the nets and with a little luck could have done much better.

B. C. High 3**C.H.L.S. 2**

The Cantabs put on a very poor exhibition as they were edged by the Eaglets of B. C. High at the Arena in a consolation game of the Met Tournament. Phil Sheridan scored twice for the Eaglets with Billy Donlan getting the other marker. Jack Murphy and George Boudreau had the Cantab goals.

CANTAB CLIPPINGS

Hockey—Jack Murphy wound up as the leading scorer in the GBI league with 16 goals and 8 assists for 24 points. Jack deserves special mention for his inspiring play in the Melrose game. He had to get a doctor's O.K. in order to play that day, and he did play under a severe handicap. Even though he failed to get a point, he played an outstanding game. Congratulations to George Boudreau, Ralph Kilfoyle, Don Rigazio, and Jack Murphy on being selected for the GBI All Star team. Jim Daley was picked for the second team. I think that a mistake was made in not selecting Dick McAdoo on either All Star squad. Dick is a smart defenseman, has played heads up hockey all year long and contributed greatly to Latin's success. I can't praise our all-star goalie, Don Rigazio enough. Don was immense in the Latin nets all year and shone especially brightly in the 3-2 win over Melrose. In the third period of that game with time running out and Latin shorthanded, Don made some saves that would have gone by any other goaler. Don is only a Junior, so we'll be looking forward to seeing him at the Arena next year. The second line which is made up of Joe Spadaro, Austin Jordan, and Dick Priebe deserves some praise. They played well all year and though they didn't get many points, they were not scored upon much either. Last but not least—hats off to Coach Culhane. He did a marvelous job in taking practically the same team which finished sixth in the league a year ago and made it into a championship team.

Basketball—Even though the basketball squad had one of its poorest seasons in many a moon, there were a few bright spots. Eddie Asaley one of the best basketball players ever to come out of Latin School, was named right forward and Captain of Suburban League All Star team. Eddie led the Suburban League in scoring with 183 points for the year and overall tallied 208 points. Congratulations to you, Ed, and also to your fellow teammate Captain Jim Crowley, who made the second All Star team. The other members of the squad, Jack Leaman, Dick Igo, Pete Watson, Ray Mello, and Raoul Santos did a great job. Santos is one of the bright spots. With a little experience under his belt he will be even better next year.

Hal Goldstein '51

THE PLAYBILL

ONE of the finest tributes to the English playwright, William Shakespeare, is the continuing popularity of his works. From the days when his countrymen thronged to the Globe Theatre in Elizabethan times to the present day, the plays of this genius, still unrivaled in any language, have remained the ambition of almost every acting group, great or small, recognized or unrecognized. Likewise, there has never been a time when a large audience could not be counted upon to appraise the particular revival of these ageless classics of English literature. Anyone who has ever aspired to a career in acting has dreamed also of portraying one of the many Shakesperian roles which are incomparable mediums to the competent actor. Within the last few years we have seen many fine examples of Shakesperian revivals on the stage and screen. Such outstanding motion pictures as Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Henry Fifth* and such fine stage productions as William Devlin's *King Lear* and John Gielgud's *Hamlet* show clearly that distinguished actors often turn their talents to these matchless vehicles.

Thus the theatre world was not surprised when Olivia de Haviland, until now one of the best actresses in Hollywood, announced her plans to portray Juliet in the Dwight Deere Wiman presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*, the classic tragedy of young love. This latest production, certainly one of the finest in every way, deserves a long successful run on Broadway after which Miss de Haviland intends to tour the entire country as long as people want to see her version of this classic. It certainly is a memorable one. All those who contributed to this production have definitely discovered the secret of casting a spell over an audience. No element is conspicuous, but acting, settings and costumes together lend enchantment to some of the greatest scenes ever written. First of all, the cast is young. Many previous revivals have lacked that youthful quality which is necessary for a convincing interpretation of this beautiful story. Miss de Haviland is truly Juliet Capulet, the young noblewoman who falls desperately in love with Romeo, the handsome heir of the house of Montague, sworn enemies of the Capulets. Her performance is consistent with her earlier ones which have built up her reputation as one of America's excellent young actresses. As her ill-fated lover, Douglas Watson displays unusual talent. Jack Hawkins played the wonderful role of Mercutio, Romeo's friend. Like the others, his performance was outstanding. However, one cannot conclude his comments on the acting without mentioning Evelyn Varden, who appeared as Juliet's elderly nurse. She was a joy to watch and listen.

Another factor which contributes greatly to the show is the settings. Designed by Oliver Messel, they are not only beautiful but also quite clever. The quick changes of scene required by Shakespeare are very effectively executed. This production owes its wonderful costumes to the genius of Mr. Messel.

Altogether, I should certainly say that *Romeo and Juliet* is slated for a long successful run on Broadway if there is still an audience for fine Shakespeare.

In *Romeo* we have the perfect example of the desire of famous actors and actresses to turn to the works of this great playwright who lived, you must remember, many centuries ago. However, playing at the same time and only a few miles away from the Colonial Theatre was the Brattle Theatre's Fiftieth Jubilee Presentation of "Henry IV," Part the Second. Now we see a small, new and unrecognized company choosing a Shakespearean play to mark the occasion of its fiftieth production. It is, on the whole, a revival worthy of the celebration. "Henry IV," Part II, deals with the later life of the King and the doings of his sons and their friends with particular reference to one Sir John Falstaff, one of Shakespeare's most beloved characters. We find that the old feeble monarch is gravely worried, not only by civil war and other weighty affairs, but also by the highly disturbing conduct of the Prince of Wales, heir to the throne. Not until his father is dying does the Prince realize his great responsibility to his subjects, mend his wild ways, and dismiss his companions. The best acting in the play is contributed by Thayer David. Any scene in which he appears is automatically electrifying. Surely this is one of the best performances of his career in Cambridge.

As Prince Hal, Bryant Halliday gets better as the evening goes on. He leaves something wanting in the first act, but in the second he is most convincing. Jerry Kilty, as Falstaff, the leader of men with whom Hal associates, gives his usual performance which is outstanding. Mr. Kilty appeared in many of the Brattle company's shows and in all of them he is consistently wonderful. As usual, the direction is by Albert Marre whose wife, Jan Farrand, is seen in the play as Doll Tearsheet. The comedy is at times a little raucous, but then Shakespeare had to appeal to the lower classes on the floor of the Globe Theatre. The Brattle Company is assuredly faithful to this point.

If you are interested in some superior entertainment this spring, I recommend *It's About Time* at the Brattle Theatre on March 14th; the *Member of the Wedding* at the Colonial Theatre on March

26th; *The Tales of Hoffman*, a movie at the Majestic on April 10th, and the Ballet Russe, which arrives at the Opera House, April 23rd. Any of these is worth your while.

Martha Murphy '53

G.A.A. NOTES

ON DECEMBER 2, the G.A.A. held a Winter formal at the Cambridge Boat Club. Music was supplied by Kent Bartlett. Nancy Shea and Paul Brennon were chosen King and Queen by the patrons who were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Linsky, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Hyde, Miss George, Miss MacDonald, and Mr. Toomey.

The Cheerleaders held their third annual reunion at the Ambassador Hotel, on March 5. To each of her present cheerleaders Miss Brown presented a silver megaphone as a token of Miss Brown's appreciation for their splendid work during the cheering season.

The G.A.A. will hold an election for new officers during the month of April and the installation will take place in May. For qualifications please see Miss Brown.

Ruth Kilfoyle '51

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

ALMOST every family has an album of old photographs and some even have enough pictures to fill three or four volumes. Our clan is no different in this respect, for with uncles, aunts and cousins innumerable, it was not long before the black pages were covered with snapshots. The oldest and most prized picture is a blurred tintype of my mother's family, posing at the photographer's in a car of nondescript denomination. It is hard to realize, looking at the photo, that the chubby little boys and pig tailed little girls are grown men and women with children of their own.

Then there are the pictures recording gala picnics, parties, and anniversaries. There is no greater pleasure on a rainy day than going over these and recalling the time Johnny fell in the brook at Picnic Park, and ruined his new shoes, or the time Uncle Frank lifted a huge boulder above his head to display his Herculean strength and sprained his back. Those pleasant times are more than memories as long as they are permanently pictured in our album.

There is bound to be a snapshot of someone, taken unaware. We have several of these, a little embarrassing perhaps for the model, but very enjoyable for the other members of the family. With nearly two and a half volumes filled we go on collecting and woe betide the one who forgets the camera at a graduation, wedding, or just a day at the beach. What's the sense of having a

good time if, after it is over, it cannot be shared with others by means of old photographs?

Patricia Supple '51

CAREER DAY AT LATIN SCHOOL

SINCERELY hope that to most of us, *Career Day* meant a little more than just a day without homework. Our school on March the fourteenth was almost "overrun" with famous and important figures. However, we pupils should not merely be content with having had a chance to see important personages. If we felt gratification, it should be rather for the fact that we had the opportunity to hear these people speak, and consequently, enlighten us on matters which were previously cloudy in our minds.

To most of us, the talks we heard were encouraging. The speaker made us feel that success in the vocation about which he was talking could be possible if we were actually earnest in entering it. However, to some of us, they were discouraging. We must realize that any vocation has its difficulties, and it is best, of course, that we be aware of them now rather than later.

To illustrate what I mean, Professor Burden of Tufts College informed us that the field of engineering was wide open: that the demand for engineers was terrific and would be even more so in 1954. Mr. Lawrence Dame, feature writer for the *Boston Herald* told us that a good newspaper man could earn up to two hundred and seventy dollars a week. Certainly an encouraging goal to work for!

On the other hand, according to Dr. William McHugh, preparing for the field of medicine required a great deal more money than I had ever expected, and a doctor could not hope to earn much for a long time after his internship. I learned that in the field of law, only approximately twenty percent of those who took the bar exams were admitted to practice. Some of the girls discovered from Miss Lois Colleary, Stewardess from the Northeast Airlines, that if they were a pound or so over-weight they could not be an airline hostess. It is much better that this information be learned now so that these girls can choose another occupation in the event that they don't lose weight in the future.

This day should be taken very seriously. It enabled us to learn of the costs of the preparation for our future work, the necessary qualifications, the chances for advancement, of the possible salaries and of the competition which face us. After all, it is nobody but ourselves who are going to have to enter this business and professional world in just a short time.

James Lincoln '51

ON NECKTIES

A NEW NECKTIE is to a man what a new hat is to a woman. What can force a dejected male to look at the world in a new light better than the sensation of wearing a long strip of gaily painted satin (or silk or cotton as the owner's pocketbook permits)? Besides heartening a male's spirits, a necktie shows the characteristics of its wearer.

The man who steps into the light of day wearing a brown necktie with a blue suit has had an argument with his wife. Had he left home without a single care, he would have knotted a blue cravat. Instead he hurried from his house and, in his haste, donned a clashing brown necktie which was the first on his rack.

The elderly gentleman who wears a bright bow tie is trying to regain his long-lost youth. His opposite is a young man who, since his is a high position, is attempting to gain an appearance of dignity by wearing a limp black string which he dares to call a necktie.

A man's character may be read by his necktie, but the most important office of the cravat is the improving of its wearer's appearance. The short, fat man, say the designers, should not wear a short necktie but a long one. The tall man should never be seen without an eighteen-inch stripe of cloth which accentuates his better qualities.

Let us survey the story of Henry S., whose case history was given in a recent woman's magazine as the perfect example of a man who was wearing the wrong necktie. A "before" photograph of Henry S. shows that the man was wearing the wrong suit, shirt, hat, shoes, and pocket handkerchief; but the article assures us that his necktie was to blame. Henry S. would not admit his age. He wore a single-breasted jacket that would have looked gaudy on a tout at a southern race track. His shirt might have looked well on an undergraduate of some college, his hat might have looked well in a store window, his shoes might have looked well in the mouth of a hungry, playful puppy, and his pocket handkerchief . . . His necktie is of the greatest interest to us, however. If it were placed beside Henry's necktie, a Dali painting would have seemed plain. Mrs. Henry S. is the first person who noticed Henry's disarray. The reader is not told how Henry's appearance escaped Mrs. S. for twenty years of married life, but the woman finally became conscious of her husband's attire. "My heavens," she said one morning after she had removed her rose-colored glasses, "you need a new necktie, dear." The "after" photograph shows us that Henry was not satisfied with a new necktie. He purchases a conservative grey suit, white shirt, Hom-

berg hat, thirty dollar Oxfords, and a walking stick. His appearance, however, was improved by his new necktie.

So neckties, like time, march on. From coast to coast the necktie has overwhelmed men (and women, who wear their male relatives' cravats). Perhaps some day a man will invent a shirt with a necktie painted onto it and save his fellows much trouble. I must close now, for I have just discovered that I am wearing a green necktie on a blue shirt. Being fashion wise, I must change either necktie or shirt.

John Laucus '51

OUR FELINE FRIENDS

THE other day while I was talking to a woman, a member of my church, the conversation turned to the subject of animals.

"I love dogs," she said, "but I just cannot bear the sight of a cat."

As I have a passionate love for cats, her statement angered me a little. This experience though, was not an unusual one. Why some people have such an aversion to cats is something that I will never quite understand. Perhaps it reverts back to Medieval days, when there were so many superstitions about cats.

"Grimalkin, the foul fiend's cat,

Grimalkin, the witch's brat,"

runs an old rhyme, expressing the favorite prejudice of its day. Innumerable legends surrounded the animal during the centuries of superstition. They were associated with anything that was evil; they were witches, devils, and ogres in disguise.

But somehow, I find it hard to believe that broad-minded, straight-thinking, educated people would give such an unreasonable account for their prejudice. I am more inclined to believe that they are envious of these strange little animals; envious of their complete independence and their ability to have remained untamed and unspoiled by man since the dawn of civilization. Man has accomplished much since the beginning of his time. He has made horses and dogs his slaves, but the cat still gently eludes him.

Cat-lovers are always classified as dog-haters. This is something else that I do not understand. Why don't people believe me when I say, "It's not that I dislike dogs; it's just that I like cats better." Perhaps I can give you some reasons why I favor cats rather than man's best friend.

You have, no doubt, watched a cat walk across a table or bench laden with various articles, but did not particularly notice the great care which she put into her task. The hesitating, measured steps that she took probably went unobserved because you expected nothing less from a cat. Let

a dog cross this same table, though, and see what happens. He would walk carelessly and awkwardly intent only on getting across, and not even try to take pains not to knock things hither and thither, breaking them.

When a cat is in a lonely room with me, I enjoy a companion and peace and quiet at the same time. Not so with a dog. As he paces the floor, the nails of his feet begin to sound like horses' hoofs and his spasms of growling like the roars of a lion, while I am trying to work out an algebra problem or write some intricate French grammar.

Some people say that cats are selfish, and when given affection, return it only because of their own momentary comfort. But if this is true, what of it? Why bother to find how far the sincerity of their affection goes, as long as they remain their own charming selves? I hope that some day the only people who will discriminate against cats will be the people who hate all animals. I remember reading a simple verse once that I liked very much. It went like this.

"Talk not to me about your dog,

It is but idle chat;

Give me that calm philosopher

Of hearth and home, the cat."

Marilyn Hayes '51

THE FIRST DAY ON A NEW JOB

■ WAS a trifle nervous as I approached the massive front door of "Elmwood" on that crisp, autumn afternoon. It seemed very strange that I was actually going to work at the home of James Russell Lowell. Although I had never been in the house before, I had lived just around the corner from it as far back as I could remember. I recall that I used to get a queer prickly feeling up and down my spine as I passed by on my way to school when I was small; there always seemed to be an air of mystery about the old place as if it stood in a world apart from everything else. I had always had a strong desire to see the inside of the mansion, but never thought I would have the chance, and now here I was, walking up the front steps. As I pulled the handle of the doorbell, I glanced around the grounds. The lawn was like a carpet of green velvet, and although most of the leaves had fallen from the branches of the trees and bushes, there was still a cluster of bright, fall flowers at one side of the long porch. At that moment the door was opened by the butler who ushered me into a reception hall. As I answered his inquiry, I gazed with awe at my surroundings. Before I was taken upstairs I had a chance to glimpse the beautiful staircase, and the impressive living and dining rooms. I soon found myself confronted by the secretary of the

owner of the house. She was a pleasant woman who was to instruct me in my duties, but she said that my first assignment would be to make a tour of the house with her while she acquainted me with the place and pointed out objects of interest.

As we descended the beautifully hand-carved staircase she related some of the history of the estate, how it was built just before the time of the American Revolution in 1762, that it extended in those days from the Charles River to Fresh Pond, and that Benedict Arnold and George Washington had once camped their troops on the grounds. We had by this time entered the living room, a large room with a fireplace at one end and ceiling-high bookcases against two of the walls. Two arched doorways on either side of the fireplace led into another living-room which Lowell called his "Solida Poeta." Every wall in this room was lined with books from the ceiling to the floor and several of the books dated back as far as the middle 1500's. It seemed that Lowell was most fond of this particular room and did much of his writing there, sitting before the fire. I was told that a goodly number of paintings in that room and others throughout the house were originals, done centuries ago by some very prominent artists. Just before leaving the room, one of the windowpanes happened to catch my eye and upon scrutiny I discovered several names and dates had been scratched into the glass. I was told that it had been done with a diamond by the people who lived there around 1865. During the excursion, I was deeply impressed by an air of serenity and dignity which seemed to penetrate every room: I felt that the old house still retained within its walls the secrets of the past and the memories, happy and otherwise, of its occupants long since gone. When the tour was completed, I was shown actual photographs taken of Lowell and his friends before the fireplace in the living-room. I think that I learned more history that day than I ever will in any other one day in my life. After I had inspected everything, I settled down to business and was soon lost in the memories of what I had seen and heard in the past hour.

It was a very strange way to start a job, but that is actually what happened. I don't imagine that any other position that I may have in my lifetime will commence in as exciting and interesting a way as that one did. I gained much that first day, more than I may ever gain again in a single day, and I was to learn more and more about the world as the days went by, not only from the practical point of view, but from the historical and cultural angles as well.

Carol Ryan '52

SENIOR HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1950-1951**

Andella, Clara	Linnehan, Elizabeth
Anderson, Susie	Lynch, Priscilla
Atwell, Elsie	MacKay, Sylvia
Bacon, Marilyn	MacLachlan, Mary
Barry, Therese	Manetas, Peter
Cabral, Paul	McLaughlin, Joan
Cogan, Ann	McNamara, Eileen
Colby, Joy	Ormond, Marilyn
Connors, Carleton	Quigley, Barbara
Delorey, Elaine	Raneshousen, Jeremy
Duehay, Francis	Robinson, Joan
Edge, Elspeth	Salines, Marie
Farrell, Ann	Spinney, June
Feloney, Mary	Strohminger, Frances
Finstein, Marvin	Supple, Patricia
Gillespie, Barbara	Thompson, Carole
Halevy, Reuben	Totino, Elizabeth
Head, Doris	Wheelock, Margaret
Howard, Shirley	Whitehouse, Joan
Jakeway, Beverly	Yoyos, Elaine

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1950-1951**

Abitabile, Lorraine	Lecesse, Irene
Ambrose, Margery	MacPhee, Dorothy
Azadian, Harry	McIver, Norman
Baptiste, Evelyn	Mailhot, Jeannine
Benevento, Mary	Marathas, Georgia
Bennett, Constance	Martin, Carol
Birch, Ann	Megevick, William
Boudreau, Francis	Miano, Mary
Boyajian, Barbara	Michalchik, Lillian
Brennan, Evon	Nicewicz, Jean
Cabral, Dolores	Nichols, Barbara
Citino, Orlando	Nissen, Muriel
Collins, Joseph	Noonan, David
Costa, Alice	Perreira, Gilda
Delaney, Mary	Petrulis, John
Downs, Peter	Ryan, Beverly
Evangelista, Grace	Saia, Lucille
Ferreira, Mary	Santos, Robert
Francesconi, Loretta	Savioli, Catherine
Goldberg, Richard	Sheehan, Mary R.
Guida, Tina	Smart, Harold
Hudson, Barbara	Smith, Arthur
Hurley, Patricia	Spagnuolo, Daniel
Hutchings, Muriel	Steinfeld, Ida
Idelson, Beldon	Tanenholtz, Alvin
Jennings, Barbara	Totty, Gordon
Joseph, Dorritt	Townson, Joan
Kaufman, Roberta	Valerio, Nancy
Kendall, Robert	Vartanian, Walter

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1950-1951**

Ackerman, Marcy	Bell, Elaine
Altshuler, Harry	Belleza, June

Boyle, Bernadette	Lord, Shirley
Bulcamino, Rosemarie	Lorris, Paul
Bunai, Nancy	MacDonald, Barbara
Corcoran, Philip	Martin, Charles
Crowley, Joyce	McCabe, Richard
Dobrovolsky, Frances	McCarron, Patricia
Douglas, Thomas	Medor, Beverly
Farrell, Clair	Murphy, Estelle
Firchow, Christina	Murphy, Martha
Flaherty, William	Nelson, Joan
Forrest, Norine	Niles, Jean
Galt, Jean	Olson, Roger
Garioian, Ann	Penney, Phyllis
Garrity, John	Power, Jane
Giffin, Judith	Raineri, Mary
Gil, Dorothy	Rancatore, Anna
Hanafin, Marie	Risola, Joan
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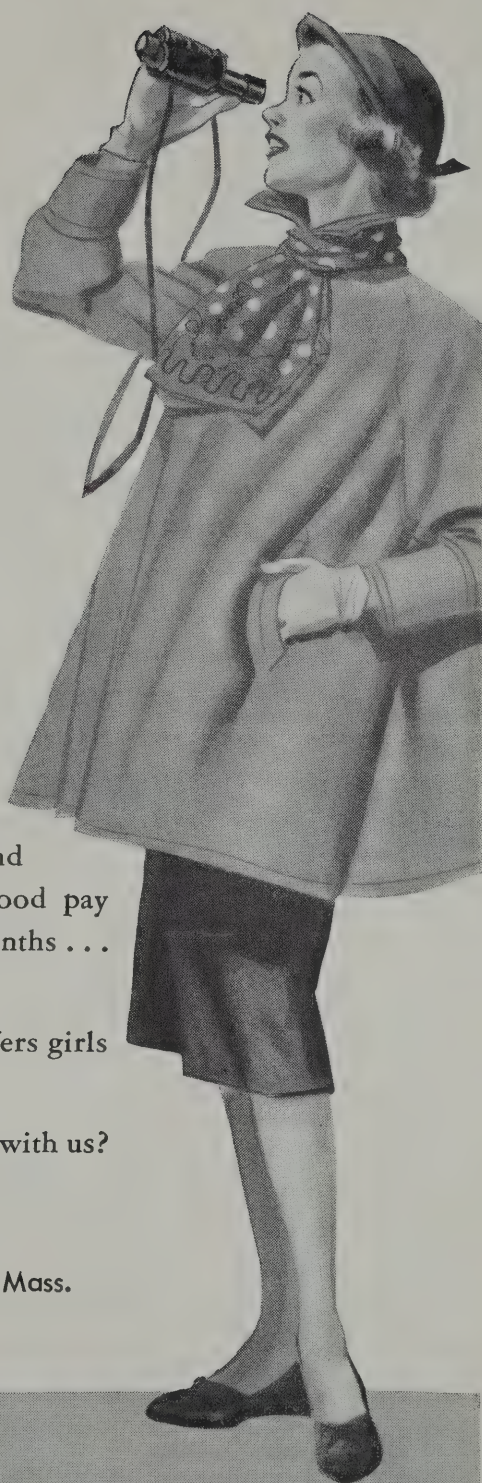
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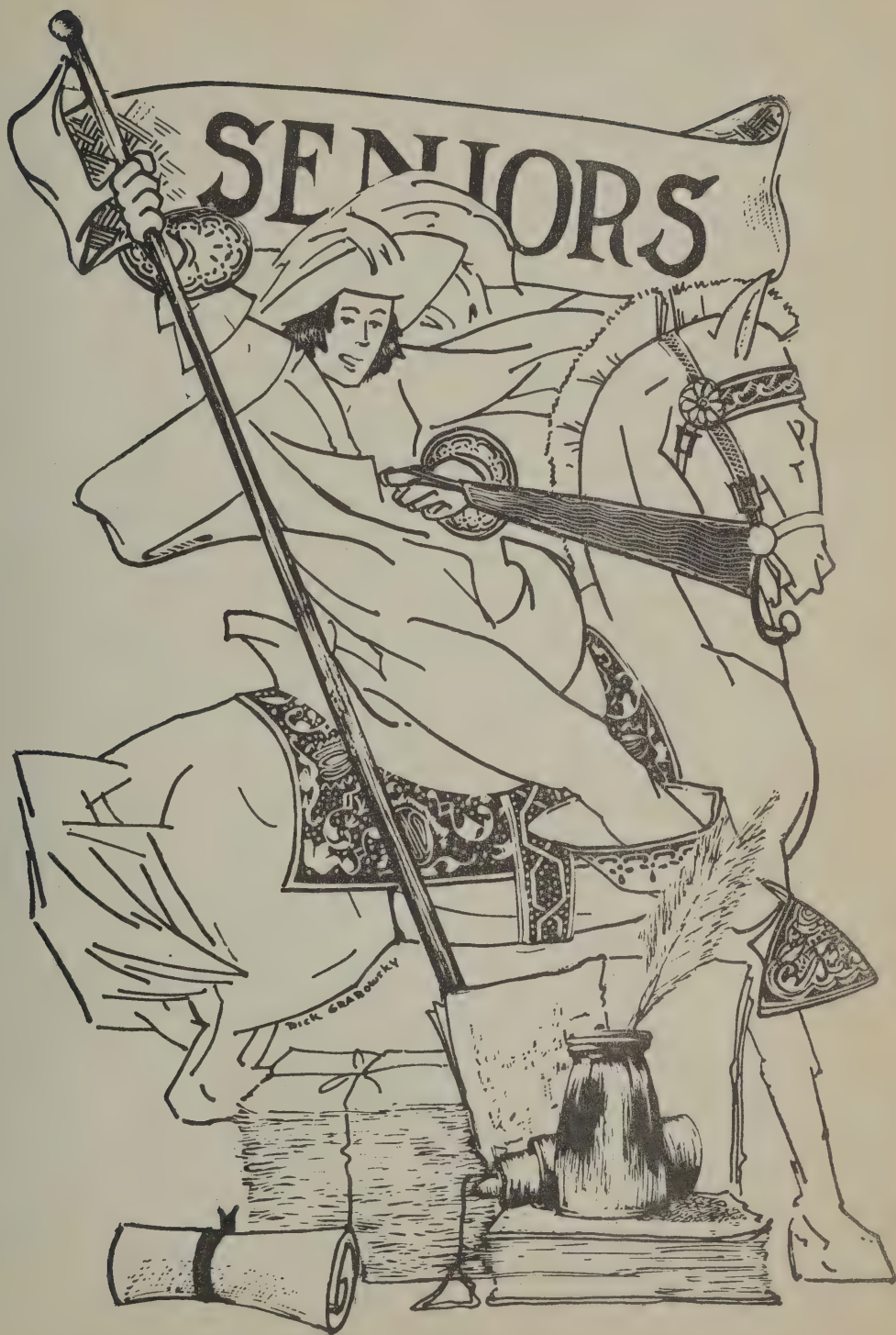
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Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

VOLUME 66 — NUMBER 4

COMMENCEMENT, 1951

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Published four times a year: November, January,
March and May.

Terms: \$1.00 per year; 25 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at
Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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EDITORIAL TO THE SENIORS

"Life is my college. May I graduate well,
and earn some honors."

—*Louisa May Alcott*

MOST of us can afford to entertain the above thought for a few, brief moments. Graduation marks the culmination of four years' toil. Although some people would have us believe that our lives will witness nothing but war and bloodshed, such a viewpoint is definitely a fatalistic attitude, one which has no business creeping into our lives. Granted that the world situation today is grim, and that we as citizens must accomplish our small bit on a distraught globe, still, our lives are just beginning, and there is no need for such discouragement. "Prospice!" Look forward!

Our high school days have been crammed full of not only school work, but also athletics, club activities, and many other social events. Our reminiscences include the contrast of the old and the new boys' lunchroom, the days when no loud-speakers threatened to frighten us out of our wits, and our championship hockey team. Finally we won't forget the assemblies, the P.T.A. nights, and the yearly variations in our curriculum which have advanced us from the simpler to the more complex studies in order to adapt us for the years ahead. But we are in no way different from the thousands of high school students throughout our country. The leaves have turned color and fallen, and spring has come four times since our entrance into this school. We shall never forget these wonderful times, the fooling, and the jibes of both teacher and student. We have finished our high school days, but the memories shall linger on forever.

Now the open road stretches before us filled with opportunities. Some of us will continue on to college, some of us will enter the armed service, and some of us will seek civilian employment directly. Although this open road is mined with slight pitfalls, with diligence we shall pass successfully through college or through the first job. We have been well prepared for our next step in life; let us utilize this knowledge to the best of our ability.

F. D.

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MY GREATEST SURPRISE

IT WAS winter, 1948. The snow had just begun to cover the brown earth. My family had quietly settled down to our home in Peiping, China. Suddenly shocking news came. The American Consulate urged all Americans to leave the city at once. The buckling Communist forces in the north were pushing hard against the Nationalist troops and they were slowly but surely breaking through.

The most hectic moments were the next twenty-four hours. My mother hustled about packing up a few clothes while my father busied himself by securing passage to Shanghai.

The next morning I found myself at a train terminal near the south wall of the city. This protective wall running around the whole city

was to soon witness a battle that would change China's future. Around five-hundred other evacuees were boarding the train. Then we were off on our journey!

The grownups seemed to be in a state of great anxiety, but the children were having the time of their lives romping around the cars. We were grimly reminded that we were evacuees, however, as the train had to stop now and then to fix tracks which had been derailed by local Communists.

At a sea port, we boarded an L.S.T. which took us one thousand miles down the China seacoast. There we were transferred to a large Navy transport. Time dragged by. At last the now revered port of Shanghai was reached. The heat at the wharf seemed to make the mixed noises even louder, but now that we were safe, we paid little attention to them. At Shanghai we made our temporary headquarters.

My greatest surprise came when I suddenly awoke to the bewildering facts of life. I realized how lucky I was to escape so easily before the face of the advancing Reds; how lucky I was to escape unharmed without being crushed to death due to a crowded standing-position as many children were later on board ship.

I hope that in some small way, this futile attempt of mine to show you the terrific conditions which existed among the refugees will be remembered.

Sylvia Ch'en '54

THAT PARADE

THE early spring sun was rising over the great city of New York. As it cast its first faint glimmer of light on those mighty buildings, the proudest in the world, a careworn city rose to face another day. That day, however, was not destined to fall into that vague "just another" category. April twentieth was going to become a day for all New York to remember, for before the sun threw the last faint rays of light on those skyscrapers, the city would have witnessed one of the greatest parades in its history.

The new day grew slightly older, and the stronger light of the sun showed wonderful preparations for the parade in the streets. There were more than the customary number of policemen on hand, and as the morning hours passed, they began to guard the wooden rails which had been erected to keep back the crowd. People were in a holiday mood. Soon they were collecting in increasingly large numbers to secure the best possible places to see everything. This continued throughout the morning, but as noon approached, the pitch of excitement rose immeasurably. Huge

crowds assembled not only in the streets but also on the roofs, and soon office windows were thrown open to be filled immediately with joyously expectant faces. Now at last the television cameras were focused and the big, wonderful parade began.

While the first bands and marching columns were passing and while the first handfuls of ticker tape swirled to the street, a very proud and happy man settled himself in the shining limousine with the highest dignitaries of the city. The previous days had been very hectic for this man, for they were filled with long journeys and great welcomes. Ahead of him, though, was the greatest one of all. This was MacArthur day in New York. From that moment on, wonderful events happened one after another. As he passed, the ticker-tape fell in blinding proportions in his wake. Then in a minute he was gone, and another part of the city repeated the joyous welcome. Finally it was over, and a feeling of happy exhaustion crept over the city.

He was gone but hardly forgotten. General MacArthur's great career will live in the hearts of his countrymen as long as the United States is free. Grateful Americans could never forget his marvelous work in the Asiatic theatre of World War II, when the things we prize most were in jeopardy. Now his career is closing under a storm of criticism. No one, however, could forget that his finest hour was our hour of need.

Martha Murphy '53

TELEVISION IN OUR HOUSE

WHEN we first got our television set, everyone in the house was practically glued to it, to the extent of neglecting household duties. There was only one part of the day besides the time in which we attended school that we were not watching it. This was the few hours after school in which my father, a school teacher, insisted that we children do our homework. I am afraid that during that first month, my reading was limited to school books, which were forced on me. No one in the family would have thought of leaving the house for the evening for fear that he might miss a good show. We never even turned it off when there was something on the screen that none of us enjoyed. When we had guests, instead of having interesting conversations as in the "pre-television" era, we would immediately usher them into our darkened living room, where not more than five words would be uttered until the time came for them to take their leave.

However, I am happy to say that the members of my family have not allowed television to rule their lives. Now I watch it on the average of two nights a week, and then only for an hour or

two. I go out with my friends, who are all used to television now, and once again spend delightful afternoons reading for my own pleasure. Even the younger children are not downcast when they must have a session with a dish towel instead of their favorite cowboy show. Guests are once again received as they should be, and they are not compelled to watch television all evening.

I hope I have not given the impression from this that I do not still enjoy television. On the contrary, I have come to enjoy baseball more since the game has been explained to me so well, and I enjoyed the Senate Crime Investigations, General MacArthur's arrival, and the many fashion shows I have seen. I have had a few profitable cooking lessons in the afternoon, and I think a few of the plays, movies, and ballets have been excellent. Indeed, I hope that in the years to come, television will find its place in the schools and will prove as educational there as it is entertaining in the homes.

Barbara Jennings '52

TELEVISION: AN ASSET OR A DETRIMENT?

THERE are three schools of thought on the subject of television's influence: those who think it good; those who consider it bad; and those who term it merely indifferent. I should like to present each argument here.

Those who praise television's good qualities seem not to dwell so much on the television of today as they do on the possible future of the industry. They speak of its future value in education, science, and medicine. Nevertheless, they do have something to say concerning the present condition of television. They praise such public services as the presentation of the crime hearings, General MacArthur's speech, and President Truman's addresses. This is the basis of their argument.

Those who argue against television certainly have good points in their favor. They say that a large number of programs are detrimental to children and keep them from completing their schoolwork. They argue that television will never improve materially because the people are quite content with the trash they are getting. They say the sponsors realize this and purposely keep the intellectual level of their programs down. As television exists today, they lament, it is merely lulling the minds of the people to sleep with its pretty pictures.

Of course, as in every group, there are those who consider television to be merely indifferent, having no effect either for good or for evil. These people placidly take what is handed to them and

apparently enjoy it. Unfortunately, this group forms the majority of the public.

There is something to be said for the good criticism and for the bad. I think that television's as yet undeveloped potential is tremendous. It could be the avenue for true understanding between government and people, between teacher and student. It only remains for something to be done about it. Television now is certainly detrimental. It is a drug, not only on the minds of the adults, but on the minds of the children, in whose hands the future lies. But, in spite of this condition, there is one thing that the sponsors and the television industry do not realize, and that fact is the one hope for the future. Many of the minority want definite improvement and will not rest until they get it.

Jeremy Ranshausen '51

POPULARITY POLL

AFTER days of counting, adding, and crumpling ballots into useless wads of paper, the judges of the REVIEW Popularity Poll finally reached a decision. With shouts of "Read the next issue," they fought off the hordes who asked about the results. The next issue of the REVIEW is here (thank heaven) and so are the results.

Most Popular Girl	Barbara Cummiskey
Most Popular Boy	John Murphy
Prettiest Girl	Carol Thompson
Best Looking Boy	John Murphy
Best Dressed Girl	Kay Dooley
Best Dressed Boy	Al Sullivan
Best All Round Athlete: Girl	Barbara Cummiskey
Best All Round Athlete: Boy	John Murphy
Best Natured Student	Barbara Cummiskey
Wittiest Student	Lawrence Gosselin
Best Dancer: Girl	Joan Coughlin
Best Dancer: Boy	Edward Asaley
Most Likely to Succeed	Therese Barry
	Francis Duchay

Congratulations!

Boys and girls seemed to agree that their favorite radio program was the Boston Ballroom, their favorite T.V. Program Your Show of Shows, their favorite sport baseball, and their favorite orchestra Ralph Flanagan's. Although their taste in movie actors differed (girls picked handsome Farley Granger; boys, John Wayne), June Allyson was the favorite actress of both. For a favorite amusement, the girls picked movies, whereas the boys chose dancing.

Finished at last! 'tis a relief to be rid of these results, and I'm sure that no one knew them before they were printed.

John Laucus '51

HAPPINESS FROM WITHIN

“TWO chickens in every pot, two cars in every garage,” represented to many in the days of President Hoover the essence of happiness. Today the definition has become somewhat modified. If you can keep up with the Joneses; that is, if you have television, a new car and a fifteen foot square back yard, you are supposed to be successful. And if you are successful, you are supposed to be happy.

If this definition of happiness is a true one, why is it that we sometimes find that it is the poor who are happy and the wealthy who are not? Why is it that the frail little woman who has a struggle to feed her family looks peaceful and happy, whereas the rich dowager who can run from luncheons to shopping trips wears a look of vague discontent? Perhaps it is that the poor woman with her back tenement and patched clothes is the one who is really successful. But this sounds unlikely to us, for, unfortunately, we have come to think of the word success only in a material sense. We try to measure happiness in dollars and cents, until one day we find that happiness is not for sale, that happiness comes from within.

Jesus knew that people had the wrong definition of happiness and He tried to help them in His great *Sermon on the Mount* when He told them to take no thought of earthly things. For happiness is not material, but rather spiritual. Until we put inner, spiritual happiness first and trust in God for the rest, we cannot hope for any measure of happiness.

Anthea Eatough '51

JUNIOR PRESS SEMINAR ON WORLD AFFAIRS

THAT'S a mighty imposing title, but actually it was a great deal of fun. You see, it was a meeting of the editors of high school newspapers and magazines, sponsored by the *Boston Globe*, The United Council on World Affairs, and Browne and Nichols School (where the meeting was held). The purpose of the whole day was to give us editors an opportunity to discuss grave international questions with the men who help shape our destiny. Therefore the gentlemen in charge chose Congressman John F. Kennedy, Honorable Ahmed S. Bokhari, Miss Doris Fleeson, a syndicate columnist, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge to talk with us. So you can see, with such sponsors and such speakers, it should have been a big success. Indeed it was!

The seminar began at nine thirty on April twenty-eighth, with some introductory remarks by Charles C. Cabot, a director of the United Council on World Affairs. Mr. Cabot explained to us briefly the duties of the Council. These remarks were supplemented by a great deal of very interesting information which was passed around about the organization. The Council is one of the bodies which works earnestly and faithfully for true world peace in these troubled times. After hearing Mr. Cabot and reading the leaflets, I was anxious to join the Council in its important work.

After this, Congressman John F. Kennedy, one of our Massachusetts Representatives in Congress spoke to us. Mr. Kennedy discussed most of the major problems which confront us today, especially those which concern Europe. Mr. Kennedy is one of our best experts on the European crisis because he has just returned from an extensive tour of the continent and has seen the state of affairs there first hand.

He emphasized the fact that Russia now has under arms a great many more divisions than the Allies have. Therefore he stated that we must re-arm very quickly, for it is likely that Russia will deem it advisable to attack now when we are unprepared, rather than later when we are armed to the teeth. He next reviewed the number of divisions which all of the countries of Western Europe could have ready to fight by the middle of 1952. He also spent a great deal of time on the problem of whether Europeans will fight. Mr. Kennedy feels that they will, if their countries are attacked. In the meantime, however, they are trying to avoid a war in which they feel they are not involved. Europeans realize that the main conflict is between the United States and Russia. Their countries are war torn and they are not in the least anxious to see them devastated again. Perhaps this would be more our attitude if our land had been bombed in World War II.

The next speaker was the Honorable Ahmed S. Bokhari, the permanent member of the United Nations from Pakistan. In my humble opinion, he was the best of all the speakers. Mr. Bokhari discussed the problems of Asia and the Asiatic peoples. He reminded us that over one half of the world's population lives in Asia. Yet for two hundred years, its people have been subjected to European domination. During this time, very little if any progress was being made on this continent, while Europe and the New World made enormous cultural advances. Now he says the yoke of Europe has been removed from his people. Now the dream of freedom is a reality. The people, however, cannot rejoice, for now that the world looks upon them with such deference,

Asia is in no way in a position to take its place among the world of nations. Its people are illiterate (only ten per cent can read); they live in almost unbelievably bad conditions where filth and disease are rampant. Surely great strides must be taken in a very short time. Obviously, under these conditions, a war at this time would be disastrous to Asia. All the people want is peace, so that they may build up a civilization and take their places in the family of nations. Mr. Bokhari spoke with such great understanding and feeling that one could not help being greatly impressed and moved by the cause of our Asiatic neighbors. Here is a great reason for fighting and working and campaigning at all times for peace.

Next on our agenda were the Panel Discussions. During this time the original group of about seven hundred separated into smaller sections to talk about subjects of their choice. Practically all of these discussions were very interesting and informative. They indeed formed a worthwhile part of the day.

Everyone, however, was glad when lunchtime came. It was delicious too! During this hour, we all had a chance to meet the editors from various other schools to compare notes or just have a friendly chat.

When everyone had returned to his place, Miss Doris Fleeson spoke to us. Miss Fleeson impressed everyone as being a dynamic personality indeed. Her ideas were set, and even if one did not agree with them, it was good to hear ideas expressed with such complete self-assurance. Miss Fleeson devoted most of her talk to the problems in Washington. Although she never said as much, she soon established herself as a democrat and a loyal supporter of Mr. Dean Acheson. Clearly, then, her opinion of General MacArthur was not very high. She warned against all emotionalism in times as desperate as these. She felt that if we had patience with Washington that many of these situations would straighten out, because one cannot expect a cure to such grave ills in a short while. She said that General MacArthur's views would become clearer during the hearings by Senator Russell which are in progress now, and which will be well over when you read this. Everyone enjoyed Miss Fleeson's talk very much, and one could tell by her manner that she enjoyed giving it.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge closed the meeting. Here again was a fine example of a good speaker completely at ease with his audience. He concentrated his remarks on the troops needed to defeat Communism. He is in favor of using any and all men who wish to fight for the cause of freedom, whether they come from behind the Iron Curtain or not. Naturally he is in full favor

of using Chinese Nationalist Troops in China, although he did approve General MacArthur's dismissal. In fact, he and Senator Saltonstall were two of the Republican Senators who did. Senator Lodge feels that the United States, strong as she is, cannot possibly carry the burden of defending freedom by herself; therefore he feels that we should enlist all the aid, in fact require such support from our allies. Then we should build military, economic, and spiritual strength within our borders to meet the enemy and win a decisive victory.

The friendly wave of Senator Lodge closed the Junior Press Seminar. I was sorry that it was over. I have, however, many pleasant memories. I also have gained a great deal of knowledge about world affairs and have a deeper insight into our present problems. They are indeed grave, but the light has not yet failed. With our effort, it shall not.

Martha Murphy '53

POPULAR MUSIC

A "PRESENT-DAY popular song" may originate from almost anything. The babbling of two monkeys in the zoo or the words of a nursery rhyme might be the inspiration for a song which will reach the top of the hit parade and make the author a wealthy man.

In order to be popular, a song must be easy to learn. The tune should be one which almost anyone can sing, and the words easy to memorize. Also, to be popular a tune must be one which people hum to themselves while working or while it's being played on the radio. The words need not make sense, as long as they go well with (and I use the word loosely) the music.

The third thing to noticed about a hit song's life is the slow death which the constant and repeated playing of it inflicts. Two months ago if you turned the radio on at any time of the day, someone would try to sell you a big wooden box or jabber at you in monkey language; and so a hit song slowly dies. Just think if you could say only one word, after a while you'd get pretty tired of saying it every time you had to speak. So it is with a hit song; when it dies, it dies forever; you never hear it again.

I think it is quite unfair for the writers of these foolish nursery rhymes to make so much money, when some of the authors of beautiful music which has lived for hundreds of years had to die in poverty. The only time people really appreciate the things that you have done is when you are too old, or too dead, to enjoy them.

Gordon Emberly '51

FADS AND FANCIES

IT IS seldom that one stops to think what an important part "Fads and Fancies" play on the road through life. A fad started in one part of the world can spread across mountains and oceans until it becomes a natural part of everyday life in many countries. On the other hand, the difference in nations and ideas between nations and peoples is what adds the spice and variety to life.

Some of the most intriguing and varying fads are the ones which concern clothing and styles. Looking through old picture albums, one can find many examples of the clothes worn during the "Flapper" days. Short skirts, flat hats, which fitted close to the head, and odd-looking shoes were the mode of the day. Back in the early days of World War II, the skirts were still short but the hats had become larger and not quite so fitted. To prove the fickleness of styles, all one has to do is to observe the change in clothing in merely five years. From extremely long skirts and short, short hair, we have returned to short skirts and long hair.

Speaking of hair, it has led to an opening for the next "fad." Back in Grandma's day, hair was a woman's "crowning glory;" the very idea of a woman having short hair was shocking. Yet, twenty years ago, short hair styles came in and they have been in, on and off, ever since. The short hair of the last five years has been much more feminine than the boyish-cropped locks of two decades ago. Certainly, hair and clothing styles play a major part in a woman's life.

The first half of the twentieth century has seen many changes in our way of life. The theory that women should sit at home while men slaved alone has "gone with the wind." Today many big business firms have, as their officials, capable and intelligent women. Not too many years ago, women were not allowed to vote or to enjoy too much education. Today, women are as much a part of politics as hydrogen is a part of water. Of course, these are not all the notions concerned with women and their duties in life; these few exemplify the spice these notions add to living.

Yes, it is all too seldom we pause to contemplate what an interesting world we inhabit, with ever-changing fads and notions, giving sparkle and diversion to this labyrinth we call life.

Sally Carter '52

SAILING ON THE CHARLES

AS SPRING approaches once again, many start to oil their baseball gloves, retrieve hidden tennis rackets, and reach for golf clubs

and swim suits; these people, however, do not realize the great opportunities for sailing in Boston. One of the finest sources of these opportunities is the Community Boat Club. This club, one of the very few public sailing clubs in the world, is situated on the Charles, less than a three minute walk from the Charles Street subway station.

Its members have been hosts to Admiral Byrd, Jackie Cooper, newspapermen, college professors, doctors, nurses, and important people of all professions. When they enter the club, though, they doff the glamour of the business world, and climb into a pair of dungarees and a sweat shirt, which are the only "uniforms" of the club and as everyone knows "uniforms" are great equalizers. The member's ages range from twelve, with a junior sailing program for these future skippers, to seventy.

The club has a fleet of nearly one-hundred boats of three types, and hopes to buy more this summer. It really is a beautiful sight to see these green, red, and blue boats, skipping over the Charles with a girl in her teens or an old lady in her sixties at the helm. For the more energetic, rowboats are provided for exercise.

Don't think for one minute, though, that sailing is a cinch to master; these people have to take tests on the shore and on the river, in order to satisfy the instructors, before they may take a boat out alone. Though they are masters, even masters make mistakes, and hardly a day goes by that at least one boat does not capsize and motor boats are sent out from Community, and M. I. T. Boat Club to rescue the slightly damp skippers and their crews.

Another great advantage of Community is night sailing. Whenever there is a concert at the Hatch Memorial Shell, the members will jump into the boats and sail over to the shell, where they will anchor off shore to enjoy a night of music, listening to the symphony without having someone's foot planted gracefully on their stomachs, or a cup of coke spilled over their backs. If per chance you will be in Boston this spring or summer, why not drop in at Community and join the crowds, "*Sailing on the Charles.*"

Emerson Neilly '51

TRAVELING IN A ROCKET MACHINE

DO YOU want to visit Venus? Perhaps you would prefer to see Pluto or Uranus? Does a flight to Moon K3Z486 appeal to you? If your answers to those questions were in the affirmative, you are doomed to sore disappointment. Although our scientists have promised that rocket flight will be accomplished in the near future, the prospect of a Third World War will doubtless

prevent any Sunday-school picnics to Mars. Therefore the only thing that a would-be space traveler can do at present is purchase one of the many scientific fiction (or "Scientifiction," as it is known to its fans) magazines which are crowding *Hair-Raising Detective*, *Breathless Love*, and *One Gun Western* onto a lower place on the pulp fiction shelves.

Three years ago I chanced to buy a scientific fiction magazine. Since then, I have "chanced" to buy one every month, and I have discovered that the keynote of the magazines is similarity. The cover undergoes minor changes, but it usually portrays a scantily-clad beauty cringing in the clutches of a "B.E.M." (bug-eyed monster to a non-reader). The cover is followed by a column in which the readers voice their criticisms. Every month, a person from Minnesota informs the editor, in iambic pentameter worthy of Master Will himself, that the cover artist should be ousted from the staff. In an Italian sonnet (roll in your grave, Mr. Milton), the editor replies that the cover artist will go. The cover artist does not go, nor do his bathing beauties and bug-eyed monsters.

After reading the buyers' quips and the editor's witty retorts, one turns to the "novel," an eighty-page piece which usually deals with a world which is trapped by some inescapable doom. The ant men (or bird men, squirrel men, "Things from Other Worlds," brains without bodies, bodies without brains, etc., etc., etc., ad nauseam) have encountered only one enemy. He is either a big, strapping Irish-American named Dick, or Rick, or Biff or a quiet, learned European named Jabrovski, Von Hessel, or Du Lussac. Biff, who solves his problem with fist, foot, or ray-gun, or the more delicate Continental meets the heroine, a lovely thing with a one syllable name, while he is fleeing from his enemies. Anne (or Joan, Jan, Ruth, etc.) just happens to know of a courageous band of partisans who need only a leader to help them fight the enemy. Biff (Jabrovski) becomes that leader, destroys the enemy, and lives happily ever after with the girl.

It is in the "novel" that one may experience the sensation of rocket flight. Here is a quotation from a recent magazine. "Biff hit the squirrel man behind the left ear, crept toward the idling space-craft. He strapped himself in the starting-bunk, pressed a button, and began counting seconds. 'Five, four, three, two, one, zero! Oh my heavens, the *acceleration*!' There was a pounding in his ears, and he fainted. When he awoke, he was enroute to Pluto. He rose and wiped the blood from his nose and ears."

A gasoline company is taking signatures of

people who want to leave this planet. Perhaps I shall volunteer. There may not be any scientific fiction magazines on Jupiter, you know. So, as say the writers of scientifiction, fasten safety belts! Five seconds, four, three . . . Pardon me, hostess, but I think I'll leave for a glass of water.

John Laucus '51

LOCKER NEIGHBORS

FOR the past two years I have had the misfortune of being assigned an outside locker; that is, a corridor locker. I am told that it is one of the penalties of having your name at the end of the alphabet. Last year, I took it in my stride because my neighbors were girls; but this year I am surrounded by boys. Now don't misunderstand me; on the whole, I like most boys, but they are not good locker neighbors. Far from it! It seems that each boy has his friends congregate before his locker, and I have to stage a one-woman campaign to reach my destination. I am black and blue from wounds received in this small war; the weapons are elbows. I am not only wounded but continually "razzed" about being slow, about my hair do and about anything else they can think of.

The neighbor on my left is small and terribly shy. Now I don't mind his being shy, but every time his neighbor pushes him invariably he lands on me! He never speaks except to murmur a soft "Excuse me" which has to be said very often. On my right the young man is the athletic type, too athletic. He bounces into his position, drops a book on my foot, or steps on it himself, and then slaps me on the back vigorously and asks me how I feel. By then I am too worn out to speak. I smile, grab my books, and run into the girl's locker room to comb my hair, which is by now very unorderedly from an arm which probably reached over my head to slap someone else's back.

Boys are fine, and I agree that we need them to be happy; but I would gladly trade two side-kicks for two peaceful girls. Girls may be catty, talkative, and a little jealous, but I would much prefer them to boys who forget that I am only a poor helpless girl, although my elbows are so much quicker than they used to be, that I won't be the only one scarred!

Jean Sullivan '52



THE POWER OF WORDS

"Words once spoke can never be recalled."

— Horace

IN THE midst of the current turmoil revolving about the Korean campaign, President Truman and his constituents seem quite conscious of the above truth. However, General MacArthur appears, also, to be most cognizant of this statement, having delivered his historic address to the senate in a very dramatic style. Present complications have arisen because the general was a bit too free in condemning the "modus operandi" of the Korean war; naturally, his utterances have, to a great extent, disturbed and annoyed the rest of the allied nations. If we are to believe his statements, would we not judge that affairs are being unnecessarily complicated in that sector? The State Department has already closed MacArthur's mouth by relieving him of his command, but the sting and the magnificence of his words shall remain. After such disparaging remarks we now feel sure that the job is being bungled. However, according to the White House, that unrestricted and uncensored speech may bring upon this country a third great war.

Words have played a leading role in this world. In the United States, the defeat of James G. Blaine, the inspiring Republican candidate for the presidency in 1884, may be credited to a speech made by one speaker at a "Blaine for President" dinner on the evening before the election. He used the euphonious expression "rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Because of this seemingly simple phrase, thousands of Catholics were offended; New York went Democratic by 1149 votes, thereby costing Blaine the presidency. Many not so important cases happen in everyday life. Persons just don't realize what they are saying.

My grandfather, who is an experienced attorney, has often said that many a law case has been lost or won by the unnecessary jabbering of a witness. Witnesses don't answer the questions put to them; they insist on talking and enlarging upon their subject, thereby trapping themselves thoroughly. Such evidence was graphically illustrated by the recent Kefauver crime committee hearings, during which many of the witnesses testified themselves right into trouble; former mayor of New York, O'Dwyer is an example.

Winston Churchill helped Britain limp through the war by employing his glittering oratory as a crutch. Conversely, consider the propaganda perpetually being distributed by the Communists and by the Voice of America broadcasts. If two opposing governments are spending large sums of money to use words, we may infer that there

exists something of importance in the efficacy of such propagandism. When the words of countries begin to concord, we shall know that at last peace is approaching.

Francis Duehay '51

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

ASK any Dramatic Club member what of importance has happened during the past weeks and will he mention General MacArthur or the Korean situation? Definitely not! Since the last issue of the REVIEW, the Massachusetts and New England Drama Festivals have been the "be all and end all" of our existence.

As you probably remember, we entered two scenes — "Suitable Suitors" and "A Woman Proposes" — from "Victoria Regina." Mary MacLachlan played Victoria, Stew Moir, Prince Albert, Gerry Helberg, Prince Ernest, and David Noonan, Lord Melbourne. The whole cast did a marvelous job. To quote Mr. Micawber, "In short, they were perfect." And so, under the very able direction of Miss Hartigan, we were victorious at the Massachusetts Festival, held at Newton this year; Mary and Stew received awards for their acting and were chosen members of the All-Star-Cast. In the New England Drama Festival, we placed among the top three.

It was a wonderful experience for us to go to these places and meet the best in High School dramatics, to hear constructive criticism, and to have a good time dancing, etc. — the intermingling of teen-agers and ideas is the purpose of these Festivals. Cambridge High and Latin was well represented and we enjoyed ourselves to the utmost. Indeed, we can hardly wait for the next time!

Elsbeth Edge '51

G. A. A. NOTES

THE G.A.A. held an election during the month of April and the following are the new officers: President, Mary MacMannis; Vice-President, Barbara MacDonald; Secretary-Treasurer, Betty Rose. The executive committee consists of Clair Farrel, Bernadette McCusker, Texas Scott, and Nancy Sullivan. The installation will take place in Cleveland Auditorium in May. Previously this ceremony was held at Kendall Green on the day of the annual picnic, but because of Miss Brown's retirement, it will be impossible to hold the picnic there this year; therefore, the installation will take place in school.

The Cheerleaders for next year have already been selected and Nancy Gorman has been chosen captain of the cheering squad. Good Luck next year, girls; I know you will be terrific.

When next fall rolls around, please, G.A.A. members, don't forget to renew your membership, for you all know just how wonderful this organization is, and we have Miss Brown to thank for its existence. Miss Brown is the originator of this girls' athletic association, and you can show your appreciation by rejoining each year.

Ruth Kilfoyle '51

THE TYRANNY OF HEIRLOOMS

FOR as far back as I can remember, my life has been ruled by smallish, spindle-legged, chipped-topped, strange-shaped objects, formally called heirlooms. To me they are tyrants. It would seem that every one of these pieces has a most interesting history if only I would listen, but I find myself encumbered with many other things to do when their praises are sung.

Please don't think me lacking in appreciation of beautiful old things, or short of family feelings, for both are highly developed in me. It is just that when I have lived with an ugly old bed warmer for nigh onto eighteen years, I refuse to get excited over the fact that during the American Revolution one of my great, great greats picked it up off the hearth and knocked a Whig general out. In fact, I believe the least said about it the better, here in Boston town.

For years great grandmother Dyke has lived with us in the person of her portrait. When I was younger, I used to be afraid to go into the parlor alone, for fear she would snarl at me from her gilded frame. She was an amazing woman, stern and implacable, who realized her life ambition, to marry off all her daughters to titled noblemen. I'm certain that on one occasion, at least, she frightened one of my little friends so badly that, after mumbling something about an old witch, she made a hasty retreat from the house, never to set foot inside again. When I asked Mother timidly if we could put her away, I discovered that "Grandma" had been hanging on borrowed time. Her excuse that Daddy might be hurt took me to him with the gentle inquiry. To my surprise, he said that he'd never liked the old "battle-axe" anyway and would be delighted to get rid of her. Resting in our attic now, she scowls at a dilapidated rattlesnake who very indelicately turns his head away.

Owing to the fact that we moved from a perfect barn of a house out in the suburbs to a considerably smaller place in the city, our rooms are crowded with a strange variety of furniture. Several periods and countries are united against their will. Next to the Viennese woodbox, the Chinese inlaid table supports a Louis XIV candleabra, and a Civil War tea set. And of course, in every room, there is a "don't-sit-on-me" chair into which the uninitiated plumps and immediately finds herself less comfortably situated on the floor.

In the hall stands our dear old grandfather's clock. Dear and old it certainly is, but run it does not. Although it hasn't run for a year or more, I am so much a creature of habit that I still look up hopefully at its painted face when ever I pass by.

Every year since we've been in this house we've had our Christmas tree in a certain corner of the living room. This year since Mummy decided to move my great aunt's cabinet into that place two months before, the Christmas tree stood where my darling Mama has always wanted it, since, of course, Aunt's cabinet was too fragile to be moved again so soon. If we dare to move a fairly average piece of furniture into our "Museum," the antique oddities immediately band together, forgetting country and time, to make the intruder feel and look decidedly out of place. Often they make me feel just the same way. It's ridiculous to be at odds with inanimate objects. Inanimate, yes; but inarticulate, never! Each piece has a voice that creaks and squeaks, rattles or groans, holding despotic sway over our family.

Mary Maclachlan '51

K. B. NOTES

THE activities of the K.B. in the past month have consisted mostly of business and social meetings, both in school and at the members' homes.

On April 16 we enjoyed a very pleasant and informal meeting, held at Nanette Chopulus' home.

On April 26 a group of K.B. members went swimming at the Y.M.C.A.

Plans are now being made for the election and installation of officers, and other social activities. To end the year with an event to remember, we are planning an outing at Nantasket Beach to be held some time in June.

Ann Farrell '51

SPRING IN NEW ENGLAND

OF ALL the seasons of the year, spring seems to be the most welcome in New England. After one of our typically hard winters, the warmth and beauty of spring gladden the heart of the most stolid New Englander. From the time the crocus peeps above the ground to the first hot day of summer, spring is enjoyed by all.

Along the country roads, apple orchards are bright with the profuse pink blossoms that spread their scent and beauty everywhere. This is the season when children like to dawdle on the way to school and walk through the cool woods on a warm day. It is the season when the bright plumage of the harbingers of spring who have stayed on a while are seen flashing in and out of the newly budded trees. It is the season when lilacs perfume the air, and picket fences are given a coat of whitewash; when little boys can find more excuses to get out of work, and little girls sit dreaming on the doorstep.

Lawns throughout New England turn from a dusty brown to green velvet, as if a fairy princess had touched them with her magic wand. Tulips blooming in every common and square lend their brilliant splash of color to the green carpet around them.

Spring has its disadvantages, too, I must admit. For who likes to get up on a rainy morning and trudge through puddles and mud to work or school? For that matter, who likes getting up on a beautiful, clear spring day only to be shut up in a classroom or office all day?

And yet, even the spring rain seems a little fresher and cleaner than any other. Have you ever felt more refreshed than after a sudden April shower, when a bright sun warms the air again?

In the springtime, too, the parks are filled with happy people, children sitting on the grass or playing, and old people sitting on the benches dreaming of a long time past when they were young, and it was spring.

But it isn't only these people who sit and dream; all of us are afflicted with a little spring fever. So, if while sitting at an open window gazing up at a clear, blue sky, our minds seem to wander, I'm sure that we will be forgiven. For we will be thinking of walking down a hidden forest path by a cool stream, or wading in a pool, or lying on a grassy knoll watching the fleecy clouds roll by.

R. Therese Barry '51



PORTRAIT OF AN IDEAL

WE GIRLS nowadays call ourselves, modern and consider that we are a far cry from our demure grandmothers, but in some respects we are no different, for the feminine mind is the same no matter what the century. All young women, be they of 1851 or 1951 form at one time or another, a picture of the "Ideal Man." With some girls the picture is distinct — from his personality to the very color of his eyes; with others it is merely a blurred combination of the manly virtues — but all have a picture of some sort. In Grandma's day the portrait was, most likely, shaped by stories told her by "Mama" about the fabulous beau of yesteryear or by her impressions of "Papa" and her big brothers. Today it is likely to be influenced by radio, television, and movie actors as well as by good or bad novels. But, be he formed by tales or by television, the principle is the same.

The portrait in my mental attic is of a man truly ideal — perhaps impossibly so! His physical characteristics are of little importance since they change about three times a week, but I will try to explain his personality.

First, he must have a sense of humor — and I mean a sense of humor in good working order — not one that has been allowed to get as rusty and as creaky as that door on "Inner Sanctum." Not that I mean a hyena-like-imbecile who will cackle at anything, but a person who can laugh at himself as well as at others, for tolerance is the base of all comfortable humor. My own sense of humor is, shall we say, unusual? — so he will have to match me for lunacy.

Second, he must have patience, for my distinctly Celtic disposition is at times extremely trying. A silent martyr, however, is liable to send me into a frenzy as I have a temper that I dare blame on no one race. A person with such rare, quiet, humorous patience is not easy to find.

Last but not least, kindness is needed — not just kindness to animals, but also to humans. I myself am that oddity — a thin skinned Irishman — who needs frequent doses of kindness. A well-meant, over flowing benevolence of spirit is what I have in mind, not that head-patting condescending kindness. To me humor is lost without a grain of kindness which includes a sense of tact more delicate than the Mack-Truck style so common to us now.

Perhaps this god-like person lives only in my own peculiar mind and could not exist in a world where brutal frankness takes the place of old-fashioned tact and Jerry Lester is considered the height of comedy. Maybe two such men cannot

be found in one century and maybe there is no modern male as perfect as I recall my father. If I found such an ideal come true, he would, in all probability, be dissatisfied with this poor mortal, but in the meantime, happy dreams like this harm no one and so I shall continue to paint my portraits and hope they don't change too drastically in the course of time.

Virginia Turtle '51

A MODERN LEONORA'S ROOM

IN A MODERN Leonora's room, wallpaper and furniture would be completely different from Leonora's room in Sir Roger's day. Many articles would overwhelm Sir Roger's Leonora, should she step into our Leonora's room.

On a modern Leonora's dressing table, there would be a shiny, round compact, made of imitation gold and decorated with tiny flowers or geometrical figures instead of a silver snuff box shaped like a book. Perhaps, the compact would be decorated with "Jitter-bugs," dressed in "sloppy-joe" sweaters, blue jeans and bobby socks. Beside the lamp shaped perfume would be placed a tube of "Midnight" lipstick, or even a more modern lipbrush of "Dark Secret." In a musical powder box would be "Coquette" face powder. In place of China lions and monkeys, the present day Leonora's table would be decorated by electric lamps with lovely figurines of Southern belles dressed in costumes of the Civil War. Perhaps there would be story-book dolls in various native costumes.

In a bookcase, neatly built into the wall, *The Grand Cyrus* would be replaced by *Nancy Drew—Reporter*. For *Locke On Human Understanding* which held a paper of patches, *The Encyclopedia Britannica* presses a corsage from the Junior Prom and a dance program from the Dramatic Club Informal. Underneath the *Manual on Home Nursing* is a pile of *Seventeen* magazines.

On the plain wallpaper on one side of the room are Harvard, Yale, and Notre Dame banners, surrounding a maroon and white Cambridge High and Latin banner. On the other side of the room, grouped paintings of country scenes decorate the wall which is covered with rose-patterned paper.

On her desk, Leonora has a combination radio-victrola. A few records are scattered on the desk. Reading the titles, you see *Air Mail Special*, *The Tennessee Waltz*, *Jet* and *If*.

By contrasting an old-fashioned room with that of a modern miss, one realizes how new conveniences and hints from magazines have influenced the trend of decorating Leonora's boudoir.

Mary Rose Sheehan '52

IDLING BY THE CHARLES

THE CHARLES by moonlight takes on a mysterious and unreal aura. The sky gazes moodily at its reflection in the water, as a young girl who is dissatisfied with what her mirror reveals. Here and there cold stars glitter in icy disdain; self-contained and complacent, they are tiny worlds in themselves. Life and warmth seem to emanate from the moon in an effort to dispel the brooding quality of her companions. She is an extrovert, ever glad of an audience; the stars and sky are introverted, and ignore my friendliest overtures. Suddenly I am aware that the heavens are closing down and smothering me. A cool breeze sends uncontrollable shivers along my spine and brings me sharply back to earth.

The realization that I am numb with cold forces me to rise from my cramped position on the grass. I walk briskly for some minutes. Bright yellow light floods the grassy clearing before me with a startling brilliance, brighter for my exposure to the moonlight. Blinking, my eyes gradually focus on the scene before me. On the bench an old lady sits asleep. She is ludicrously pathetic. Her hat, that dignified crown of old age, tipped rakishly over her forehead would be comic, except that it bares a pink scalp covered by a few strands of white hair. Her chin rests upon her chest. Her gnarled hands clutch the worn carpet bag that rises and falls with her audible breathing. I tiptoe by and leave her to a well deserved rest.

Once more I am in darkness as I continue aimlessly along the banks of that narrow ribbon of water well known to all as the Charles. It has a different character by night, a sinister quality that is sensed but not seen. To the old lady it is a friendly river, for she sleeps trustingly, wearily beside it; to me it is foreboding and has a personality, distance, definite, deep, and hidden. Glancing up, I see a huge rounded object looming before me. My heart leaps into my throat, then gradually slips into place. Again reality has tugged me back to earth so quickly that I feel like a Yogi whose soul has been afar off, and has not yet returned. The Hatch Shell is before me. I have walked far-too far from home. The moon is still glowing for those who will stop to admire her; she bathes the Charles in her light. Over all hangs an unnatural pall, a weird atmosphere; and it is with a lingering sense of this eeriness that I hurry toward home and normality.

Barbara Gillespie '51



May We Present —

JOHN LAUCUS

THE large, cherubic, beaming face connected to a body of equal proportion which has for four years graced the halls of our alma mater is none other than the REVIEW's own John Laucus. John is six-feet tall with blue eyes and blonde hair, and he is well known among the seniors, especially in first-aid class, as an author of repute. All kidding aside, John, the popular writer of the humorous and sinister REVIEW serial, was born seventeen years ago in Cambridge and attended the Roberts School where he graduated first in his class. He has continued his fine work here at C.H.L.S. ranking as one of the highest students in the senior class; John is President of the Latin Club and Vice-President of the Chess Club in addition to having lent his golden voice to the Senior Radio Book Club and to the History Radio Program. His favorite subjects are English and Latin, and when he gets to Harvard he intends to major in journalism, of course. When asked about the girl of his dreams, Mr. Laucus blushed and merely sighed "Yes." But we're sure that with a personality like his, John is well on his way toward a successful future

CHARLES COOKE

KEEP the name of Charles Cooke in mind. For someday you may see it in the headlines of the scientific world. Charles is a freshman who last attended the Russell School. He has a great interest in science, and, as he puts it, in finding out "what makes things tick." His future plans include either Harvard or M. I. T.

As for hobbies, anything in aviation pleases Charles. And of course when it's baseball time, you'll find him out there rooting for the Braves, — as who isn't?

In whatever he does, we wish Charles the best of luck.

A. E.

ANN FARRELL

ANN FARRELL, whose statement of "I'm glad to get out of school" struck me as being the typical sentiment of the entire senior class, is a seventeen year-old senior with dark brown hair and burning blue eyes. Miss Farrell's

record in both scholastic and social activities has been a brilliant one. Although she attained a high place on the Senior Honor Roll, she has found time to attend most of the school dances and most of the local skating rinks. Her future seemed quite definite: "Work . . . but I'd like to attend night school if I can better my education." Her ideal man (yes, she's already found him) has brown hair and, as she puts it, sighing, "eyes." They're hazel.

J. L.

GRACE FORD

AVIVACIOUS sophomore who may be seen flitting about the corridors of our school is Grace Ford, who was born seventeen years ago in Cambridge and has graced (a pun! Grace . . . graced) our fair city with her presence ever since. Although Grace excels in her studies, she finds time for her hobby of playing the piano. Grace's one ambition is to be a nurse, and she hopes to train at the City Hospital. When asked about her ideal man, Grace said that she had "nothing definite in mind," merely that he must be taller than she, handsome, and something better than a pauper.

H. G.

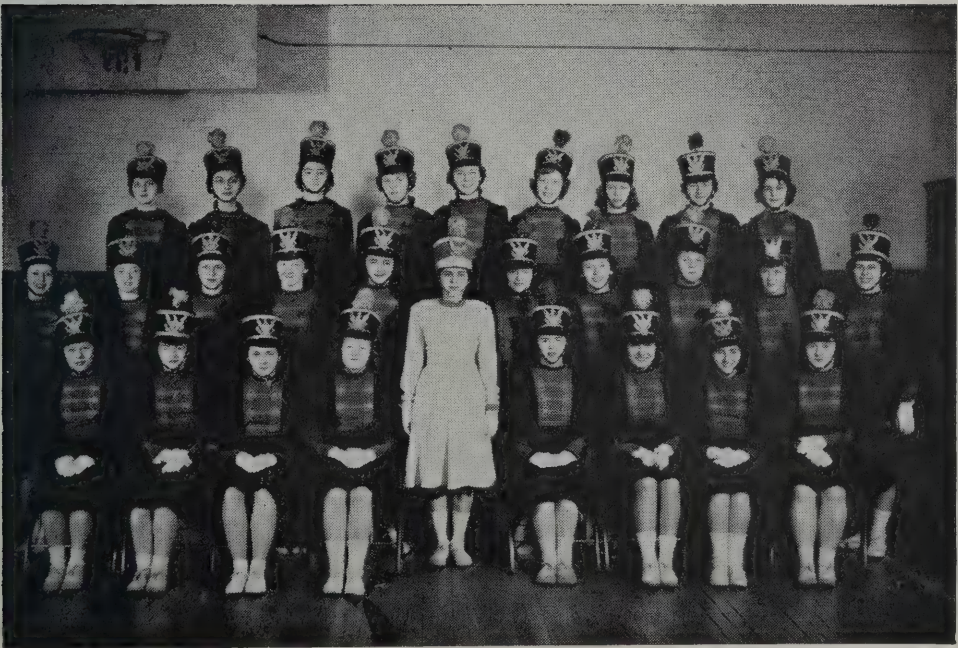
SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Third Marking Period 1950-1951

Ablett, Patricia	Lynch, Priscilla
Alperin, Nancy	MacKay, Sylvia
Anderson, Susie	Maclachlan, Mary
Atwell, Elsie	Manetas, Peter
Barry, Therese	McLaughlin, Joan
Cabral, Paul	McNamara, Eileen
Centrella, Angelina	Meiklejohn, Jean
Colby, Joy	Mooney, Thelma
Duehay, Francis	Ormond, Marilyn
Edge, Elspeth	Quigley, Barbara
Farrell, Ann	Robinson, Joan
Feloney, Mary	Rogert, Shirley
Haley, Eleanor	Rudy, Ann
Hayes, William	Supple, Patricia
Head, Doris	Thompson, Carole
Howard, Shirley	Totino, Elizabeth
Jakeway, Beverley	Wheelock, Margaret
Knudsen, Gerald	Yoyos, Elaine
Linnehan, Elizabeth	



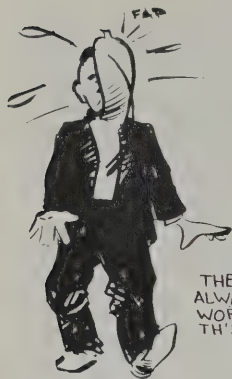
CHEERLEADING



DRILL TEAM

TH' JUNIORS THROW A PARTY!

WELL ANOTHER YEAR HAS
PAST AN' SO HAS ANOTHER
JUNIOR PROM. IF YOU DIDN'T
MAKE IT, GO NEXT YEAR. IT
REALLY IS A LOT OF FUN AND
YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



THERE WAS AS
ALWAYS A BIT OF
WORRYING ABOUT
TH' SHIRT!



BY TH' LOOKS OF ALL TH'
CONVERTABLES (I THINK THERE WERE
SOME) TH' JUNIORS RIDE IN STYLE!



THOSE COUCHES
IN TH' LOBBY WERE
A WELCOME RELIEF
DURING INTERMISSION!



WE HEAR THAT
NEAL DEMPSEY
AND OTHERS, HAD
TH' 'BLUE PLATE'
SPECIAL, IN LUIGI'S
LITTLE LUNCH AND
DINER!



TH' KING AN' QUEEN -
'MIKE' DRISCOLL AND
LOUISE MATIGAN

BILLY
MATTHEWS
(STARGAZING)

'BOBBY' KAUFMAN
AND 'MARY' FINSTEIN

'MAL'
PELRINE

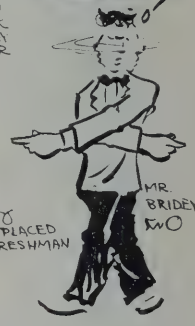
JEAN
MCDONALD

CAROL
THOMPSON

'GIGI' BOUDREAU
STUDYING A BOOK
ON HOW TO 'PLAY'
HOCKEY... ER
HOCKEY



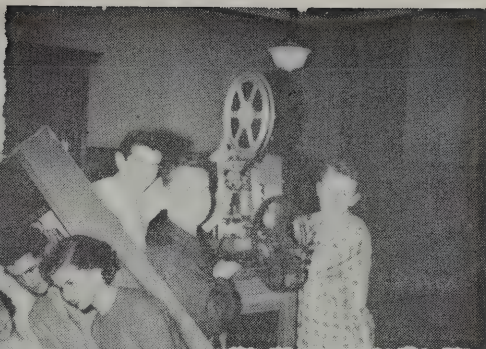
MISPLACED
FRESHMAN



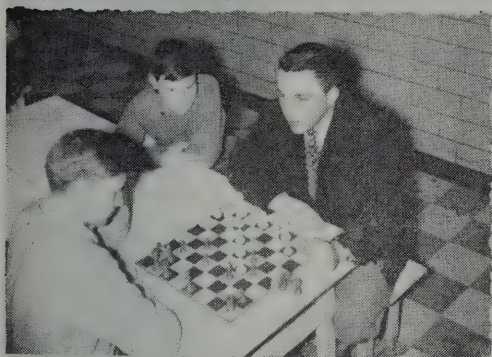
MR. BRIDEY
KVO

TH' GRAND MARCH - FROM TH' SIDELINES

DICK GRABOWSKY
AT TH' COMMANDER



PHOTOS
BY
ERNEST ROSHIER





REVIEW STAFF



RECEPTION COMMITTEE



AS WE start rhythmically beating on the old typewriter, it gently sags, fingers are crossed and the Spotlight is on parade for the last time this year.

First and foremost, let's give a whooping big cheer for the Frolics cast—the kids did a swell job; especially the "Coppelia Ballet." I wonder why Ted Hennesey left the stage so often? Hmm. News Flash! Francis Duehay, better known as "Whisky Frank," has, at long last, been apprehended. Please send all files to Norfolk State Prison. Some of our best pals have already left us, Marie Miceli and Elsie Atwell with her smiling face; but it was too much for Jackie Wilson—she stayed away only two days. I guess she couldn't resist the magnetic field around Latin!! Speaking of Cliff Erwin, I wonder why he sounded like a cast iron stove down at Providence?? It couldn't be that he "requisitioned" some silver, could it??—Daffynition Eatough: Wild Willie of the Whooping Wildcats, or Public Menace Number One. Not for the World would I tell you Joan Elizabeth Rose Keefe's initials. (hee hee) Who walked home from Newton when their transfers were burned?? Honest, we'd really like to know. What To Do In Case Of Atomic Attack—Read a John Laucus book, guaranteed to *finish* a perfect day. When last seen, Jerry Knudsen was fast disintegrating, as a matter of fact, he was falling apart.—On Friday the thirteenth a new type of party was held—A "Punch Party." The people seen, that is the ones I could see, were Virginia Dooling, Stue Noir, Annie Eatough, Bernie Firchow, Anne Birch, Vivian Larsen, Rueben Halevy, Francis Birch, Joy Colby, Francis Duehay, Jeremy Ranshousen, Alice Webber, and Eppie Edge. A wonderful time was had between the parlor and the punch bowl.—The Oral English Classes listen to records to the accompaniment of Billy Saideh's snores.

Mary Felony (I keep spelling her name wrong), Mary Feloney, Eileen McNamara, and Ginnie Beckmen must have had a good time at the Junior Prom from what I hear. Anyhow,

they didn't go to Revere.—Congrats are due our cast of "Victoria Regina" for their splendid performance at the New England Drama Festival And I still think . . . but never mind. WE WERE MARVELOUS, SUPER EXCELLENT!!—That's the night 'Bo' Stella forgot the clocks went ahead; so, we sailed into Cambridge at 4 (A.M.) instead of 3!!—Eddie Corsino thinks he's the cat's pajamas, and who wouldn't if they were getting a 1951 Chevrolet!—Don Linehan and Pete Watson are sure holding up the honour of the school.—We all hope 'youse guys' finally make Annapolis.—Don't you all (Ah come from th' deep south, bo') think that Bev Jakeway's new hair style is George??—Gee whiz, "Bugs" Burgess was "out" for three days in a row (Out is the nice way to put it.) His harem missed him awfully.—Henry, "the Disrespectful," has been unanimously elected office-boy for Study, Inc., which is housed, for the time being in 318-B.—Dick Grabowsky has fiendish plans for that photo-electric cell. Everyone entering 221 take care!!—All you young ladies (?) should see Hex Goldstein with his pipe, or should I say the pipe with Hex Goldstein??—When the day arrives that Teddy Voutrinot does his homework, I'll shoot myself. No comments from the peanut gallery!—Think, kids—this is the last Spotlight. Boo hoo! We want to comment on Gudrun Vilberg's dancing in the Frolics; we were mighty proud. Do you suppose those other ballet dancers plan to compete with the Sadler Wells??—From what a little birdie tells us, Connie Shanley spends an awful lot of time on the telephone. Sully must have big telephone bills! Just who gives Steve Dooling the right answers for English?? It doesn't have anything to do with his conversations with Mimi Fitzpatrick, we hope??—The kids from the Commercial course did a swell job on the radio, eh what, old chaps??—What is this we hear about Clara Theodolou and Dick Kilfoyle cutting a hot rug at Providence the other night??—Martha Ann Folkins is rushing the season a little bit with that tan.—Has anyone around read Ronald Moore's latest masterpiece?? It's quite the play.—Cheers

for Therese Barry our Valedictorian. A better one couldn't be found!!

I say, let's not forget our Class Song, for never was there such a song as ours 'writ.' Highest honours to Barbara Gillespie and Doris Head, our budding geniuses. Things are getting bad here at Latin. Pretty soon we'll need carts to carry all these pictures around. I never knew the Senior Class was so big. — They do the queerest things in Newton; now, some people(?) have been riding kiddie cars up there!! — Gerry Helberg had better hurry up and make up his mind. Every day he turns up with a new speech for Prize Speaking. What does — (And I quote) "We'll take off during recess." (End of quote) — mean? So many people say that now!! — We are millionaires, or so it seems to us, after making all of \$116.02 at the Year Book dance. Snazzy time, eh?? — It seems funny, doesn't it, that when Mr. Bramhall leaves his office, the windows are suddenly opened. Say is Pat Supple ever a good driver; we mean this in all seriousness. She is!! — Bibber Cummiskey will probably be glad when school is done, so she can stop worrying about those History exams. — Jimmy Lincoln has been seen leaving school EVERY afternoon with "someone." — Remember the big picture in the last issue of the REVIEW?? Did you ever see such a bunch of morons?? — Incidentally, thanks to Gordon Emberly and Jean Black, our photographers. — Ernie Root has to look after the windows in English during air raids. I suppose he'll jump out and grab the safest spot for himself. (We've got the best place all picked out.) — Our friend Mikey is going in training at the Newton-Wellesley Hospital we hear. Good luck, honey chile. — Tommy Kershaw, who has become a paratrooper in the passage of time, was home on a ten-day leave recently. — Jose Reis must be made of pencils; he's always lending one to someone. — Why did Rickie Luben have to go to Medford?? — Jean MacNeil was kind of lost while Ellen Burgess was at that conference, but now Ellen's back and everything's hunky-dory. — Joe Lombardo is getting discouraged. He doesn't seem to be cut out to be a writer. Don't worry, Joe; someday they'll be sorry. — Bob Clayman defends while Eddie Corsino attacks the Boston Braves in physics, every day. Pick your side; then the guns will be given out.

Who came walking in the other day but our old friend Jack Martin, all togged out in a sailor's uniform. The best of luck to our pals in uniform. Our prayers are with you. — I suppose everyone is looking forward to the Senior Prom now; just one word of advice — not Revere Beach!! — Charlie Atkins is turning into quite the lover boy — he seems to get all those parts in Oral English.

— Joan Robinson has a new haircut and she looks wowee!! It's breaking my heart 'cause we're leaving. — Steve Hannon has just discovered that he is nothing but a bunch of sound waves; it's very disconcerting. — We hear through devious ways that Buddy Nauffts and Dorrit Joseph are going steady! — The kids who went to see "The Kidders" at the Brattle Street Theatre were somewhat surprised . . . or otherwise. You could hear Gerry Flett all over the place. — But after all it isn't every day we get a chance to see modern, sophisticated drama. — Ginny Turtle, ushering way up back in the balcony, was quite bored with it all; it was about the third time she had seen it. — Whenever we leave Latin by the back door, we meet Sylvia McKay surrounded by a group of admiring young men. It seems they're all waiting for Joanie Whitehouse. — Dig this — At the close of her remarkable performance as Victoria Regina, Mary MacLachlan (better known as Red) was the recipient of six dozen red roses. Really something, huh?? — I wonder if Agnes O'Rourke is still infatuated with Harvard?? — Someday Paul Morris isn't going to make it to fourth period. The girls who were in the Frolics are requested to make sure they have all their belongings, such as perfume. — Jean McDonald is one of the class officers who is fighting hard to have a class picnic. We will have to buy her a pair of stilts so that she can speak to the Mayor on even terms. — Bill Saideh and Dick MacAdoo are trying to start a new fad by wearing King Cord jackets to the Junior Prom. By-the-by what time was it when you finally stumbled in the doorway, Willie? — In what world famous theatre in what world famous square were Larry Gosselin and Joe Lombardo seen eagerly enjoying the stage show?? — Is it true that "Sonny" Foley ties weights to Jackie Leehman so that his star relief hurler will not be blown away by a gust of wind?? — Is Bibber Cummiskey still handing out her pictures?? —

Congratulations to Stue Moir, Mary MacLachlan, Gerry Helberg and David Noonan for representing the school so well at Providence in "Victoria Regina." You deserve every bit of credit you received. — Eddie Carroll is the latest of the "Young Men of the Future." Ed goes to the Navy May 15. — What's the story about Dodo Silvestre and Pat Monahan having open house every Thursday night. — Is it true that Al Sullivan intends to support the class picnic with the winnings from his financial escapades? — Several students are complaining that Eddie Asaley is singing too loud in his last period cooking class. Try to keep it down to a college cheer Ed, will ya? — Has Dick Grabowsky finished his work on the yearbook yet or is he going to work on it

all summer. — Jimmy Yanus, Hexalie Goldstein, Cliff Erwin, and "Sleepy Boy" Hayes, to mention a few will be relieved when Dr. Linsky's first aid class comes to an end. The reports have it that the good Doctor works the boys to exhaustion; however, several teachers are wondering why the class is in a continual uproar. — Ed Corsino has recently been accepted at Tufts. — The Senior Yearbook Dance was a social and financial success partly due to the hard work done by the Class Officers and Reception Committee also to the fine supporters who attended. — We have it from the grape-vine that this is the first time in the history of Latin that Seniors have purchased their yearbooks for less than \$5. — Why did Joan Coughlin get so embarrassed the other night while going bowling? Could it be a boy whose initials are J. N.? — Belated congratulations to Anne Kirkpatrick for being elected head of the Senior Reception Committee consisting of Marilyn Schaub, Lorraine Hanafin, Carole Thompson and Mal Pelrine. — What happened to Marilyn Pelrine at the Frolics? Could it be she did an accidental dance alone? — It is said that Helen Connell had a very embarrassing moment in Law the other day. Someone should give her a few safety pins. — A girl who should not go unnoticed is a very pretty sophomore girl by the name of Janet Taylor. — Who is Lorraine Hanafin's latest heart-throb? Come on, Lorraine tell us. — Whenever there is a joke to be told or a witty statement made, you'll always find Anne Kirkpatrick as the instigator. — In a few weeks Larry Gosselin, our wonderful President and Jean McDonald our cute Secretary will be leading the Seniors to the tune of "Pomp and Circumstance." — The kids who took the College Boards are slowly dwindling away to nothing while waiting to hear from the colleges where they intend to matriculate for the next few years. (get the lingo willya??) — Seen recently welting the daylights out of a tennis ball at Fresh Pond was Joy Santoro; she looks like a future star!! — Everyone claims to have had a Whoop-de-doo time at Reading and wonders when there will be another party. — Why does Barbara Rose have such a liking for Boston College — are you planning to enter, Barbara? — Joyce Landrigan is seen walking around the third floor on a cloud; why, Joyce? — What happened at Gloria Sakey's one Friday night when there were eleven girls — I also hear they have a liking for Arlington boys. — Having a gay time at the recent Senior Yearbook Dance were Anne Kirkpatrick, Lorraine Hannafin, Lena Lombardi, Helen Cornell, Doris DePietro, Gerry Flett, Shirley Hamilton, and many others. — Mimi Fitzpatrick is quite the girl — she was recently seen stepping out with a Harvard man. — What is the big at-

traction at North Cambridge that has made Betty Linnehan one of the up and coming elite of that part of the city. — Even though Joan McGuiness is a quiet girl, she doesn't do so bad for herself with someone called "Joe." — Working hard at the Harvard Trust Co. are Joan McLaughlin, Ann Farrell, Elaine Santos, Marilyn Ormond, Eleanor Sugre, Marilyn Schaub, Frances Bonnacci, and Gerry Flett. — How about some samples, girls?? Nancy Alperin was seen at the Boston Pops enjoying herself with her escort. — Who is that luscious redhead that Don Linehan drives around in his car all the time. — The "Frolics" was a great show for fun and laughs. All the kids did great and you know it was so quiet back stage that you could hear an elephant drop. — How do you like Charlie Gaudet's new "mobile?" It's held together by chicken wire, but it really eats up the road. — The loud speaking system is definitely in our favor. It's the first time an English teacher has ever been interrupted in her class.

Are Fred Centrella and Sam DeNunzio in Red Linsky's class to learn First Aid or bother Miss O'Connor's goldfish? — Virginia Beckman does a nice job painting her small pictures. How about touching mine; they sure could take it. — Bob Morrissey stays in shape for football by ringing the siren on his brother's engine, What are you there for Bob, ballast? —

Well that's it. Best of luck to all and may every girl in the class kiss me at graduation. The poor old typewriter groans, rattles, and utters a sigh of relief.

Elspeth Edge '51

Peter Watson '51

GOLF TEAM

THE 1951 golf team, coached by Mr. Ronan, got off a victorious start this year by defeating a stubborn Belmont team at Fresh Pond. After losing to a powerful Arlington team at Winchester, the Latin team broke into the winning column again as it gained its second and third victories over Lexington and Rindge. The boys responsible for this year's victories are Foster Nauffts, Belden Idleson, Richard Priebe, John Butler, Kevin Kirk, Gerard Goodhue, David Herlihy, Robert Shrago, John Giunta, Robert Madigan, and Melvin Rubin.

John Butler '51



THE PLAYBILL

NOW that May Day is upon us, another theatrical season is about to close. With the exception of the new musical *Seventeen* which is booked for two weeks at the Shubert starting May 28, Broadway productions will not be seen again here until next fall, and soon summer theatres will open with a fresh array of talent for our approval. Seldom has a Boston springtime had such pleasant memories of a closing season. The plays began to come early in October and the last of them has yet to arrive; and in between there has never been a time when one could not see a production of some worth. Also, there has been an unusual amount of variety in this year's offerings; we have seen musicals, comedies, dramas, mysteries, and tragedies. Of these some have been acted by the greatest names in theatre and others by so-called 'unknowns,' in both cases with varying successes. Some plays which received critical praise and capacity audiences here in Boston were obvious failures on Broadway. This, however, was not often true because Boston, like New Haven and Philadelphia, is called the 'provinces' and here new plays are tested. By testing audience reaction in these cities, directors and producers are able in some way to foresee the success of their productions and to make necessary changes in the script and plot. In this way, Bostonians receive a fairly good idea of each New York season. Unfortunately, we do not see all the plays which come on Broadway in a season. Indeed, such plays as *Affairs of State*, *Autumn Garden*, *Billy Budd*, *Darkness at Noon*, and *Guys and Dolls* would have been welcome additions to the current season. Let us, however, count our blessings, and recall some of the plays which, though not exactly 'blessings' were still interesting experiences.

In the field of musical comedy, late last September, Borton (Or what small portion of it that could obtain tickets) welcomed back Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam*, Irving Berlin's latest hit. Praise was mixed with criticism here, but the show hit in New York and is still going strong. As winter waned, the other two music moguls, Rodgers and Hammerstein, presented *The King and I*, adapted from Margaret Landon's *Anna and the King of Siam* and starring Gertrude Lawrence. The play was up to and above the usual lavish productions offered by these two men and the songs and story contented everybody. The play was given an enthusiastic reception; all the performances were sold out long in advance. These lucky people were not disappointed.

Besides Ethel Merman and Gertrude Lawrence, other celebrities graced our local stages. The famous husband and wife combination of Rex

Harrison and Lilli Palmer brought their first rate production of *Bell, Book and Candle* here in November. Both members of the team were utterly charming and the play was as successful in New York as it was here. Clive Brooks and Margaret Phillips appeared in *Second Threshold*, a play which was moderately successful. Sequences of it were superb, but taken together, it was not outstanding. Perhaps the most famous team of all, that of Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne opened the season here with *I Know My Love*. The clever couple were as much of a fascination as ever, but they lacked support. The play was not their best vehicle, nor was the rest of the cast first rate. While Mr. and Mrs. Lunt were on the stage, no finer theatre could be asked for. But alas, they were not always there! *The Green Pastures*, the Biblical play by Marc Connelly, returned to Broadway via Boston this year also. During its first run in 1926, it was enthusiastically received and this fine revival should have been also. For some unknown reason, however, people did not take to it, and it has closed out. In this paragraph and the preceding one, I have endeavored to give you 'thumb-nail sketches' of some of the plays which appeared here, but which I did not review previously. They highlighted the past season.

Late in March, a much heralded play finally arrived here in Boston. *A Member of the Wedding*, featuring Ethel Waters, has met with great success everywhere. Everyone was anxious to see it, and it certainly came up to all expectations. Written by Carson McCullers, it is the story of a twelve year old girl (Julie Harris) in the south. Her father, wrapt up in petty business, has no time for her, so she is left to a colored Mammy (Miss Waters) and a seven year old neighbor (Brandon De Wilde) for companionship. She is very lonely, but when her much older brother brings home his bride-to-be, she decides to go off with them after the wedding and thus be happy forever. Of course, this cannot be, and her pitiful realization of the fact and final acceptance into the world of young folk her age form the main plot. Miss Harris's performance is marvelous. Although she is twenty four, she acts the part of a girl one half her age with complete confidence and charm. Her part is the most difficult in the play but she makes it seem one of the easiest. Miss Waters is at her powerful and kindly best throughout the play. Little Mr. De Wilde is one of the most amazing little boys ever to act on the American stage. He is just wonderful. He has no precocious affectations and is completely disarming throughout the play. Altogether it constituted a fine play, certainly worth every one of its rave notices.

One cannot omit a word before closing about *Grammercy Ghost*, a light but pleasing comedy which featured Sarah Churchill and Robert Sterling at the Plymouth a few weeks ago. The plot is very thin and frothy, but the acting is very good. Miss Churchill's performance was especially notable. The play has gone on to New York where it has made much the same impression there that it did here. It is nothing marvelous, but it has the light, frothy charm which most of us rightfully like once in a while.

Now the *Playbill*, like the plays, closes for the season. Next year, however, it will return as a regular feature of the REVIEW. I have heard of some very fine plays which will come to our city next fall, and I shall be on hand to review them, and next year in addition I hope to present some material on the writing, producing, and acting of successful plays. Good-bye until then.

Martha Murphy '53

Sports

C.H.L.S. 12

Brookline 4

Latin celebrated the opening of the 1951 baseball season by walloping Brookline 12-4 at Brookline. Paul Pelletier's single with bases loaded highlighted a five-run first inning rally. Dick Hennessey, Ed Asaley, and Mel Cabral collected two hits each for Latin. Rauol Santos went the distance, giving up five walks and striking out three.

C.H.L.S. 6

Rindge 3

Collecting seven hits from two Rindge pitchers, Latin beat its rival Rindge by a 6-3 score. George Boudreau and Ed Asaley made two hits apiece for Latin. Corr and Leaman pitched for Latin with Leaman gaining credit for the win.

C.H.L.S. 2

Arlington 1

A good defense and terrific pitching helped Latin to a narrow 2-1 victory over Arlington at Arlington. Latin made the most of four hits in copping the win. Santos pitched again, for his second win.

Watertown 8

C.H.L.S. 6

Watertown handed Latin its first defeat of the year by 8 to 6. Hennessey, Boudreau and Asaley each got two hits with Asaley getting a home run. Griffin started to pitch for Latin with Leaman and White finishing up.

Waltham 2

C.H.L.S. 0

The Cantabs lost a heartbreaking 2-0 contest to Waltham at Waltham. Rauol Santos pitched well enough to win, but his teammates couldn't hit

for him, although Rigarzio, Asaley and Pelletier each had a double.

C.H.L.S. 4

Newton 3

Raul Santos scored from third base in the eleventh inning to give Latin a 4-3 decision over defending champion Newton High at Newton. The win put the Cantabs in a three-way tie for first place. Dick Hennessey collected three safeties to pace the Cantab attack. Rauol Santos went the distance to gain his third victory of the year.

C.H.L.S. 7

St. Sebastian 3

Lefty Bill White, making his first start, allowed only 6 hits as his mates were getting 8 to win 8-6 over St. Sebastian at Braves Field. Kilfoyle, Pelletier, and White got two hits apiece. In the first inning Kilfoyle hit a single with the bases loaded, to highlight Latin's five run rally.

Harold Goldstein '51

FRESHMAN NOTES

HERE we are back again with news about Freshmen and what they're interested in. In the spring, most fancies turn to sports, such as tennis. Gail Kyett and Sally Kaufman are aiming to be champions of this fascinating game, while poor Jean Landrigan sprained her ankle in a great attempt to master the art of weilding a racket. Now that we are on the subject of sports, room 122 wishes to congratulate their favorite hockey players, Messuri and Moriarty. Billy O'Brien is reported to be a super second baseman. This tid-bit of excitement just came over the wires . . . Pat Grimes is thinking about going out for hockey next year and also has a yearning for a crew-cut. May I offer a small word of advice to her? Please don't do it! One of our classmates seems to lead quite an adventurous life. She went to a wrestling match and unfortunately, got entangled with one of the wrestlers. It seems that he was thrown into Anne's lap.

Spring also is a wonderful time for parties. Miss Juju of 122 had one and it turned out to be quite a success, which the girls blamed on handsome Billy O'Brien, dashing Edward Nelson, and charming Gerald O'Rourke. Now don't get conceited boys!

Now my thoughts turn to talent. The Frolics helped to uncover much hidden talent in Adrienne Miller, Jeanette Lindstrand, Barbara Lewis, and Veronica Mills. A bouquet also to Rose LaRiccica for her accordian playing in the show. Rumor tells me that Carole Lamb is planning to appear on Ted Mack's Amateur Hour. We sincerely wish her success. Sally Kaufman is very talented when it comes to drawing, so her friends proclaim.

Mary Lou Galvin wins the award of the year

for talking. She can talk for hours and still have more to say. Thomas Larkin has a new nickname, "Bunnyboy." Whoever pinned that one on him showed no mercy. Attention, Richard Lehan! Your seat in 120 is becoming laden with dust. Please return and do your share of dusting in the homeroom. There's a new club in C.H.L.S. Its members are easily identified by their first names. Each girl is called by a boy's name. I think it's rather a cute idea. What's this I hear? Chivalry is dying out? Well, that's what our Freshmen girls are saying. Boys, are you going to take that sitting down? Let's show these females how gentlemanly you really are! Julia Cardosi was voted as the best dressed Freshman girl. Congratulations. Ralph Caso is a devoted fan of Sid Caesar and is forever quoting his remarks. The latest is, "Don't make a scene!" Helen Dolliver is always writing letters. Is she trying to improve her penmanship or is there another reason? Compliments are sent to Franny Murrell on her very becoming hairdo. Eleanor O'Brien recently turned sweet sixteen. Have you ever been kissed or is that too personal? Room 122 is proud of Billy Morrison who was the only boy to make the Honor Roll in that room. We welcome Richard Williams to C.H.L.S.; hope your stay is pleasant. Jerome Halberstadt just looks studious, reports a friend. They say also that Jerry wakes up at 8:15 a. m. yet he always arrives before the eight-thirty bell. Maybe he's a friend of Mercury. Has anyone noticed Newton Jones' new hair-do lately? She really has cut it close this time! There seems to be quite a bit of mistaken identity between twins Roberta and Sally Raymon.

This ends our gossip and our school year together. When we come back, you will no longer be lowly Freshmen but reigning Sophomores. We, therefore, must bid each other fond farewell. We want to thank you for your co-operation in helping us write up this column and wish you luck in the coming years.

Phyllis Penney '53

Clare Theodoulou '51

CHESS CLUB NOTES

IN THE Junior State Tournament conducted at the Boylston Young Men's Christian Union on May 5th, Paul Lorris walked away with second prize, and Francis Duehay finished in a tie for fourth place. Others from our school participating in the tournament were Joy Colby, Ann Birch, Joan Keefe, John Laucus and Richard Sanderson. In two exhibition matches the team beat Roxbury Latin 6-4 and Boston Technical $3\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$. We were disappointed not to be able to play a match at Norfolk Prison as had been planned. That

match will be scheduled for next fall. Our participation in such activities strengthens our reputation as the most active club in school.

It is with much regret that we seniors leave behind to the capable underclassmen the club which has so enjoyably occupied Friday afternoons for four years; those departing are John Laucus, Bernhard Firchow, Jose Reis, Beverly Jakeway, Joan Keefe, Joy Colby and Francis Duehay. We wish to express our deepest appreciation to Miss Mahar who has guided our meetings this year, and to Mr. Derry for so generously allowing us to use the Classical Library for meetings. Best Wishes for a championship team next year!

Francis Duehay, *President*

STUDENT COUNCIL

IN PREVIOUS issues of the REVIEW, there have been several articles on student council. Recently, our debating class chose this subject for discussion. The affirmative side consisted of Gerry Helberg and Al Sullivan, while the opposition was supported by Helena Bolster and Nancy Hodgkins. Indeed, the negative is a difficult side to uphold, but, since I was assigned to it, I had to carry it through. As I studied and did much research on the subject, I became more and more interested in my own side, and by the time the debate finally came, I was fully against student council; I will tell you why.

Everything which this school has done so far has been without the aid of a student council. We have different clubs such as: the C.A.A., the G.A.A., and the Dramatic club which run all the dances we need, and give us entertainment galore. We have our headmaster, deans, and teachers who will gladly listen to our problems and give us sound advice. We do not need students a few years older than we, or in some cases the same age, to figure out our problems. If they can, why can't we ourselves?

I think, also that a student council would cause an antagonistic attitude toward the teachers, because if they, with years of experience and more mature minds in dealing with children, thought that another course was necessary for our own good, the students might resent the decision. Such an attitude, if widespread, could account for a definite fall in home study and a stubborn attitude in class.

There have been instances where students led by a student council have gone on strike because they couldn't wear dungarees to school or because they had some other trivial matter to settle.

Minds of seventeen and eighteen year old boys and girls are too young to carry heavy burdens;

they are too young to handle the affairs of our school. We are not allowed to vote because the state realizes that our minds are not matured until the age of twenty-one. The state does not think we are old enough at eighteen to cast a vote; the school corroborates this opinion by affirming that we are too young to carry serious problems on our shoulders.

Why should we have a group of under-aged juveniles bossing us and telling us what to do? We have as much right as they to express our opinions.

Don't let the teachers think that we don't appreciate them and their efforts to please us. If we insist upon a student council we would show that we didn't approve of them and wanted to do things for ourselves.

When you come right down to it, a student council will do us more harm than good. I know at first you will find this hard to believe, but if you think of it seriously, I'm sure that you will agree with me.

Nancy Hodgkins '53

ALUMNI NOTES

AS THE hat said to the hatrack "You stay here; I'm going on ahead." — It's a rough way to start, but I had to begin somehow.

Charlie Wyman '45, who graduated from Northeastern last year is now working for an insurance company as a chemical plant inspector. — John McCarthy '47, a senior at M.I.T., is majoring in electrical engineering. Pasquale DiNapoli '50, who is also attending M.I.T., has been active this spring as a member of the freshman baseball team. While on the subject of baseball, John Balfe '49, is a leading pitcher at Stony Hill College. — Frank McNamara '47, will go into the marines as a second Lieutenant after he has completed his courses at Boston College this year. Bill Cullinane '49, will also be going into the marines shortly. Paul '50, and Francis '48, Cooke are both attending Merrimac College . . . Jackie Donahue '48, former sport star at Cambridge Latin, is now at Dartmouth . . . Jim Curry '47, will be a member of this year's graduating class at Boston College . . . Vickie Gabriel '47, has completed her first year at Boston University's Graduate School of Law.

"Sil" Silvestre '49, who was recently drafted by Uncle Sam, is now stationed in Indiana. John Harney '49, is employed by the Carter Rice Paper Company. — After recently completing his basic training with the Navy at Newport, Rhode Island, Charlie Andrews '49, has been assigned to the

Naval Station at Jacksonville, Florida. Gene Polaro and Jim Lamantea both '50, have been home on leave and are looking well after becoming P.F.C.'s in the Marine Corps.

Some of the works of Louise Mossgraber Ca-deiro and Claudia Kiely Edgell were recently exhibited by the Cambridge Art Association.

Jack Oster '50, and Charlie Dubay '50, have been on the Dean's List at Harvard as has Joe Dubay '49. Seen also about the Harvard Campus has been Dezzy La Place who reports that his car, "The Black Bomber," is for sale dirt cheap (he really will accept dirt for it). — John Digan '50, is at Holy Cross where he is majoring in Greek. He hopes to enter the Seminary after he graduates from "The Cross." — Ros Lakis and Midge Bush both '50 grads are taking courses at Chanderlers' as is Gael Lynch '49.

Rosemary Phaneuf '50 and Jane Aldenburg '50 are among the many C.H.L.S. graduates who are employed by the Harvard Trust. Nancy Morrison is working for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. She was formerly with the Registry of Motor Vehicles. — Richie Doyle '49, has joined the Marines, Bill Hudson '50, the Air Force, and James Colby '50, the Army. — Connie Grogan '50 is now a private secretary. Don McManus '48, is working in Rhode Island. Dick Heavern '50, was back here in Cambridge recently for a short visit. Dick is now living in Florida as is "Porky" Mix '49.

Steve Vito '46, will be graduating from Dartmouth this year. — Betty Dunlap '50, is taking courses at B.U. Roberta Smith '50, is going to school in Chicago; she intends to be a missionary. — John Adams hopes to be a radio announcer soon. He has been taking Public Speaking at Emerson College. — Jack Rose '49, is now in basic training with the Air Force in Texas. — Joan Kidston and Joanne Nauffts both '50, recently received promotions from the National Shawmut Bank where they have been employed since their graduation. — George Saideh '48, is now a Junior at B.U. where he is majoring in Education. — George Lucy has returned to service with the Army. He had been in the active reserve after his discharge, and was called back after the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. — Carole Caroli '50, is employed at the Harvard Business School as a secretary and at last reports, the students were well pleased with her. — Bill Dwyer '50, has been seen up at the Mt. Auburn Cemetery where he recently obtained a job. — Betti Rose, Alma Mudarri, Carol Farmer, and Helen Kennedy all potential '52 graduates wish they were alumni so that they could have their names in this column??

Among the recent marriages were those of Sally Flowers and Claire Forrest both '50. — By the time this issue of the REVIEW is in print Mary Kennedy '48, will be Mrs. Dick Rigazio. Dick also a '48 grad has been playing professional baseball in Iowa.

This is my last column in the REVIEW and I want to take this opportunity to wish all of you happiness and good fortune as alumni.

Stephen Dooling '50

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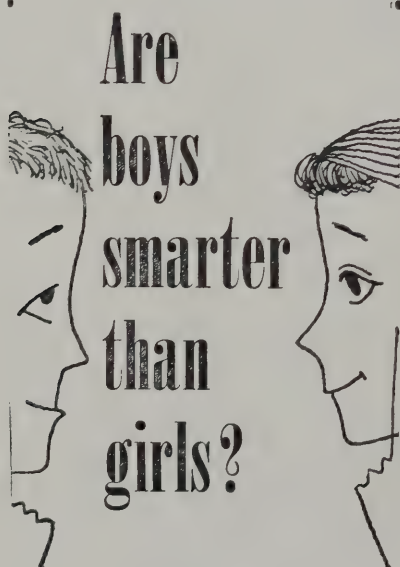


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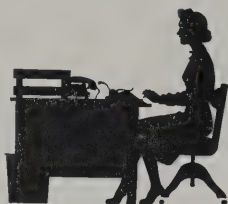
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